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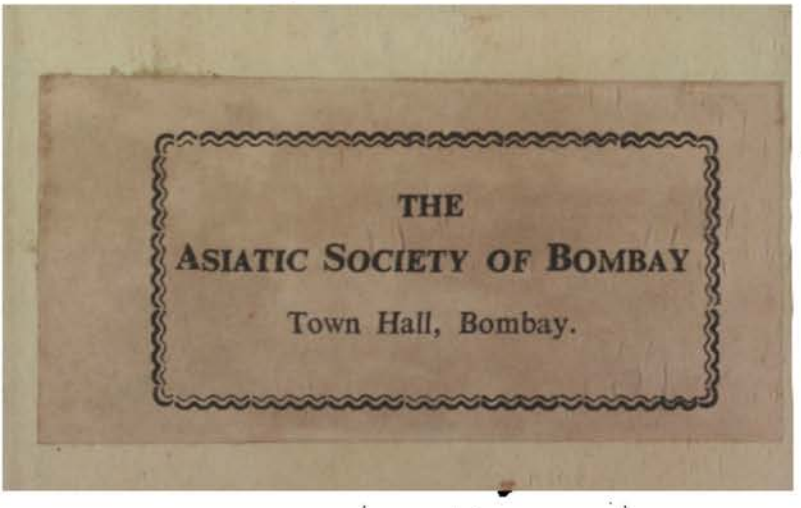

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THE

RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND

SECOND VOLUME

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THE

RIVER OF GOLDE SAND

THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY THROU[GH] A[SIA]
AND EASTERN TIBET TO BURMA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
AND TEN MAPS FROM ORIGINAL SURVEYS

BY CAPT. WILL[IAM] GILL, ROYAL ENGINEERS

With an Introductory Essay

BY COL. HENRY YULE, C.B., R.E.

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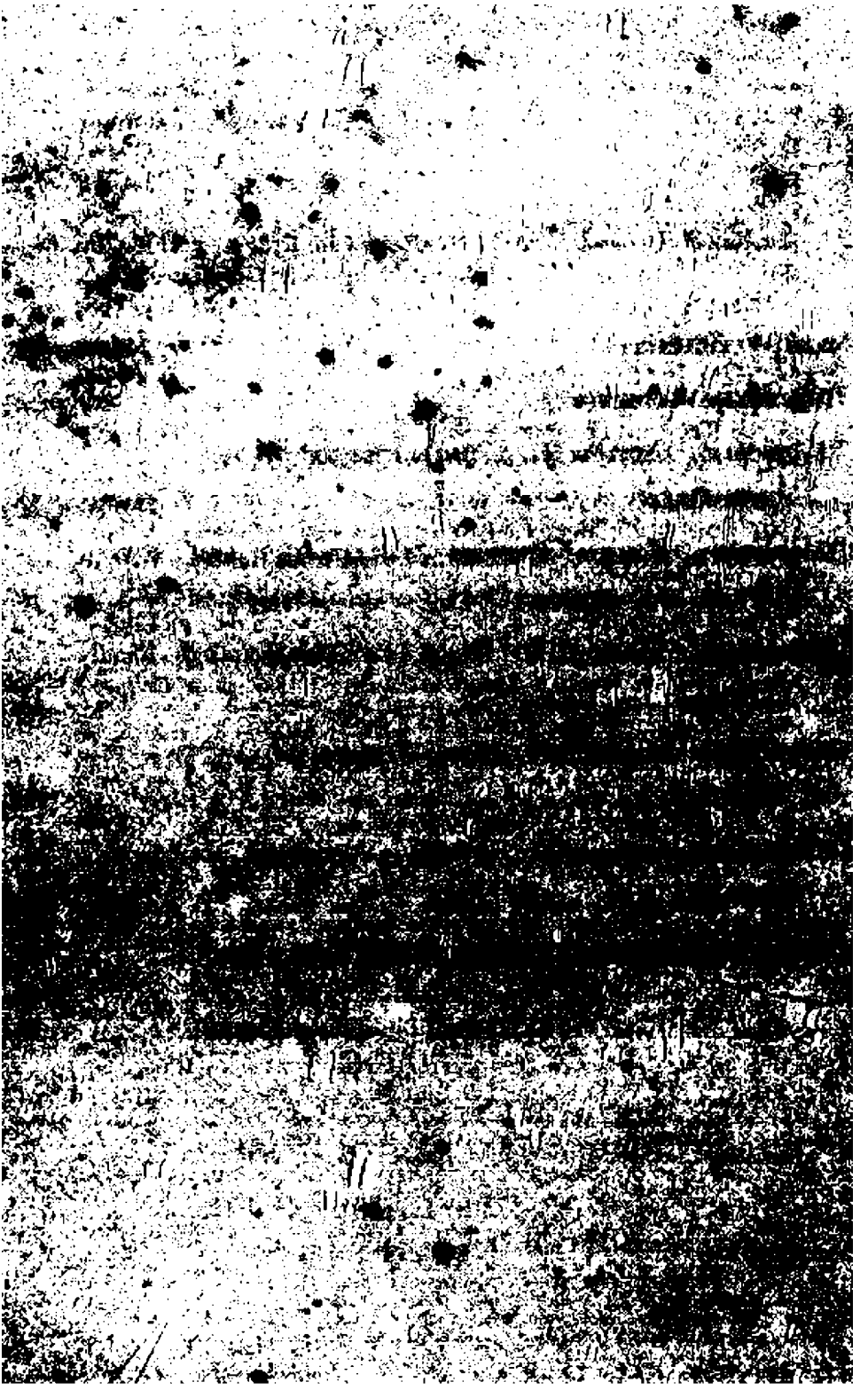

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Errata in Vol. II.

Page 52 line 5 from foot, *for* 'Chin-Sha-Ching' *read* 'Chin-Sha-Chiang.'
" 53 " 7 from foot, *for* 'Sun-P'an-T'ing' *read* 'Sung-P'an-T'ing.'
" 166 " 5 from foot, *for* 'La-ka-ndo' *read* 'La-Ka-Ndo.'
" 81 " 4
" 185 " 10 } *for* 'Sieh-T'ai' *read* 'Hsieh-T'ai.'
" 196 " 27
" 229 " 4 from foot, *for* 'above the Dong' *read* 'above Dong.'
" 230 " 4, *for* 'nestled' *read* 'which nestled.'
" 253 " 5
" 258 " 23 } *for* 'Chin-Chŭ' *read* 'Chiu-Chŭ.'
" 259 " 11
" 259 " 15
" 262 " 4 } *for* 'Kung-Chŭ' *read* 'Shio-gung-Chŭ.'
" 264 " 2
" 269 " 13 insert full-stop after diameter; the word 'rising' commencing a new paragraph.
" 269 " 16 alter semicolon to comma after the word 'woods.'
" 278 " 4, *for* 'have' *read* 'had.'
" 280 " 19, *for* 'Chin-Ch'uan' *read* 'Chien-Ch'uan.'
" 308 " 1–3, *for* 'thereby' *read* 'although;' *and for* 'Tao-Tai. According' *read* 'Tao-Tai, according' &c.
" 312 " 7. The date '*October* 5' should be inserted here.
" 316*n*. The German map is one compiled by Berghaus.
" 327 " 9 from foot, *for* 'T'ieh' *read* 'T'ien.'
" 327 " 4 " " *for* 'Yang-Pi' *read* 'Yung-P'ing.'
" 330 " 10, *for* 'Yung-Chang' *read* 'Yung-Ch'ang.'
" 360 " 7 from foot, *for* 'veiled' *read* 'vailed.'
" 368 " 25, *for* 'Chin-Ch'êng' *read* 'Kan-Ngai-Chiu-Ch'êng.'

THE

RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND.

CHAPTER I.

'A RICH AND NOBLE CITY.'

Account of Ch'êng-Tu, as given by Marco Polo—And by Padre Martin Martini—Description of the Modern City—The Rivers, and Probable Changes—Destruction of Documents—Arrival of Mr. Mesny—Political Aspects compel Change in Traveller's intended Route—Decision to Travel Homeward *viâ* Bat'ang and Bhamô—The Bridges of Ch'êng-Tu—Chinese Temples and Notions of Worship—Ancient Inscribed Stone—The Heaven-Tooth—The City Walls—Visit to the Great Monastery of Wen-Shu-Yüan—Its Buildings and Curiosities—Chapel of Meditation—Antiquities of Ch'êng-Tu—Memorials of Early Events—The History of the Emperor Liu-Pi—Invitation to a Picnic—Notable Guests—The Dinner and its Peculiarities—Table Manners and Customs—Threatenings of Drought—False Notions about the Traveller—The Provision of Currency for the Journey, and Tedious Banking Business—Adieux at Ch'êng-Tu—'Organisation of Departure'—Concluding Notices of Ch'êng-Tu and the 'Province of Four Waters' (Ssù-Ch'uan).

MARCO POLO thus describes the plain and city of Ch'êng-Tu-Fu:

'When you have travelled those twenty days westward through the mountains, as I have told you, then you arrive at a plain belonging to a province called Sindafu, which still is on the confines of Manzi, and the capital city of which is also called Sindafu. This city was in former days a rich and

noble one, and the kings who reigned there were very great and wealthy.

'It is a good twenty miles in compass; but it is divided in the way that I shall tell you.

'You see, the king of this province, in the days of old, when he found himself drawing near to death, leaving three sons behind him, commanded that the city should be divided into three parts, and that each of his sons should have one; so each of these parts is separately walled about, though all three are surrounded by the common wall of the city. Each of the three sons was king, having his own part of the city and his own share of the kingdom, and each of them in fact was a great and wealthy king. But the Great Kaan conquered the kingdom of these three kings, and stripped them of their inheritance.

'Through the midst of this city runs a large river, in which they catch a great quantity of fish. It is a good half-mile wide, and very deep withal, and so long that it reaches all the way to the Ocean Sea—a very long way, equal to eighty or one hundred days' journey; and the name of the river is Kian-Suy. The multitude of vessels that navigate this river is so vast that no one who should read or hear the tale would believe it. The quantities of merchandise also which merchants carry up and down this river are past all belief. In fact it is so big that it seems to be a sea rather than a river.

'Let us now speak of a great bridge which crosses this river within the city. This bridge is of stone; it is seven paces in width, and half a mile in length (the river being that much in width as I told you), and along its length, on either side, there are columns of marble to bear the roof—for the bridge is roofed over from end to end with timber, and that all

richly painted; and on this bridge there are houses, in which a great deal of trade and industry is carried on. But these houses are all of wood merely, and they are put up in the morning and taken down in the evening. Also there stands upon the bridge the Great-Kaan's Comerque, that is to say, his custom-house, where his toll and tax are levied; and I can tell you that the dues taken on this bridge bring to the lord a thousand pieces of fine gold every day, and more. The people are all idolaters.'

Ritter thus writes:

'Father Martin Martini, who gives us his account of China from the time when the Ming were still reigning, previous to the conquest by the Manchus, and might well have good information regarding Tsching-tu-Fu, since the Jesuits had a mission in that city, which was only abandoned by the fathers in consequence of the advance of the Manchu army, says:

'It is a much frequented commercial city; the palace of the king was magnificent; it was four miles in circuit, having four gates, and was placed in the centre of the town. From the southern gate extended a broad street, containing many arcades artistically built of stone.

'Throughout the city are navigable canals, revetted on each side with square and cut stones, and crossed by many stone bridges.

. . . . . .

'One of the rivers, the To (or Tu-Kiang?) says Father Martini, is a branch of the Min-Kiang, excavated and led out of its course by the order of the Emperor Yvo [presumably Yau, the famous semi-mythical emperor, *circa* B.C. 2300], as a remedy against the outbreaks and inundations of the Kiang.

. . . . . .

'Thus many of the broad pieces of water and lakes, which in the neighbourhood serve as moats and trenches to the city, have been artificially excavated.'[1]

The city of Ch'êng-Tu is still a *rich and noble* one, somewhat irregular in shape, and surrounded by a strong wall, in a perfect state of repair.

In this there are eight bastions, four being pierced by gates. It is now three and a half miles long by about two and a half miles broad, the longest side lying about east-south-east, and west-north-west, so that its compass in the present day is about twelve miles. A stream, about thirty feet wide, runs through the city from west to east; parts of this are embanked with perpendicular revetments on either side.

At one point it is spanned by three bridges close together, each of stone with a single arch. The one in the centre has at one time evidently been larger and of more importance, for on the other side of the road that lies between the water and the houses, almost buried in the buildings, there is a stone lion with his back to the brook. This has clearly been the former end of the bridge, so that the houses must have advanced some yards since this was built. This bridge, which is near the southern gate of the imperial city, probably led in former days to the broad street spoken of by Martini.

The city is well laid out, the streets, straight and at right angles to one another, well and carefully paved.

One of them is very pretty, and runs by the side of the stream that flows through the city. Looking in at the doors of the fine shops on the right, respectable old gentlemen can be dimly discerned in the

[1] See Ritter, iv. 415–416.

semi-obscurity smoking their long pipes. Overhead a bamboo matting, or a bit of trellis-work covered with creepers, shelters the street from the glare of the sun; while on the left hand is a strip of garden a yard wide, enclosed on either side by trellis-work, covered with scarlet-runners, whose small red flowers form a pleasing contrast to the fresh green foliage, and through the leaves the brook is seen sparkling in the sun. The shops in Ch'êng-Tu are very good, with handsome fronts; every description of goods is sold in them; there is especially a very large trade in silk, and Ritter quotes Martini as saying:

'In the river Kin, which flows on the southern side of the city, they wash the silk, which thereby attains an extraordinary brilliancy.'

The main river still runs at the south side: it is about a hundred yards wide, and crossed by many bridges; one of them, ninety yards long, has a roof, and, as is the case on nearly all covered bridges, hucksters sit down under the shelter on both sides, as in the days of the old Venetian traveller, and sell whatever they can to passers by.

There are still large numbers of junks on this river, which come up from Ch'ung-Ch'ing, and possibly some from the 'Ocean Sea.'

It is difficult to account for the great difference between the state of the city as it was in the time of the early writers, and the present condition of Ch'êng-Tu.

The hills, however, that enclose the plain of Ch'êng-Tu are of sandstone, and are of course easily-worn away by water.

The drainage of the basin is by a river of considerable size, which must in the course of five centuries have deepened its bed at its point of exit from the

plain where it is closed in on both sides by the sandstone hills. At the same time it would seem probable that the *débris* brought down by numerous streams from the surrounding mountains would rather have tended to raise than to lower the general level of the plain itself. Anyhow, when we consider how very flat the plain now is, we should, without the aid of the historian, be almost driven to the conclusion that it was in former ages the bottom of a lake.

Martini, in the passage above quoted, tells us that some of the ponds, lakes, rivers, or canals were artificial; and the river full half a mile in width spoken of by Polo may, in reality, have been a shallow fleet crossed by a causeway, or even by a long bridge such as he describes.

In the course of the last five centuries, as the bed of the river at its exit has been deepened, the plain has gradually been drained: and thus will nature have performed her part of the change.[2]

It is an historical fact well-known at Ch'êng-Tu that the city formerly covered a very much larger area; for in olden days, the temple of Wu-Ho-Tzu, now a mile or two outside the city to the south-west, was within the walls.

Since the days when Marco Polo travelled this way, the times have been turbulent indeed: the city has been pillaged, lawless bands have roamed with fire and sword across the fertile plain. In the early part of the Ming dynasty (commenced A.D. 1368), the whole province was overrun by a brigand named Chang-Shien-Chung; he went about ravaging and

[2] The fact that an actual bifurcation of waters seems to take place near Ch'êng-Tu (see Richthofen's *China*, p. 327)—one branch flowing south, as the Ta-Kiang, *Min-Kiang or* what not, to Siu-Chou-Fu, and the other south-east, as the To-Kiang or Chung-kiang of maps, to Lu-Chou—renders change in the distribution of the streams about the city highly probable.—*Y.*

destroying everything, and is pictured as a devil incarnate; amongst other things he destroyed all the books, so that the ancient written history of the place is lost; there is therefore nothing improbable in the total disappearance of the fine works spoken of by Polo. Thus may the hand of man have combined with nature to change completely the appearance of the city of Ch'êng-Tu.

June 21.—On the day after my return to the provincial capital, I called upon the French missionaries in the afternoon, and when I went home I found that Mesny had at length arrived from Kwei-Yang-Fu, where he had been living for many years.

Now the very serious question presented itself, whether I could carry out my intention of travelling through Kansu to Kashgar.

My whole difficulty lay in European politics. Supposing that I had found myself unable to proceed any further towards Kashgar than Urumchi, I could have passed through Russia, if there had been no danger of England being entangled in a war with that country.

But with England and Russia at war, this of course would have been impossible; and if unable to enter Kashgaria, I should have had no choice but the dreary journey in mid-winter back to Peking; and even should the road to Kashgaria have been clear, the mountain passes would not have been open, and I must have waited north of the Himalayas until the spring.

This would not have deterred me for one moment, but for the critical state of affairs between our country and Russia; in the event of war it was equally my duty and desire to be somewhere within hail, and I could not feel myself justified in running the risk of being buried for so many months in Central Asia.

This was the more disappointing, as I had everything prepared for this journey, provisions, clothes, and about three thousand taels in silver. I was very loth to give it up; but after anxiously reading every word in the scanty items of European news that were available, and after thinking over the matter night and day, sorely against my will, and with a heavy sigh, I at last determined to come home with as much speed as possible, but at the same time to travel by some new road.

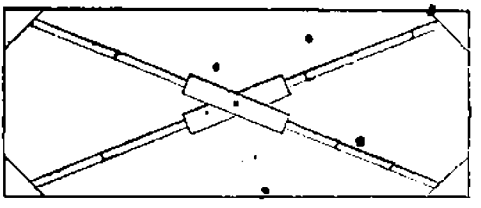
The only route left was that by Bat'ang and A-tun-tzŭ; for the objections that applied to the Kashgar route applied equally to the only alternative, a journey *viâ* Lassa, which might or might not have been practicable.

The die was cast at length. I made up my mind that I would travel with the utmost speed *viâ* Bat'ang. My desire to get on was ably seconded by Mesny; and considering the nature of the country, and the difficulties always to be encountered, the journey actually was a very fast one, and we had the satisfaction of thinking that during the whole sixteen weeks we never lost a single hour.

June 24.—The mosquitoes had already often sounded their warning notes, and although they had not yet given me any trouble, Mesny had been so devoured that I thought it advisable to see about mosquito curtains. The Chinese have a capital arrangement for travelling curtains. The top is made with a little triangular pocket at each corner. The ends of four light bamboos are joined together by two brass tubes, and the other ends of the bamboos inserted in the small pockets stretch the top of the curtain. One nail in the wall or the ceiling is all that is required, and the curtain

can be put up or taken down in a few minutes. The bamboos being of no great length are easily carried. I bought one of these, and found some regular Indian mosquito-gauze in a shop in the city

FIG. 1.



with which some curtains were made that served me in good stead. I used them almost every night throughout my journey, and they effectually kept out not only mosquitoes, but insects of many other kinds.

As Mr. Wylie[3] in recent days had said that Polo's covered bridge was still in its place, we went one day on an expedition in search of it. Polo, however, speaks of a bridge full half a mile long, whilst the longest now is but ninety yards. On our way we passed over a fine nine-arched stone bridge, called the Chin-Yen-Ch'iao.

Near the covered bridge there is a very pretty view down the river.

On the left there is a brick wall, by which the river runs, and here all the houses built close to the edge have wooden projections overhanging the water. On the right the bank is shelving, and there is a pretty flat landscape, with crops and plenty of trees, and of course a temple adjacent.

These temples do not correspond in any way to European churches, for in China people do not go to church in Western fashion.

[3] Colonel Yule's *Marco Polo*, vol. ii., p. 31.

But if a Chinaman wants anything in particular, such as wealth, children, success in business, or the like, he goes to a temple and makes a bargain with the deities, promising to give money, build a bridge, or a triumphal arch, or do some other good deed, if he gets what he wants; not altogether an illogical proceeding. The men of Kiang-Si, like the Pharisees, make long prayers; they take their incense-sticks or candles, light one before one god, and while this is burning, pray with many words that this particular deity will cast blessings on their kitchen. They then move on to another god, and with another bit of incense exhort him to look favourably upon some money transaction in which they have just embarked; a third is supplicated for blessings on the family; and so on till they have exhausted their candles and list of desires.

On the other hand the Shen-Si man says little, but sits down and waits until the other has finished, when he, with one candle, invokes all the gods at once, and says, 'Oh! all ye gods of whom my friend of Kiang-Si has just been asking so much, I pray you to give me all the blessings he has begged for.'

Near this there is a stone, on which there is an ancient inscription, which I was told contained references to the Christian religion.

Thinking that I had alighted on another stone like the celebrated one at Si-[Ng]an-Fu in Shen-Si, I obtained a copy of the inscription. It was exceedingly difficult to translate, but Mr. Douglas, of the British Museum, most kindly undertook the task. It contained no reference whatever to the Christian religion.

Translation.

'The Lord bestowed his liberality upon the world, the moving heavenly bodies, and the animals (lit. the seven kinds of animals). Afterwards they fell into Hell, and there was no one to bring them back, or to become incarnate to help them. Then the Lord of Devas himself came down on earth, and having spread universal peace (those he came to save) went with speed, and in fear and trembling, to the Heavenly Abode of Buddha. Thus the chief and least (lit. heads and feet) of the sufferers were all equally pure with those who had been joyfully and readily obedient to the Lord of Devas. To meet this difficulty the Lord of Devas separated those who had been saved from purgatory from those who had not entered it. But while timidly meditating on this, he thought how he was to act towards the animals. Presently he reflected that in the eyes of heaven pigs, dogs, serpents of the desert, and all animals which move secretly, appear unclean, and the thought of this caused him grief as though a spear pierced his heart, and he considered who there was to save those who might compliantly return. He reflected that there were those perfect ones who had obediently followed the examples (set them), and He perceived that such were restored animals. So from time to time he constantly liberated (others).

'Then he took every sort of incense and flower, and all kinds of food, and went to the abode of the world-honoured one, and exhibited them. Having worshipped the seven encircling streams, and having reverently waited on and nourished (them?), he entered and sat for awhile in the abode of the world-honoured one, where all were pure and good. With

regard to the past business connected with the animals he readily looked to the world-honoured one to compassionately save them.

'Having finished this consultation he left the matter to the care of the world-honoured one, and ascended from the (mountain) top. As he did so a brilliant brightness illumined the world of the "ten quarters"; the wants of the people were supplied, and all nature smiled. The Ancestor then addressed Buddha, and said, "The Lord of Devas ought to know clearly [here follows a sentence of eleven characters, the meaning of which is not clear] that Tathagata has now received baptism, and has acquired complete prophetic power, having been purged from all vain passion, and placed beyond its reach. That the animals delight in the abode set apart for them, where they are able to contemplate a rich destiny. That those (men) who recite a book (of prayers), and establish the 'fragrant' precepts by displaying them (in practice), shall obtain everlasting life, and hell shall be removed far from them, while those who by contemplation cultivate virtue shall be born as rulers of the prisons (of hell). That the inhabitants of the world shall leave it empty, and having been liberated shall return to the gate of the heavenly region, where they will regard the 'Portico of Past Life.'" The Lord of Devas then returned to the pure abode, and declared that he had redeemed the laws and precepts of the world.

'The world-honoured one then received from the lips of the Lord of Devas this dharani.'

On our way home we went to see a stone called the 'Tooth of Heaven;' it was merely a bit of sandstone in the shape of a tooth; there was a little house built over the entrance to it, but the roof did not

cover the stone itself, for they say that if the stone were covered, the God of thunder would commit some fearful devastation on the town.

There were a great number of the common white butterflies about the vegetable gardens. The Chinese say that when these appear in great numbers there will be much sickness.

The existing city walls were built only in the time of the second or fourth emperor of the present dynasty (1662–1722 and 1736–1795), the place having been entirely destroyed about two hundred years ago. Ch'êng-Tu, as it now is, is divided into two parts, the Chinese and the Tatar cities, both enclosed by the main wall. Not quite in the centre of the Chinese city, but rather towards the west, is the imperial palace, a rectangular open space enclosed by massive walls about twenty feet thick. This was built towards the end of the fourteenth century by the first or second emperor of the Ming dynasty, the Ming emperor employing one of his family as governor or king of the provinces in this part of China. The buildings inside this are now used as the examination hall.

The city of Ch'êng-Tu still bears on its face all the evidences of wealth and prosperity; the people are well dressed, and some of the temples in the city are richly endowed.

We paid a visit one day to the Wên-Shu-Yüan (Literary Book Hall), a very fine temple near the north gate.

This monastery was built some time during the Sung dynasty (from A.D. 960 to 1279). It was then called the Chin-King-Sze; it fell into decay during the Mongol occupation, and was rebuilt by the second emperor of the present dynasty, the famous Kang-Shi

(better known in the form of Khang-Hi), who reigned 1662–1722. This emperor richly endowed it with lands; but notwithstanding its wealth, it seems to have been predestined to misfortune, for it was again neglected, until the time of Kia-Ching (Kia-King), the fifth emperor of the present dynasty (1795–1820) when it was rebuilt by public subscription with stone instead of wooden pillars. Since that time it has gone on increasing in wealth and magnificence, and is now one of the richest in the country. To have the right of living at this monastery it is necessary to be a priest of a particular sect; but besides the priests, there are resident here a number of students qualifying themselves for holy orders; altogether there are about one hundred and fifty inmates.

A remarkable air of refinement and cleanliness pervaded the place. The courtyard was laid with smooth-cut flagstones, not one out of its place, and not a weed or blade of grass permitted to grow in the interstices; all the buildings were in perfect repair, and a man was walking about the court with a cross-bow. His employment was to shoot stones at the sparrows that infested the roofs, and which, if left to their own devices, would do serious damage. Immediately on the right of the entrance was a very clean reception room, and whilst preparations were being made to escort us over the establishment, we were refreshed with the usual cups of tea. We were not kept waiting above a couple of minutes, and then we were invited to proceed.

The refectory, a long wooden building on the right-hand side, opened into the court; here were twenty-five tables, each prepared for six people. For each person was laid one pair of red wooden chopsticks and three porcelain bowls, one for rice, one for

vegetables, and one for tea, no meat of any description ever being permitted here; everything, the tables, bowls, and chopsticks were beautifully clean, a most surprising thing in this country, where usually dirt reigns supreme. Passing this, we entered a chapel, where, at the end, the repulsive countenances of a number of huge and hideous images were partially obscured by a kind of throne for the prior, whence he discourses on the religious classics to the students.

On either side of the chapel was a reception-room. The general arrangement of these rooms is almost always the same, and whether a private house, a ya-mên, or a temple, the description of one stands as a representation of all the others: no furniture in the middle of the room; along two sides are arranged, in symmetrical though inartistic order, the usual heavy, stiff, uncompromising, and utterly uncomfortable arm-chairs of China; between each two is a little high and square table, all corners and angularities, like the Chinese character. At the end of the room is the kang or raised dais, ten feet long, four feet broad, and two feet high, where in the centre is placed a small table, six or eight inches high, between two cushions of the most brilliant scarlet—these are the seats of honour; and footstools of wood for those seated thereon complete the furniture.

For ornament, a few bronzes, or the roots of trees carved into representations of impossible dragons, are arranged behind the kang, while from the ceiling hang paper lamps, some of them really artistically painted, and arranged just low enough to knock off the hat of a foreigner. In China, etiquette rules that in polite society the hat is kept on the head, and at a dinner party it is amusing, when all the guests are intimate and of the same social standing, to see the alacrity

with which permission is always asked and given to exchange the official hat for the little skull-cup, which each person's servant has somewhere secreted about the capacious folds of his garment.

A collation of tea and cakes, sweet but nasty, was looked at rather than partaken of, while the monks gave us what history of the building I have been able to relate, sitting, as etiquette ordains, with their backs quite stiff, on the extreme edges of their chairs, and with their bodies slightly turned round to their guests.

From this we ascended to the upper story, where the principal room was a magnificent chapel filled with gifts and curiosities, a very fine and richly-decorated altar, rubbings from ancient tablets, a great deal of blue and white china, pictures painted on glass from Canton, and, amongst other things, a present from a young lady of a piece of embroidery, entirely worked with her own hair. This represented the goddess of mercy sitting under a bamboo, the leaves of which were really most admirably represented.

In this chapel also the contributors to the building, maintenance, or decoration of the temple are immortalised, their names being written in gold on black tablets and put under a glass case. Here also is the library, where huge cupboards are filled with books of the religious classics, which form the unique and dreary study of the inhabitants.

We passed on to another chapel set apart for meditations. Here the priests and students, in yellow robes and with shaven heads, come at least once a day, and lighting an incense-stick before one of the images, sit down at the side of the room and meditate, trying to work themselves into a state of religious ecstasy, in which they shall be entirely withdrawn from impressions from the outside.

A few of them appeared to be really in this state of semi-unconsciousness; but the majority, though trying to look as if they did not see us, could not resist a sidelong glance every now and then. They remain in this state about half an hour at a time. The impression formed upon my mind by the appearance of those who had succeeded in their extraordinary task was rather a painful one.

Passing through another chapel, where a number of beautiful red and yellow lotus-plants were growing in pots, where a tailor was at work in a corner, and in which were the portraits of all the deceased priors, we again came to the gate, where a number of huge and hideous figures—the guardians of the place—were grinning horribly, and where the monks with exquisite politeness bade adieu to their unwonted guests.

We went from this, along a road between walls that enclosed magnificent vegetable gardens, to the grave of a concubine of Shu-Wang.

Shu-Wang ('King of Shu') was the aboriginal king of this country before its conquest by the Chinese, and he lived in the time of the Chinese emperor T'sin-Shih-Hwang-Ti, the builder of the Great Wall of China, in the third century B.C.

This grave is an artificial mound of yellow clay, about one hundred yards long, running north-west and south-east, and about twenty yards broad; its two ends being raised about ten feet above the other parts.

At the south-east extremity, half buried in the clay that has fallen on it, is a huge limestone disc. Neither its diameter nor its full thickness are exposed, but, judging from the segment, its diameter must be about sixteen feet, and there is a thickness of three

feet visible; how much more there may be I cannot say. Near the circumference of the stone, there is a circular hollow about six inches across, but it is very irregular, and I should say was accidental. The stone has evidently fallen from its place, so that any examination as to its position was useless. But it must have been a great labour to bring this enormous slab from beyond Kuan-Hsien, the nearest place where the limestone is found.

We had by this time collected around us a considerable crowd of dirty little boys, who made somewhat of a clamour as we walked home; but an elderly person in the streets rebuked them for their rudeness, and the noise diminished considerably.

Near the Wan-Li-Ch'iao is the temple of Wu-Hou-Tz'ŭ (Military Marquis Memorial Chapel), erected to the memory of the prime minister of Liu-Pi, Chu-Ko-Liang, or, as he was familiarly called, Kung-Ming-Sien-Sen.

At the latter end of the Han dynasty (third century of our era), a little boy being at that time emperor, the country was thrown into disorder by ambitious ministers who plotted for the throne.

At this time a certain Liu-Pi, though a member of the imperial family, was in very straitened circumstances, and was at one time driven to making a livelihood by selling straw sandals.

He fell in with two men also of poor position, one Chang-Fi, a pork butcher, the other Kuan-Yu, a seller of bean-curd cakes. These two counselled Liu-Pi to seize the throne; and they then formed themselves into a confederacy, calling themselves the Three Brothers.

They had little to start with, but by great bravery and force of character they eventually succeeded in establishing Liu-Pi as emperor.

Liu-Pi, however, did not actually reign over the whole of China; for there were two other kings, one in the south, and one in the north: all three regarded one another as usurpers. Hence this period is known as that of 'The Three Kingdoms.'

But Chu-Ko-Liang, hoping to consolidate the power of Liu-Pi, arranged a marriage between Liu-Pi and the sister of Cen-Chien, the king of the southern state,[4] who had his capital at Chin-Kiang, near Nan-King.

Cen-Chien was strongly averse to this proposal; but Chu-Ko-Liang obtained the co-operation of the queen mother, and Liu-Pi went to Chin-Kiang, and married the girl, notwithstanding the opposition of Cen-Chien. An iron pagoda still in existence at Chin-Kiang is said to be the place where the ceremony took place.

But Liu-Pi was by no means firmly established, and Chao-Tsiao,[5] the northern king, went to war with him. Cen-Chien pretended to assist Liu-Pi, and sent an army to him in the hopes that he would leave his capital unguarded, when Cen-Chien would have marched in himself with another army he had in readiness. But Liu-Pi managed to hold his own, and his bravery, fine spirit, and great talents have endeared his memory to the Chinese.

A characteristic story showing how he valued those who assisted him is told of him. In one of his battles, at which his wife and infant son were present, he was worsted, and was obliged to flee, leaving his queen and child. But Tsao-Yun (Tze-Lung was his

[4] This southern state was called the State of Wu. (Cen-Chien is the Sun-Kiouen of De Mailla's *Hist. de la Chine*, vol. iv., in which the history is related at tedious length.—*Y.*)

[5] Called in the French histories T'sao-T'sao, the founder of the dynasty of Wei or Goei.—*Y.*

popular name), one of the generals of Liu-Pi, found the mother and child sitting by a well. The queen handed her infant to Tsao-Yun, and jumping down the well put an end to her life. Tsao hid the child in the breast of his coat, and galloped off to rejoin Liu-Pi, whom he succeeded in reaching after many dangers. When the monarch heard what had happened he flung the child on the ground, saying 'You worthless bit of flesh, is it you who have dared to risk the life of one of my best generals.'

Liu-Pi afterwards removed the capital of his kingdom to Ch'êng-Tu.

His son succeeded him, but was as feeble as his father was powerful; he was sustained, however, by the talents and energy of Chu-Ko-Liang, but was the last of his race; the province being subsequently overrun by numerous barbarous tribes, who established many petty independent kingdoms.

The emperor and prime minister now lie side by side; for the great Liu-Pi was buried in the temple of Wu-Hou-Tz'ŭ, erected to the memory of Chu-Ko-Liang. Round the temple there are some very pretty gardens, and it is the fashion to make up a party and bring out a good dinner from a restaurant and eat it here. It is a charming spot for a picnic; and somehow or other the small square tables and benches in a kind of balcony overhanging a pond of lotus-flowers, full of tame fish and tortoises, looked so European, that when I visited the place I expected every moment to see a waiter with a table napkin over his arm, asking monsieur what he would have for *déjeûner*, and suggesting *un bon filet aux pommes* and a pint of Medoc.

From this we went to a place celebrated for something or another, but what it was was never made

very clear. There are five stones one on top of another, but though these are conspicuously shown on the Chinese map of Ch'êng-Tu, we failed to discover anything very remarkable about them.

There is also near this a big mound, said to be a grave of someone, but no one could tell us of whom.

We were invited to a picnic at a temple not far from the Wu-Hou-Tz'ŭ, at which place it was agreed that our party should meet.

Though the sun was powerful there was a little air moving outside the city, and the heat was by no means oppressive.

We were about an hour reaching the Wu-Hou-Tz'ŭ. Here our friends were waiting for us, and we all went on together to a temple, built during the seventh century, by the great poet Tu-Fu, as a country residence.

There are, as in the temple of Wu-Hou-Tz'ŭ, a number of rooms, covered passages, corridors, and pavilions, furnished with little tables and chairs, where the people of Ch'êng-Tu come to picnic.

The grounds are large, containing fine trees and great numbers of large bamboos, that everywhere cast a pleasant and grateful shade. There are ponds with tortoises and fish in great numbers, and a couple of dwarfs with enormous heads earn a livelihood by selling bread and cakes for the people to feed the fish with.

We first went into a nice large cool room, where all the woodwork was painted black; but as the upper half of both the long sides was entirely window, there was no sombre impression. All the windows were open, and the eyes rested on the fresh green foliage, which almost completely excluded the mid-day glare, whilst the breeze gently rustling the bam-

boo leaves, and the occasional caw of a rook or a magpie, produced a pleasant feeling of repose.

We found the company assembled. There was a very fat, heavy-looking man, a civilian with the rank of Fan-Tai, by name Wei, whose manners were polished to the highest degree, and who would have been profoundly shocked at the smallest breach of the intricate etiquette of the Chinese. In remarkable contrast to him, a tall thin man, with the rank of Chen-Tai, was walking about. His face differed much from the usual Chinese type; he looked as if he was more of a man than the Chinese generally appear; and although his face and manners betokened a love of ease, there was none of the listless, apathetic appearance about him so often seen in this people. His name was Yang, and he had a nephew who had been apprenticed to my friend the Christian silk merchant, Yeh.

In the time of the Tai-Ping rebellion this lad ran away and joined the army. He was active and intelligent, and soon brought himself to the notice of Li-Hung-Chang, who recommended him to Ward, an American in command of a body of the Chinese troops. Ward took a fancy to him, and promoted him, and when Gordon left China, this boy, now grown to be a man, succeeded him in his command. He eventually died of wounds.

The silk merchant, who always had a few stray locks of hair escaping from his now scanty plait, and looked in consequence exceedingly hot, was also of the party; his name was Yeh, though amongst his friends he was known by the familiar sobriquet Chin-Tsai; and Ngien, the secretary to the Bishop, whose French it was possible to understand, completed the number of the hosts.

After our hot ride (in chairs) we sat down, and the grateful beverage was soon introduced. Mesny and I were pressed to take seats on the kang; but among so many we left it unoccupied, and sat down on the chairs at the side of the room.

A basin of hot water and a piece of rag were brought in; an attendant, whose hands must have been made of cast-iron, dipped the rag into the almost boiling water, and wrung it out several times. He brought it to me, and I wiped my face and hands in correct Chinese style. The rag, or as Huc calls it, a linen table napkin,[6] was dipped afresh and wrung out for each person present.

Mesny then opened the conversation by asking everyone he did not know, 'What is your honourable name?' 'What is your honourable age?' 'Where do you come from?' and in return answered similar questions with true celestial politeness, and although I did not know a dozen words of Chinese I could see what was going on.

The secretary then proposed to take me round the temple, and we walked about looking at the tortoises, the ponds, the dwarfs, and the idols.

He showed me an isolated building in one place, with four very large images of Buddha in the centre, and upwards of a thousand pictures of the head of Buddha on the walls. We then came back, and after a time signs of dinner appeared in the form of a *zakouska*, for before seating ourselves at the round table a bowl of soup and four little puddings, with minced meat and onions inside, were handed to each person.

I did not know how to manage these things; but I watched the others take up a pudding, put it into the soup, partially break it, and so eat it. I did the

[6] Huc, *L'Empire Chinois*, vol. i. p. 184.

same, but there was too much garlic for my taste. This appeared to me quite a meal in itself; but my Chinese friends finished their four puddings, and looked upon this exactly as the Russians do upon the little bit of salt fish or caviare they take to whet their appetites. The pudding to put into the soup also is quite a Russian custom.

Soon afterwards, at about half-past four, we sat down to a very extensive dinner. To every man was a pair of chopsticks, one little piece of paper, one little saucer of soy, one china spoon, one saucer of water-melon seeds and kernels of peach stones, and one cup about as big as the bottom of an egg cup (without a handle).

At a given signal everyone at once dipped their chopsticks into the centre dish and commenced operations. The silk merchant was very polite to me, and always assisted me if he saw I was not sufficiently skilful with my chopsticks.

The guests thus went through about twelve dishes that were on the table, some sweet, some sour, some raw, and some cooked. They were much the same dishes that I had seen at Shanghai or Peking; shrimps raw, duck or ham cut into little bits, sugar-candy, lotus root, walnuts cooked in soy, giblets, with preserved eggs, shrimps, and other things, all equally flavourless. A servant then came in, and removing two or three of the nearly empty bowls, brought in others; and so on, dish succeeded dish in somewhat weary monotony; duck appeared in two other forms, fowl came on twice, tripe was dressed in two ways, and a dish of peaches stewed in arrowroot was given in the middle of dinner. There was one dish of really excellent mutton, and of course at least half a dozen of pork in different forms. The greatest

delicacy was minced pork, dressed with something sweet, and wrapped up in a huge lotus leaf. To our Western ideas the mess the table and floor get into on an occasion of this kind is horrid; there are no plates; when the dishes are brought in, if they are solids they are piled up as high as possible, and if they are soups the bowls are filled to running over. In helping himself with a chopstick the most skilful will now and then drop something, and to eat the gravy the spoon is dipped into the central bowl, and then put down wet and greasy on the table.

The *débris* also collects on the table more or less, though a person accustomed to these things does not leave much, for he spits or throws it on to the floor. Bread is not offered until the end of the meal, and when I asked for some, earlier during the entertainment, a whole baker's shop of loaves was brought in for me. The drink was a very palatable fermented liquor made from rice, and was taken hot.

Directly two guests have taken wine with one another the cups are filled by the attendants. The silk merchant was very anxious on my account, and asked me to drink with him after each course, and seeing that the mutton was the thing I really liked, he had it specially left for my edification.

The waiters were all naked to the waist, and the guests would have been the same if Mesny and I had not been present; but out of deference to us they kept on a thin garment over their bodies.

The last dish of all was a bowl of what Europeans call 'conjee'—rice boiled almost to a pulp, and served up with the thick rice-water. In ordinary society a bowl of plain rice takes the place of this; but at these grand entertainments it is customary to have conjee instead.

After this the guests laid their chopsticks across the empty bowl, rose up and saluted one another, and then again putting the chopsticks on to the table the dinner was over.

I gave each of the gentlemen a Manilla cigar, produced a penknife, showed them how to cut off the ends, and offered them a light from a box of wax vestas, at which they were much delighted. The general and my French-speaking friend lighted their cigars; but the Fan-Tai and the silk merchant put away theirs for some other opportunity.

While the servants were clearing up the mess we strolled about the grounds. The general, pacing up and down smoking the cigar, had far more the air of an Englishman than a Chinaman; but the secretary, although he seemed to like the smoke, *did* not quite manage it *a l'Européenne*. We loitered about some time, and many amusing stories were told.

July 7.—At my request, the banker now came to pay me a visit to talk over money matters, for I had much more silver here than I required for my journey. He told me that he had no correspondents in Western Ssŭ-Ch'uan or Tibet, and I was therefore obliged to ask him to give me the three thousand taels in bulk. This weighed two hundred and six pounds avoirdupois, rather a serious consideration.

The banker said, on looking at my bills, that these had not been drawn on him, but on some other bank; he added that, if I had given notice on my first arrival at Ch'êng-Tu I should have received the usual interest of 1 per cent. *per month*.

The drought was now becoming very serious, even in this province; at the time of my visit there was as yet no scarcity of food, but in the neighbouring provinces the famine eventuated in the awful calami-

ties that have filled the readers of our daily papers with horror; and even in Ssŭ-Ch'uan the drought, though not so disastrous as elsewhere, was in 1878 very dreadful.

In the fertile plain of Ch'êng-Tu itself, the rice crop never fails, even in the driest season; for the brimming brooks that course by the roadside and sparkle in the sun derive their supplies from the streams which, descending from the snow-clad heights, are never-failing, and unite to form the considerable river of Kuan-Hsien. There the impetuosity of the turbulent torrent, which dashes and foams over its rocky bed, is curbed by the irrigation works that divide the river into numerous streams, and those, meandering through the beautiful plain, and subdivided into canals and yet smaller ducts, and finally pumped up by the simple treadmills, leave not an acre of land without its perennial supply of water. Thus, even at a time when all the horrors of famine and pestilence were desolating the lands that lay just beyond the surrounding hills, this favoured spot was still enabled to present a scene of comfort and tranquillity.

All the officials, dressed in their robes of state, formed a procession and went to a temple to pray for rain; and, in order to appease the offended deities, a general fast was ordered. It was forbidden to kill meat of any kind, and the people were compelled to live on vegetables, not even eggs being permitted. Fortunately, however, the officials were unable to prevent the fowls laying, so eggs could surreptitiously be purchased. Chin-Tai, also, notwithstanding the prohibition, managed to smuggle a very young chicken into the house, and my own farmyard still contained three or four leprous-looking ducks, the relics of the official gifts I had accumulated.

July 8.—Mesny, who had paid a visit to Pi-Hsien, told me that the people there at first thought that it was I who had returned; but finally arrived at the conclusion that it was another foreigner; for they said I looked nearly sixty years old, and Mesny did not look thirty. To European eyes, our ages did not appear very unequal, but the Chinese invariably thought me very much older than I actually was. This was because I wore a short beard; and to a Chinaman's ideas a man who wears a beard looks old, most Chinese being quite smooth-faced.

There was also a report at Pi-Hsien that I had died at Sung-P'an-T'ing. This was, I suppose, because I did not come back when I was expected; and there may have been a lurking wish somewhere father to the thought.

We had great difficulty in hiring coolies and ponies; the latter were almost impossible to get. The Nepalese embassy was expected with tribute for Peking. There was an embassy bringing tribute from Tibet, and another going up from here into Tibet, all on the same road that we were going to follow to Bat'ang.

These officials and embassies show little mercy, and press every man and beast they come across into their service. The owners of ponies were afraid that if they came with us to Ta-Chien-Lu, they would, as soon as we had left, be forced into the service of some of these people, with very little pay or none at all, and there was naturally a strong objection on their part to come up.

The banker came in the afternoon, with a load of silver done up in thirty packets of one hundred taels each. Each of these packets had to be opened, each bit of silver examined to see if it were good, and each

packet weighed. The other banker, who had supplied me with the first amount of silver, came as my friend, 'to watch the case for me,' as a lawyer would say; for the manipulation of this vast sum of money was sure to create one or several keen discussions.

The grand question of weight first came on, and a hot dispute arose as to what scale should be adopted. I naturally suggested a big one, for I had a lively recollection of paying the Ch'ung-Ch'ing banker about sixty or seventy taels, on account of difference in weight. Something about the scale was written on one of the bills; but this, instead of settling matters, only appeared to cast oil upon the already flickering flame of angry passions.

I sat passive, until I was asked whether the Ch'ung-Ch'ing banker had not given me a weight, to show what sort of a tael he meant; then I bethought me of a string of cash, carefully and neatly tied up in paper, which had been given to me with my bills by the banker in Ch'ung-Ch'ing. I had undone this packet to see what it was, but up to this moment its use had remained a mystery; it now flashed across my mind that it might be the weight intended. It was produced, and there seemed some chance of coming to a final settlement; but when it was put into the scale against one of the packets, the banker threw up his hands to heaven and swore he was undone. 'No,' cried one of the clerks, 'but the string of cash *has* been.' I was then asked who had untied it. I said that no one had meddled with it except myself. They did not like to say that I had been adding extra weight to this, but they looked it!

The actual and physical thermometer was now at 93° in the shade outside, and somewhat higher in the room, while the moral temperature of the disputants

was rapidly rising to boiling point, as they wiped the perspiration from their brows.

The second clerk took off all his clothes, as far as his waist, and said that nothing was written about weight on one of the bills.

'No,' replied one of my friends, 'but there is the weight sent with the bills; they all come from the same place, they are all for you, and you will have to give the weight, the full weight, and nothing but the weight.'

The banker then suggested I should take what he had prepared for me, and write to Ch'ung-Ch'ing for the rest; and my friend the merchant seemed to think this a good way out of the difficulty.

I should have laughed them to scorn, but it was too hot for violent physical exertion, and I merely shook my head solemnly.

At last some one suggested something; I did not quite know what; but they hurriedly took the paper off the string of cash, and some writing was disclosed inside, over which they all bent as eagerly as a betting man over the first Derby telegram.

A rush was made for the scales, the wrapping up paper weighed, and the banker gazed in triumph round the admiring circle.

I discovered that usually the weight is taken paper and all, but in this case it was written inside that the paper was not to be included. This paper weighed a little over half a tael, which, taken thirty times over (once for each hundred), made a difference in the banker's favour of nearly twenty taels.

This put out all the fires at once, and we took a drink all round of tea.

The work was then proceeded with; the banker signed his name on each large piece of silver, and with

a bland smile told me that, if any of them should turn out badly, he would be only too glad to exchange them. This, he said, well knowing that he would see my face no more; but for form's sake I allowed him to continue the useless and tedious operation.

At length the banker and my friend the merchant were satisfied, and agreed that the banker's weight was short by three taels, and that there were about fifteen taels weight of inferior silver, which must be changed, so I handed over the three bills and bid adieu to my honourable friend.

The merchant stayed behind, and confidentially told me that the watches produced in my honourable country were very good.

I answered that he was very kind to say so.

He then said that if my great excellency would sell him a watch, he should never know how to thank me; so I told him that I would give him one in return for the kind way he had assisted me.

Chung-Erh now asked me what the price was in England of the watches that I was giving away; I told him five or six taels, and he also wanted to buy some. I said I could not spare them. He went away very sorrowful, not because he had great riches, but because he hoped to have made some by selling the watches at a high price.

July 9.—The last day in Ch'êng-Tu was a busy one; we paid a final visit to our kind friends the missionaries, and then all our acquaintances came to say good-bye to us. A young man to whom I had given some European candles brought me an ancient book and a stone for rubbing up Indian ink. The Chinese are very particular about the stones used for this purpose; they take a great deal of trouble to get the finest possible, so that the ink may not be gritty; and an

ink stone of really high quality is looked upon as a very distinguished gift.

All the baggage was weighed and divided into forty portions, for forty coolies were required to carry it; and a bargain was eventually struck with the coolie-master to supply us with sixty coolies to take us, our chairs, our baggage, and our servants to Ta-Chien-Lu, at the rate of 3·2 taels per coolie.

In all the principal towns in China there are firms who make it their business to let out coolies; a traveller always applies to one of these firms, and he is then tolerably sure to get respectable men, and to be fairly treated, the firm being, in a certain measure, responsible for the coolies supplied by them. A written contract is always made, and one copy given to the hirer, stipulating for not more than a certain number of stoppages, and undertaking to make the journey in a certain number of days.

Of course the coolie-firms make a very large profit, paying the coolies a miserable proportion of what they receive themselves; but, nevertheless, the traveller would scarcely gain by hiring coolies for himself, even if it were possible, which in most cases it would not be. For he would have no hold on the coolies, and he would certainly get a very worthless lot, who would in all probability rob him.

Small as their pay is, the coolies dearly love to dawdle, even though they are paid for the journey and not by the day; they like to stop at every wayside tea-house, and a long day's march is an abomination in their eyes. Throughout my journey it was always one continued fight with the coolies, or muleteers, to get them over a fair amount of ground.

There was an excuse invariably ready for halting short of the proper distance: the road was bad, the

mountains were steep, there was no inn, it was going to rain, or the sun was too hot.

The attractions of a big town were irresistible, and sometimes it seemed almost impossible to get them away.

These, after all, were but very minor evils, and I was altogether exceedingly well treated; my goods were very fairly taken care of; boxes and portmanteaus were never thrown about in the wanton manner of European porters, and during my whole stay in China, I was never robbed of the smallest thing.

The head coolie Fu-Tu, who had come with me from Ch'ung-Ch'ing, again appeared, bringing with him several of his former coolies, notably the old opium-smoker with a pimply nose. Chin-Tai had formed a strong friendship with Fu-Tu, who was the only person I ever heard say a good word for my factotum.

July 10.—It is not customary in China for a servant to ride in a chair with more than two coolies, and an official is forbidden to permit his servant to do so; but I did not feel myself bound by Chinese customs, for my boys, both over six feet, would always have been miles behind me if I had not allowed them three coolies each.

The organisation of departure, as Huc is pleased to term the disorder of a start in China, was now complete; the baggage was all packed, the coolies' bickerings gradually were settled as they moved off one by one, and at length, on the morning of July 10, we left the provincial capital for the confines of the Province of the Four Waters, a sufficiently interesting country, to judge from the account in Ritter:

'Tsching-tu-Fu,[7] the ancient capital of Szütschuan,[7] lies near the eastern foot of the sublime masses of perpetual snow and ice of the Yün-Ling. It had already been visited by Marco Polo, and named by him Sindin-fu, as he took his journey south-westwards towards the then depopulated Thibet. He had succeeded in getting thus far from the north, i.e. from Singan-Fu, the capital of Schensi, crossing the parallel chain of the Tapa-Ling by a made road, of which we will speak presently. This city (Sindin-fu) and its environs might well be considered as belonging to the most remarkable alpine regions of Asia, which have been famed for their high state of culture from the earliest times, such as Kashmir, Katmandu, and Asam. Being, moreover, itself the seat of royalty, and possessing an indigenous civilisation, it cannot have failed to exercise an influence on the progress of history, though we are hardly in a position to prove it. Towards the end of the thirteenth century the narrative of Marco Polo leads us to this city, which had formerly been the capital of an independent kingdom of the same name, but had been fearfully plundered and laid waste by the Mongols. According to Chinese history, it was carried by assault in 1236, at which time one million four hundred thousand people were said to have perished in the capital, and an equal number in the provinces. Notwithstanding this former devastation, the Venetian mentions it as a large and magnificent city, once the residence of rich and powerful monarchs.

'The Chinese geographer, Lou-Houa-Tchu, had already, in extolling its great antiquity, quoted the Yuking, a celebrated chapter of the Schuking, or the ancient description of China (2300 B.C.). It is spoken

[7] The German orthography.

of as lying under the constellations the Twins, and Cancer; its highlands spread over the west like the tiled roof of a high house (forming the protecting province of Inner China, as Khorasan was called the Shield of Iran).

'The oldest name of the city, about the commencement of the Christian era, was Ytschëou, and that of the country Chou.[8] In the tenth century the kingdom was styled Chou, and the city Szïtschuan, which name has since been borne by the province. It first became a province of the Chinese empire during the dynasty of the Sung, about 1000 A.D., and towards the middle of the thirteenth century fell under the dominion of the Mongol emperors.' Ritter then goes on to quote the description by Marco Polo, with which this volume commences, and that of Martini, partially cited at p. 3. The latter 'also mentions among the notable things of the vicinity that yonder lofty mountains produce rhubarb, musk, and yaks with fine tails. . . The father goes on to observe the mountains of the province are rich in iron, tin, lead, loadstone, and salt' (and describes correctly the process of boring the brine wells).

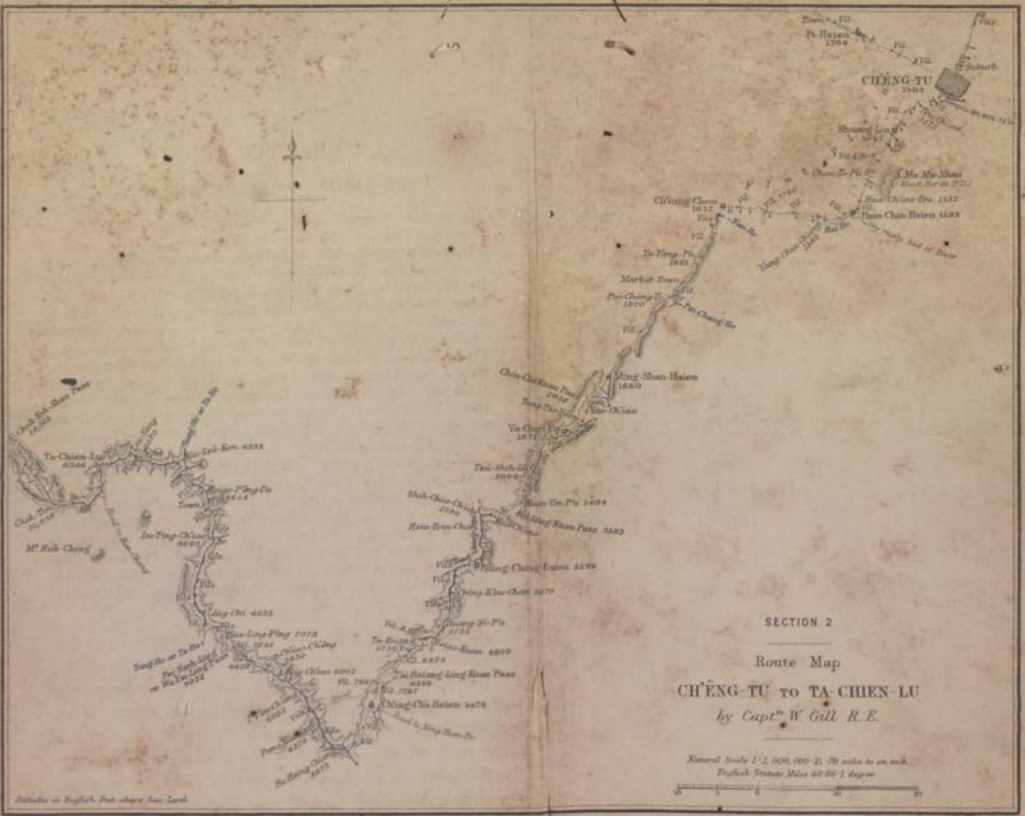
. . . . . .

'Martini represents some of the mountains adjoining the city as reaching to the clouds; one of them, the Cinching, is said to cover above a thousand stadia, and to be the fifth in rank among the most famous mountains of China, and on which the *Shin-sien* or 'Immortals' congregated. Another mountain, named Mount Pin, was said to be sixty stadia (36,000 feet?!) in height; it contained the source of the Kiang; and from Mount Tafung descended an immense waterfall.

[8] Rather *Shu*, v. p. 17 *supra*.—*Y.*

On Mount Cung-King were apes in size and figure resembling a man. On Mount Lungan were to be seen the ruins of a palace which the king of Chou frequented for coolness in the summer.'[9]. . . And so forth.

[9] Ritter, iv. 417.


CHÊNG-TU
1564
Pe-Hsien
1364
Shuang-Liu
Mo-Mo-Shan
Chiung-Chow
1637
Hsin-Chin-Hsien
1698
Te-Yang-Po
1861
Market Town
Pei-Chang-Po
1970
Ming-Shan-Hsien
1660
Ya-Chow
1877
Hsin-Yu-Po
1484
Hsing-Chang-Hsien
2199
Shuang-Ye-Po
3725
Ta-Hsiang-Ling-Kuan Pass
8288
Chung-Chi-Hsien
3476
Ta-Chien-Lu
8346
Mt Rich Chang
Lu-Ting-Chiao
6463
Long-Chi
6433
Hsin-Ling-Ping
7072
Ching-Chiang
6007
Ching-Chi-Hsien
3476
SECTION 2
Route Map
CH'ÊNG-TU to TA-CHIEN-LU
by Capt.n W. Gill R.E.
Natural Scale 1·1,000,000·25·70 miles to an inch
English Statute Miles 69·06·1 degree
Altitudes in English Feet above Sea Level
London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1879.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANCIENT MARCHES OF TIBET.

To Shuang-Liu—Superstition as to Fires in Towns—Vast Fertility of Country—Personal Criticisms on Travellers—Chinese Idea of Foreigners in general—Hsin-Chin-Hsien—First Sight of the Mountains—Ch'iung-Chou—Memorial of the System of 'Squeeze'—Fine Bridge on the Nan-Ho—Great Coolie-loads—Ta-T'ang-P'u—Tibetan Embassy—Pai-Chang-Yi—Indications of Opium-smoking—Paved Road in Decay—Ya-Chou-Fu—Its Commercial Importance—Cake-Tea—Coolies employed on the Traffic—Close and Beautiful Cultivation—Fei-Lung Pass—Wayside Anecdotes—Hsin-Tien-Chan—Sea of Straw Hats—Yung-Ching-Hsien—Traffic from Yün-Nan—Invitation to Breakfast—Ching-Kou-Chan—Limestone Scenery—Cooper's Mistake about Tea-oil Trees: in reality Rhododendrons—Huang-Ni-P'u—Suspension Bridge—Mountains begin to close round—The Little Pass—Alleged Terrors of the Hills—The Great Pass, and the T'ai-Hsiang Pass—'Straw-Sandal Flat'—Ching-Chi-Hsien—Divergence of Road to Yün-Nan by Ning-Yuen—Circuitousness of our Route—Pan-Chiu-Ngai—The Insect Tree and the Wax Tree—Mode of Production of the Wax—The Mountain Crops—San-Chiao-Ch'êng—Hua-Ling-P'ing—River of Ta-Chien-Lu—Bridge Swept Away—Lêng-Chi—Hill People—Lu-Ting-Chiao and its Iron Suspension Bridge—Dominoes—Character of People of Ssŭ-Ch'uan—Toll upon Coolies—Hsiao-P'eng-Pa—Scantier Vegetation—Fragment of elaborate Ancient Road—Arrival at Ta-Chien-Lu.

July 10.—The march to Shuang-Liu was over the busy, fertile plain, entirely given up to rice-cultivation. In the gardens there were melons, cucumbers, all sorts of vegetables, and patches of Indian corn. The country was beautifully watered; little rills brimming with water coursing by the road-side, or among the fields; and, as elsewhere on this plain, there were numerous detached farmhouses embowered in trees and bamboos.

The road was crowded with coolies and passengers proceeding in both directions, and the number of tea-houses was in proportion.

At the end of our journey Chin-Tai told me with a melancholy smile that he could buy neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor eggs, and wanted to know what I should like for dinner.

The fast was now being kept very religiously, and the south gates of all the cities were shut.

In China, wood forms a very large proportion of the material used in the construction of houses. After a continuance of hot and dry weather, the timber-work having been baked day after day is like tinder, and would blaze up on the slightest provocation. A fire would soon spread over a town, and with the inadequate means at disposal for extinguishing it, the damage would be very great. Fires are therefore intensely dreaded during a drought, and as it is supposed that the fire-god can only enter by the south gates of the cities, these are kept closely shut.

Perhaps the superstition has its origin in some old sun-worship; and the sun being always in the south, the fire-god is expected from the same quarter.

July 11.—But as we left Shuang-Liu, the Hsien, treating us as persons of great distinction, opened the south gate to let us through; this saved a long round, and was almost the highest honour he could have paid us. If fire had subsequently broken out, it would certainly have been attributed to his rash and foolish act.

West of Shuang-Liu the road still led us over the flat and level plain, where the amazing fertility of the soil was apparent in the magnificent crops of rice that

now, from two to three feet high, presented to the eye a vast expanse of the richest green.

Riding through a town where, as it was market-day, all the streets were crowded, I was much edified by the remarks passed by the crowd upon my person.

I wore a helmet, and one man said, 'Does not he think himself a swell with a hat like a ram's horn?' 'Yes,' replied another, 'but look at his nose, he might be an official with that nose.'

The Chinese are great physiognomists, and always admire a good-sized nose; generally their own noses are perfectly flat, without any bridge, and by saying I might be an official, the man meant that my nose was good, and that therefore I ought to possess some talent that would fit me for an official position.

Another man said that I had tremendously long legs. The Chinese always wear such loose baggy raiment, that, in appearance, the length of their legs is very much diminished.

The observations that are made are not as a rule very flattering, and forcibly illustrate the old proverb about listeners. I once heard of an English gentleman of whom an educated Chinaman remarked with the intention of being highly complimentary: *Why, he is not so dirty as a Mongol.* A Mongol never takes his clothes off all the winter, eats fat and grease by the pound, wipes his fingers on, and drops messes all over his leather coat, and is about as greasy and dirty a personage as can well be imagined. On another occasion, an Englishman was told that he did not smell so bad as a Man-Tzŭ. However little it may flatter our Western vanity to admit it, there can be no doubt that every nation has its peculiar odour; but on this point I have already remarked.

It may seem impossible for us to understand how

such remarks can be made seriously, and without the smallest offensive intention ; but this is only another proof of the difficulty of understanding the Chinese. To judge of a Chinaman's character, we must look with the eyes of a Chinaman, and put ourselves outside every conviction that we have formed, even about ourselves.

A Chinaman from his earliest infancy is brought up to believe that besides the Chinese nation there are in the world only some few insignificant barbarians. The chief knowledge of foreigners was originally derived from intercourse, peaceful or warlike, with the Man-Tzŭ, Tibetans, or Mongols ; and even now the number of Chinese who have been in contact with Europeans is very small. When, therefore, a Chinaman had to form his idea of foreigners, there was nothing very wonderful in his comparing them with the Man-Tzŭ, the only type of foreigners known to him ; nor was this idea after all very much more erroneous than that prevalent not so very long ago amongst many English people, that frogs formed the principal part of a Frenchman's diet, or the opinion that is even now indulged in by many of our home-staying countrymen, that all foreign cookery is greasy.

At Hsin-Chin-Hsien, where we halted, the coolies all fell out, because some declared that the loads had not been properly distributed; and it was not until everything had been re-weighed, and all the baggage re-arranged, that they were satisfied. A fair load for two coolies on level ground is one hundred and sixty pounds, but in mountainous countries goods cannot be carried in the cages between two coolies, and the loads are then much less. There is, however, another class of coolie in the mountains, who carry enormous

loads on their backs. These, however, travel very slowly, and are not usually employed by travellers.

The dislike of the coolies to carrying extra weight was natural at any time, and in the intense heat that now prevailed, I could not help feeling for the poor fellows as they ran along, the perspiration streaming from their bodies. There was but little shelter from the glare of the sun; the temperature rose as high as 99½° in the shade, and at ten o'clock at night, in the yard of the close and stuffy inn at Hsin-Chin-Hsien, where not a breath could stir the stifling air, the thermometer was still at 90°. This heat was not rendered more endurable to us inside by the bugs that swarmed about the inn.

July 12.—Everyone was glad to get up and away before sunrise, and we started at half-past five, the thermometer even at that hour being no lower than 85°.

It was with intense pleasure that, at half-past two in the afternoon, when the sun was darting its most fiery rays upon us, we caught the first sight of the mountains on the horizon, and our minds dwelt with pleasure on the snow-fields, and awful glaciers, so vividly depicted by former travellers in the regions we were now approaching. Soon afterwards, as if to cheer us, an easterly breeze sprung up, and the thermometer falling to 93°, the weather felt quite pleasant.

The streets of Ch'iung-Chou, though very wide, seemed poor and dirty, and could in no way compare with those of some of the fine Ssŭ-Ch'uan cities. The inn, however, was very comfortable; we had fine large rooms, with a yard behind, and there was a spacious open court in front, with a vine trailing over part of it.

July 13.—We saw only half the city, for as the south gate was not open when we marched out in the morning, we were obliged to retrace our steps to the east gate, by which we had entered. The walls of the city were in good repair, and solidly built of large blocks of red sandstone uncut; but in places where repairs had been recently executed, fine blocks of cut and squared stone had been let in.

Just outside Ch'iung-Chou there was the commencement of a triumphal arch, with all the carved stones lying about by the side of the road. Some inhabitant of the city intended to have erected this, but when half done, the magistrate forbade it, on the plea that it would bring bad luck to the city, but in reality, because he hoped to extract a large bribe from the people who were building it, for they were very rich. The latter, however, declined to come to terms, and the basement of the triumphal arch remains a monument to the system of 'The Squeeze.'

Not far from here was an ancient pagoda, which had fallen into ruins; some ambitious people determined to rebuild it in a magnificent manner, four hundred and fifty feet high, with a spiral staircase up the centre; but after attaining the moderate height of about forty feet, all the money was spent, or stolen, and the project came to a conclusion most lame and impotent.

A short distance from Ch'iung-Chou we came to the river called Nan-Ho (Southern River); the bed where we struck it was about one hundred yards wide, but following down stream about two hundred yards, we crossed by a remarkably fine fifteen-arched bridge of red stone, two hundred and forty yards long, and nine and a half yards wide, with a somewhat boastful inscription on a tablet, proclaiming it the finest in Ssŭ-Ch'uan.

After passing the river, we entered an undulating country, the hills of a reddish-yellow clay, and well wooded, principally with pines in small clumps; the road, running in many places between hedges, would have put me much in mind of some of the Hampshire scenery, if it had not been for the rice in terraces. The cultivation was only on the flat ground, the slopes being everywhere given up to trees. The road was exceedingly tortuous, winding about and twisting in a most perplexing manner, following the summit of a ridge from one hundred to two hundred feet above the valleys. We met coolies carrying logs of wood, sometimes as much as two hundred pounds in weight. These enormous loads are carried about ten miles a day, the wood being principally for coffins, which, when made from a particular and much-prized species of tree, cost sometimes as much as 300*l.* or 400*l.* Here nearly all the women had feet of the natural size, and many of those whose feet were cramped, had not squeezed them in nearly to the usual extent; but those seen about were mostly of the poorer class, for the richer folk do not permit their women to walk about much in public.

Coolie-hire was very cheap, as nearly all our chair coolies engaged other men to relieve them by turns.

At Ta-T'ang-P'u we breakfasted at a tea-house, where, amongst the tempting dishes exposed for sale, there were some fish cooked in oil. A box of sardines which, after half has been consumed, has been forgotten in a cupboard for a month, and has been subsequently exposed to a hot sun and plenty of dust for a week or two, would give a very good idea of the greasy mess displayed to entice the hungry coolie to a meal. One came up whose sole remaining

fortune was one cash, and signified his desire to become a purchaser. The old woman who kept the place offered him one fish.

But even if a Chinaman has one cash only, he will not lavish it without enjoying the pleasure of a bargain.

My coolie was no exception, 'No,' he said, 'that is not sufficient, those fish are very poor things. I cannot afford a whole cash for such a trivial animal.'

The old woman at first refused to let him have a greater quantity, but discovering a head that had in the lapse of ages become separated from its body, she offered it to him. He examined it with the eye of a critic, turned it over from side to side, and at length agreed to take it. When he rejoined his companions, he said to them, 'See what a fine bargain I have made for one cash only, I have bought more than a fish.'

At Pai-Chang-Yi, we found one of the embassies that were just now on the Tibetan road established in one of the inns. The ambassador, if he can be dignified with such a title, was an official of very inferior position.

The Chinese always send petty officials as ambassadors, in order to show their immense superiority to foreigners; it is as much as saying 'Oh! anything is good enough for a foreigner'; and it must have gone sorely against the grain to despatch two men of high rank to England.

The people here are not such early risers as in the north of China; as we marched through Pai-Chang-Yi[1] in the morning none of the shops were open, and there were very few people about in the streets.

A Chinese town with its shops all shut up is even

[1] *Pai* means a hundred. *Chang* is a measure of ten Chinese feet.

more dreary in appearance than Regent Street on Sunday. The shop fronts—when open there are no fronts—are made of dirty wood, from which the paint has long worn off; and everything looks shabby to the last degree.

These habits of late rising are in consequence of the opium smoking that is very prevalent in Ssŭ-Ch'uan.

Whatever other effects the habit may have, it is certainly very troublesome to travellers who want to make an early start, or to accomplish a good day's march.

The town of Pai-Chang-Yi seemed principally to thrive upon the petty trade carried on with the thousands of coolies that pass through. The most noteworthy articles exposed for sale were copperas, borax, and alum, all of which come from some place near; and in the streets we saw a man carrying a load of pig-iron.

July 14.—The road to Ming-Shan-Hsien ran along the top of a ridge about two or three hundred feet above the valley. Every now and then, between the hills, there was a good view of some fertile little plain laid out for rice cultivation and beautifully green. The slopes were well wooded, or cultivated with Indian corn, and the tops of the ridges, where sufficiently flat, were covered with rice-fields. There did not seem to have been a very great scarcity of water, although some of the fields were still very dry.

The road was most unpleasant for walking on. It was paved, and the original intentions of the constructor had evidently been excellent, for most of the stones had been cut quite flat, and as the ground was tolerably level, if the execution had been as meri-

torious as the conception, the road would have left nothing to desire. But the contractor, in order to save money, had made use of the rough stuff he found lying about, and had put in at every foot or so an uncut boulder that thrust itself above the general level in a most obtrusive and unpleasant manner. No doubt by bribing the road surveyor, he had obtained a good report of his performance.

Between Ming-Shan-Hsien and Ya-Chou, the country was more broken, the smaller ridges giving way to detached hills of red clayey sandstone, all still well cultivated and wooded.

We followed a little stream through a miniature gorge, and ascending a branch, gained a saddle four hundred feet above the plain, whence we had a fine view of the Ya-Chou valley. This is about two miles wide, is quite flat, and bounded on each side by mountains from eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet high. The river bed is about two hundred yards wide, though at this season the water is not more than forty or fifty yards across. The stream ran at the rate of about four miles an hour, and was now very shallow. A little lower down, the valley closes in on the left bank, and steep, red hills, clothed with deep green foliage, hang over the water, forming little cliffs, and making a very pretty picture. We ascended the river about three miles, and crossed it in a ferry, just below the city of Ya-Chou-Fu, where we found a particularly nice inn with an open court in front.

In front of some of the houses, before reaching Ya-Chou, we saw a few vines, trailing over a trellis-work above the road. There was also some tea put out to dry, of which a little grows here. At Ming-Shan-Hsien some very celebrated tea is grown, but only in small quantities.

Ya-Chou is a place of great importance, as it is the starting-point of all the commerce to Tibet, to which place tea and cotton are the chief exports.

The most remarkable trade of this place is its commerce in tea, vast quantities of which are sent from here through Tibet, and up to the very gates of our own tea-gardens in India. The tea for the Tibetans is merely the sweepings that would elsewhere be thrown away, the poor Chinese in Ya-Chou paying seven or eight times the cost of this for what they drink themselves. It is pressed into cakes about 4 feet long × 1 foot × 4 inches, each of which is wrapped in straw, is called a *pau*, and weighs 24 lbs. The average load for a coolie is about ten or eleven of these packets. I have seen *some* carrying eighteen—that is 432 lbs. Little boys are constantly seen with five or six *pau*—120 lbs. These men wear a sort of framework on their backs, which, if the load is bulky, often comes right over the head and forms in rainy weather a protection from the wet. Each of them carries a thing like the handle of a spud, with an iron shoe and point at the end, and when they rest themselves the handle is put under the load, the point into the ground, and thus they relieve their backs from the weight. A coolie gets 1·8 taels to carry six *pau* (144 lbs.) from Ya-Chou to Ta-Chien-Lu, 150 miles over an exceedingly mountainous country; *a distance* usually accomplished in twenty days. The pay would seem barely enough to keep life in them under their tremendous loads. They eat scarcely anything but Indian-corn bread, made up into round cakes nearly an inch thick, and from six to ten inches in diameter.

July 15.—Beyond Ya-Chou we left the *main river* at once, and crossing a little ridge gained the valley of a tributary. At first this was nearly two miles wide,

and quite flat, covered with rice-fields, and bounded by ridges of sandstone about five hundred feet high, behind which a chain of mountains rose fifteen hundred feet above the valley. The sides of the hills and mountains were cultivated with Indian corn right up to the tops, except on the slopes that were too steep, where there were patches of wood, firs, acacia, ash, a tree that is called here water-oak; and many others whose names I do not know. There were also a few orange, walnut, and tung-oil trees, and one or two banyans. I did not see many fruit-trees, but there were plenty of small apples, peaches, plums, and greengages exposed for sale, all horribly unripe. The Chinese here never let their fruit ripen. They are afraid that the rain will injure it, or that it will fall to the ground or spoil; and they have thus become so accustomed to unripe fruit, that they really prefer a peach that eats like an apple to a soft juicy one.

The country here had not suffered so much from want of water, and everything was beautifully green; the road was well shaded with clumps of trees and bamboos, and we had a pleasant walk to breakfast.

July 16.—The road from Kuan-Yin-P'u ascended a stream, running along the side of a spur that was closely cultivated to the very top. I never before saw ground so closely cultivated; as far as could be seen in any direction, every inch of ground had been brought under the plough, except here and there, where the hill-side might be broken into a small cliff. In some places the Indian corn was growing where it would seem an utter impossibility to carry on any agricultural operation. The sides of the hills generally were not very steep, 15° to 30°, but here and there there were steep bits and broken cliff. There were plenty of trees about, some standing singly,

others two and three together, and in small and large clumps; they lined the road-side, and surrounded all the farm-houses, but there were no woods properly speaking.

Along this busy road there were plenty of large tea-houses, full of coolies, for this is the main road to Yün-Nan, and the traffic on it is very great. Tea and cotton seemed the chief exports from Ssŭ-Ch'uan, and in return the coolies were bringing in wood and indigo.

The road ascended by a zigzag to the Fei-Lung-Kuan, or Flying Dragon Pass, 3,583 feet above the sea. As the air had now become fresh and cool, I walked to the summit, and one of the coolies was heard to remark:

'He walks up hill because he is merciful to his men and beasts, but what can he walk down hill for?'

The Tinc-Chais were very officious, keeping in front, and calling out to everyone to get out of the way of their great excellencies who were coming along the road. On one occasion, when a coolie staggering along under a weight of two hundred pounds, with his head bent to the ground, did not move quickly enough, one of the Tinc-Chais flipped him with a little whip.

'What are you hitting me for?' called out the man.

'Hitting you! I was brushing a mosquito off your ear, and you are ungrateful enough not to thank me,' replied the Tinc-Chai.

One of my coolies bustling along failed to give the usual shout of warning, and with his load nearly upset a man standing in a narrow place.

'Do you come from the dumb man's city?' he asked with some warmth.

On observing us pick flowers, put them away, and ask questions about all sorts of things, a man by the wayside remarked :

'What wonderful people these are! No one like them has been here since the time of the Three Kingdoms.'

This was highly complimentary, and it was very remarkable to find common coolies by the wayside conversant with the facts of an historical era so remote, for the Three Kingdoms flourished in the fourth century. The great Liu-Pi reigned over one of them, and his name, and those of his favourite ministers and generals are still looked up to as those of men whose talents or valour were almost fabulous.

At Hsin-Tien-Chan (New Inn Stage) it was market day, but as fasting was still being kept up, there was no meat of any kind for sale. The chief articles exposed in the market were cotton-stuffs, iron tools, other small iron goods, and vegetables ; and the usual amount of bread and cakes were to be seen at the shops of the innumerable bakers, who seemed perpetually at work baking or steaming. The Indian-corn cakes are baked on a gridiron over a little bit of charcoal fire ; the other bread is baked in an iron basin, the baker moving it, turning it round, and over and over all the time, to prevent its being burnt.

The weather was hot ; the people were now wearing broad-brimmed straw hats about two feet and a half in diameter, and as the streets were now all densely crowded with men, women, and children, jostling and pushing each other about, all these hats more or less overlapped. From the back of the pony upon which I was mounted no other part of the body or of the dress of the people was visible, and I seemed to be looking down upon a surging sea of

straw hats, through which the Tinc-Chais cleared the way with shouts and gesticulations.

The towns here are not particularly neat: the streets are dirty and ill-paved, and present a great contrast to some of those in the neighbourhood of Ch'êng-Tu. The gardens are not so well kept, or so tidy, but they grow much the same vegetables. The cucumbers especially are very abundant, and I saw some sun-flowers, of which the people eat the seeds.

At Yung-Ching-Hsien there were some grand Lamas on their way to Lassa, but they could not get coolies or ponies, and with an enormous quantity of baggage were waiting here. The unfortunate Hsien was obliged, in the meantime, to entertain them and their retinue in the official house, or Kung-Kuan, and pay for everything they ate and drank.

The people in the bazaar now used to try and frighten our servants, telling them that we were all certain to be killed somewhere.

A man appeared who said that he had been recommended by Bishop Chauveau to the late Mr. T. T. Cooper, and had travelled with him until he was imprisoned; he did not tell us in what capacity he served him, but he said that on one occasion he was beaten by the official servants, and that he left Cooper in consequence. He asked us after the welfare of two of his companions, who had stayed with Cooper through his difficulties, and though we knew nothing about them, Mesny told him that they were both now in high official positions, and that if he had not deserted his master in the time of difficulties, he would also have been in a post of honour!

Yung-Ching-Hsien is situated on a plain between two branches of the river, one of which we crossed by a ferry, which, like all ferries in China, is free, and

the expenses of which are paid for by the produce of a certain portion of land set apart for the purpose.

July 17.—As we marched through the town in the early morning, the shops were just opening, and I was not very favourably impressed with the place; but I had perhaps been spoiled by the very fine cities in the Ch'êng-Tu plain, for certainly even these towns of Western Ssŭ-Ch'uan would compare favourably with those in the north of China. The streets are wide and fairly paved, though there are a great many round stones used, which are equally disagreeable for man and beast. The unfavourable impressions are also partly owing to the abominably shabby state of the houses, which never seem to be painted, white-washed, or repaired. All the woodwork is black with dirt, the paint is rubbed off, and everything looks dreadfully dilapidated. This is most apparent before the shutters are removed, for the fronts are quite open, and in the day all the inhabitants of the town collect in the main street, and in a measure conceal the imperfections; but in the morning, when the greasy shutters close the fronts, and there are only a few sleepy coolies about, or an early pieman selling his hot cakes, all the dirt is seen in its full glory.

We met a long train of mules bringing opium from Yün-Nan, and others carrying brass. There was a man with a cargo of parrots, which, he said, came from the mountains in the interior; but he did not know much about it, as he did not get them himself. We afterwards found the home of these birds in the neighbourhood of the Chin-Sha-Ching, south of Bat'ang.

A man standing in the market-place said, 'Do you see those men?' 'Yes. Autumn and Spring,' replied another, alluding to our apparent ages, for

Chinamen always thought that I was an old man. Another said we were Siamese. He probably came from Yün-Nan, and had heard of Siamese there.

The coolies found a cheap breakfast very early, and we halted at a tea-house kept by an old lady, who had a voice so shrill and sharp that it might be heard all the way to Ch'êng-Tu.

She called out to all the passers-by to come in.

'Come in here, come in here. I have beautiful rice, very clean and quite hot; anything else you may like to eat, and much cheaper than you can get it further on. Come in and breakfast. See that nice place opposite, where you can put down your loads, or if you don't like that you can put them in here. Come in, come in, bread just baked, and everything of the best.'

We breakfasted at Ching-K'ou-Chan (Dark Gorge Stage), so called because a little above it two hills much more steep than any of the others, precipitous at the top and covered with very deep green trees, come down to the stream, one on each side, and form a short gorge. Here the inn was in the regular mountain style, the best room over the stable, with a window overlooking the valley.

About six miles from Yung-Ching we left the main river, and ascended a tributary up a very pretty valley bounded by sandstone hills. The red sandstone formation presented a remarkable contrast to the limestone of the valley of Sun-P'an-T'ing. The limestone is always broken into sharp crags and pinnacles, leaving tremendous precipices. The streams find their way through long and gloomy gorges, sometimes winding for miles between perpendicular walls of rock, scarcely broken by a chasm. But the sandstone hills are round or flat-topped; they are

rarely steep, are much cut up by streams and valleys in every direction, are broken into detached hills, and are sometimes almost undulating.

The stream we ascended was clear as crystal, and was bounded by hills that were cultivated with Indian corn. There were the same trees as before, and in addition there was a tree which grows to a height of forty feet, and bears a flower very like a gardenia in appearance, size, and smell. This tree flowers twice a year, but produces no fruit. There is another species of the same tree, which flowers only once a year, the flower is inferior to this, but the tree bears fruit. The Chinese name for it in this part of Ssŭ-Ch'uan is Tzh-Tzh-Hua.

I was looking out for the tea-oil tree, of which Cooper speaks so much in his '*Pioneer of Commerce*'; but it is quite certain that he mistook the rhododendron for the tea-oil tree. The tea-oil tree was as familiar to Mesny as an oak to an English farmer, and during all our journey we never saw one. The tea-oil tree is called by the Chinese Ch'a-Yo; it has a large flower like a rose; some trees bear red, and some white flowers, but the petals are thick like those of a gardenia, the leaf not so large as a laurel, and quite smooth.

At Huang-Ni-P'u there was some tea of native growth which had not been fired; it was exceedingly fragrant, and though the odour was somewhat of fresh, new-mown hay, there was, besides, the true flavour and aroma of tea.

At Huang-Ni-P'u there were many signs of the proximity of the mountains; the coolies, although they grumbled much at the lowness of their pay, hired other men to do their work; these latter carry their loads on their backs, the universal custom in the

mountain districts. The chair coolies, also at their own expense, hired helpers with ropes to drag the chairs in the steepest parts, and on one occasion the Ma-Fu hired an assistant; but this must simply have been a piece of swagger on his part, as he had no more severe task to perform than to hold the tail of the pony in difficult places.

There are copper and iron mines in the neighbourhood of Huang-Ni-P'u, but they are not worked, because they say that no one has the capital necessary to open them. Copper, however, seemed cheap, for in the villages, instead of the usual little wooden basins which, each with a bit of rag in it, are arranged in a row of half a dozen before the eating-houses, there were copper basins instead. These basins are for the people to wash their faces in, when they arrive hot and dusty.

July 18.—As we ascended the river we had followed thus far (Yung-Ch'ing-Ho), the mountains began to close around us, and the amount of cultivation seemed to decrease with every step in advance. The river was bounded by hills which were much higher than those we had as yet passed through, and now, too steep for agriculture, were densely wooded with trees and undergrowth. We crossed a stream by a suspension bridge, the roadway of which was laid on five iron chains, the links ten inches long, and made of round iron three quarters of an inch in diameter. There were as additional supports two other chains, one on each side, which also acted as hand-rails and guards. The droop of this bridge was very slight. The river was crossed immediately afterwards by a similar bridge, forty-five feet long, with seven instead of five chains for the roadway.

The limit of the Indian corn and bamboo was

near here 4,132 feet above the sea; for between this point and the summit of the T'ai-Hsiang-Ling-Kuan, or the Pass of the Great Minister's Range, there was, with the exception of one tiny patch, absolutely no cultivation, the hill-sides being clothed with a rich and brilliant green foliage of trees and undergrowth, which completely obscured the red colour of the granite, of which the whole of the mountains here are formed.

Quitting the river, we ascended a tributary for a short distance, and then crossing a little spur, a descent of fifty feet brought us back to the main stream. The road over this spur is closed by a gate called Hsiao-Kuan (Little Pass), and the village at the foot of it bears the same name.

Whilst sitting at breakfast Chin-Tai came in with a sad look about his face, and after a cough that was the invariable prelude to a miraculous narrative, he began:

'The road goes over a very big Shan.' (He never succeeded in learning the English word 'mountain.')

'Yes,' I said, 'so I understand.'

After a moment's pause he continued, 'We must not make much talk on the big Shan.'

'Indeed,' I said. 'I suppose a great wind would come if we did.'

'Yes,' he answered; 'there was once a big military official who——'

'Ah,' I interrupted, 'he was advised not to go up with his army?'

'Yes; all the people tell him that——'

'That is enough,' I said, 'I have heard the story before;[2] and as these mountains seem to have been so fatal to military officials, you had better go and knock your head that you are but a humble civilian.'

[2] See vol. i., page 382, at Fêng-Tung-Kuan.

Beyond the Little Pass, the road followed the valley, and was one of the worst I ever travelled on. Now zigzagging up the side of a mountain, the path was cut in steep steps over sharp pointed rocks, and now winding along the side of a gully, some stream was crossed by a ford or a bridge. Everywhere the wooded hills rose above us some one thousand or two thousand feet, very steep but never precipitous. Sometimes we were down at the level of the stream, at others far above it, but the steady ascent always continued. After a time again leaving the main valley we ascended a steep spur by a long zigzag, and reached its crest at Ta-Kuan (Great Pass), 5,754 feet above the sea. Near here we passed an unfortunate pony that had fallen down under its load, and was left to die by the roadside. I wanted to shoot it, and put it out of its misery, but was told that its owner would be sure to come up, and accuse me of having killed a fine and healthy animal. After this the road again rejoined the river without descending appreciably, and another long pull of four thousand feet brought us to the summit of the T'ai-Hsiang-Ling-Kuan, 9,366 feet above the sea.

Directly we crossed this, the landscape changed entirely, the mountain sides being all green grassy slopes, very little cut up by valleys, and not so steep as those on the other side. There was no wood, no cultivation, and little undergrowth, but the ground was covered with beautiful rich grass and many wild flowers.

The rain had been falling on the eastern slope, which, from the luxuriance of the foliage, appears to possess a much damper climate than the western face; but as the ridge arrested the clouds, we were now in tolerably fine weather, and from the little tea-house

close to the summit we could see the city of Ch'ing-Ch'i at the foot of a steep spur 3,888 feet below. This tea-house rejoiced in the name of Ts'ao-Hsieh-P'ing (Straw Sandal Flat), and was doubtless so called on account of the numerous straw sandals expended in the passage of this terrible mountain.

Another wearisome zigzag led us down a very steep spur; on the way, the first cultivation was a patch of tobacco, and a little lower, the familiar fields of Indian corn and beans again covered the hill-sides.

Ritter quoting a Chinese itinerary thus speaks of the ascent, and of the city of Ch'ing-Ch'i: 'From Yung-Ching-Hsien the road soon becomes very difficult. The way is blocked by the great mountain, Hsiao-Kuan, in the profound gorges of which heavy torrents of rain continually fall, and the flanks of which are always clothed in mist and fog. Wild mountain streams fall headlong down from it. But now the road passes over a second and far more formidable mountain, the Hsiang-Ling, where the snow is so deep in winter and spring as to render it impassable.

'The road down to the town of Ch'ing-Ch'i is very steep. Frightful storms reign here; whirlwinds suddenly arise by day or night with great violence, destroy everything, and make the houses shake; but the inhabitants are now accustomed to these phenomena.'

From near the summit of Ts'ao-Hsieh-P'ing, a cross road, without inns or accommodation, makes a short cut across the mountains. Most of our baggage coolies went that way and rejoined us at I-T'ou-Ch'ang; but I did not succeed in finding out exactly where the two roads came together.

July 19.—At Ch'ing-Chi-Hsien we again found

the principal inns occupied by Tibetan embassies, and there was no room for our coolies, who were obliged to put up at an inn outside the gate. The market produced some excellent potatoes; but there was no meat, as the people were still fasting, although there was rather an excess than a want of rain, so much so that in the morning the coolies declared they could not start, as the road would be impassable. It was fortunate that we did not listen to them; the road certainly was very bad, and even dangerous in places, but we managed to traverse it, which we certainly should not have been able to do had we delayed a few hours.

Ch'ing-Ch'i seemed a wretchedly poor place; when we started there was no one in the streets, the shops were all shut, and the city generally bore a miserable aspect. I have a very vague idea of the day's march, for everything was shrouded in mist and fog. This is amply compensated for by the remarkably vivid impressions retained of the road; in many places there was no road at all—we had to cross ravines, where the torrents, swollen by the rain, had altogether carried away the goat-track that did duty for a path, and sometimes in these narrow gullies it was almost impossible to get the chairs round the sharp corners. The soil was a soft sticky clay, so slippery that in many places I was absolutely unable to walk in European boots; the chairs were continually bumped about by projecting rocks; the coolies stumbled, the rain fell, and altogether it was anything but a lively performance, as may be gathered from the fact that we were six hours covering the nine miles to Fu-Hsing-Ch'ang.

On leaving Ch'ing-Chi we descended to a stream, crossed it, and ascended the hills bounding it on the

other side, until we gained the crest of a ridge that separated it from another valley. From this point the main road to the province of Yün-Nan leads to the south-west. We left it on our left, and crossing the ridge followed up the stream to Fu-Hsing-Ch'ang.

Although the spiral of Archimedes possesses many beautiful properties, as a method of reaching one point from another it is not a curve to be recommended. Yet such had hitherto been the direction of our road, for after nine days' marching we were in a straight line, almost as far from Ta-Chien-Lu as we were at Ch'êng-Tu; but even the spiral approximates to its centre by degrees, and from this point our road began to bend round towards its destination.

In China the roads are kept in order (or supposed to be) by the magistrate of the district; but although he has the power to order men to repair it, if he does so it helps to make him unpopular, so as long as he thinks that no high official is likely to come his way he leaves the roads alone. This is the great high road from China to Tibet; embassies are continually passing; and the commerce and traffic is very great, and yet there were one or two places that must certainly have been impassable after the heavy rain that fell steadily all day and night, for when we left Fu-Hsing-Ch'ang it was still raining, though it cleared up afterwards.

July 20.—We ascended the valley, the mountains on our left sloping steeply down to the stream in remarkably smooth slopes, those on our right being broken into hills from three hundred to five hundred feet high. There were little patches of rice in the bed of the river; but on both sides the cultivation of Indian corn was carried on as usual right up to the top, and except by the roadside and round the houses there were no

trees. Above Pan-Chiu-^{Ng}ai the valley opens out a little, and is very picturesque; on the east, high mountains throw out low, gently sloping spurs, and on the west, others steeper but not so high close in on the stream, but have not the same smooth unbroken slopes as lower down, the sides being more cut up by small ravines. Here the trees commence again, and there are fine detached clumps on the hills and round the villages. In this part of the valley there were great numbers of the celebrated insect trees. These are in appearance very like orange trees, with a similar leaf, but they have a very small white flower that grows in large sprays, and now that the trees were covered with great masses of blossom, their strong smell, which was not very sweet, pervaded the air.

It is on this tree that the insect is bred that produces the celebrated Pai-La, or white wax of Ssŭ-Ch'uan. These trees are chiefly grown in the neighbourhood of Ning-Yuan-Fu, and the eggs are thence transported towards the end of April to Kia-Ting-Fu, where they are placed on the wax-tree, which is something like a willow. Here the insect emerges from his egg, and the branch of the tree on which he is placed is soon covered with a kind of white wax, secreted. It is this white wax that is so celebrated, and is one of the most valuable products of Ssŭ-Ch'uan. These eggs cannot be exposed to the heat of the sun, and whilst being carried from the breeding to the producing district the coolies travel only in the night, when the road is said to present a very remarkable appearance, as the coolies all carry lanterns. Ordinarily in China no travelling is done at night, and as the gates of all towns and cities are closed at dusk, and are never opened for

anybody, no matter who he may be, travelling at night is rendered impossible. But during the time for bringing the eggs to Kia-Ting-Fu all the city gates are left open night and day,—probably the only exception in China to the rule of shutting the gates at dusk.

In the 'Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India,' vol. vii., there is an account of the wax insect, derived principally from two Chinese writers. The insect is said to feed on a shrub *Ligustrum lucidum*; the trees are cut down every four or five years, and as a general rule are not stocked until the second year after this operation. The nests of the insect are about the size of a fowl's head, and are removed by cutting off a portion of the branch to which they are attached. The sticks with the adhering nests are soaked in unhusked-rice-water for a quarter of an hour, when they may be separated.

The nests are then tied to a tree. In a few days they swell; insects the size of *nits* emerge. From *nits* they attain the size of lice; and having compared it to this, the most familiar to them of all insects, our Chinese authors deem further description superfluous.

The description of the rest of the process agrees well with what I learnt myself, and with the writings of Baron von Richthofen.

But, until the researches of the German traveller furnished us with the details of the process, even Chinese writers seem to have been unaware that the insect was reared on one kind of tree and the wax secreted on another, although the Chinese authors quoted above knew that the insects were removed from one tree to another.

Baron von Richthofen, speaking of the insect-tree, says:

'It is so valuable that it constitutes a separate article of property distinct from the soil on which it grows'—like the olive-trees in Cyprus.

The 'Comptes Rendus' for 1840, tome x., p. 618, are quoted by the editor of the 'Agricultural and Horticultural Journal of India' as stating that the wax insects are raised from three species of plants: Niu-Tching (*Rhus succedanea*), Tŏng-Tsing (*Ligustrum glabrum*), Shwui-Kin, supposed to be a species of Hibiscus.

The knowledge that more than one species of tree was employed seems therefore to have already existed, as also the knowledge that the nest was removed from the tree on which it was reared to the tree on which the wax was secreted; but until the researches of Baron von Richthofen threw a flood of light on Western China, no one appears to have combined the two facts, or to have been aware that one species of tree was favourable to the growth of the insect, and another to the production of wax.

The Chinese authors above alluded to also state that:

'When the insects emerge from their nests, they with one accord descend towards the ground, where, if they find any grass, they take up their quarters.

'To prevent this, the ground beneath it is kept bare, care being also taken that their implacable enemies, the ants, have no access to the tree. Finding no congenial resting-place below, they reascend.'

Baron von Richthofen, however, states: 'The insect has no enemy, and is not even touched by ants.'

The attempt of the insects to descend from the trees, as described by the Chinese writers, would seem to confirm Baron von Richthofen's theory that the

insect secretes the wax when in an unhealthy condition.

The editor of the 'Agricultural and Horticultural Journal' quotes Mr. R. C. Brodie as stating that, 'although in appearance the substance resembles stearine or spermaceti more than bees'-wax, it comes nearest to purified cerin.'

Monseigneur Desflèches at Ch'êng-Tu gave me a specimen, which is now in the British Museum.

On this road we continually passed long trains of coolies, carrying tea on their backs, climbing mournfully and with measured tread the desperate and staircase-like tracks. There was something very sad in the aspect of these men; they seemed more like beasts of burden than human beings; they never smiled, and scarcely ever said a word; and as our lively Ssŭ-Ch'uan coolies, ever ready with some banter, passed them, they would stand on one side, with rigid countenances that scarcely relaxed into an expression of wonder as the two strange foreigners came by. These coolies, who do the chief part of the mountain transport, are quite a different class to the comparatively well-paid coolies of the plains; they carry the tea as far as Ta-Chien-Lu, beyond which point that extraordinary and hardy animal the yak is almost solely employed.

July 21.—From Pan-Chiu-^{Ng}ai we continued our ascent of the valley, the hills on each side being cultivated with Indian corn to the very top; those on the left running up steeply to a height of about one thousand feet above the stream, while on our right a huge mountain threw down gently sloping spurs to the valley. As we ascended, a little buckwheat and oats appeared, but beans and Indian corn, as usual, formed nine-tenths of the crops; the amount of

cultivation gradually decreased, and the hill-tops, becoming steeper, were covered with dense green foliage of small brushwood and low jungle.

Beyond San-Chiao-Ch'êng the road is carried above some cliffs that form a narrow gorge, but in a short distance it again descends to the river, now little more than a mountain torrent. The steep sides of the narrow valley, through which the stream dashes, are clothed with a thick jungle of brushwood and wild roses, and rise from two hundred to four hundred feet above the road.

The people had told us that there were no more regular mountain passes before reaching Ta-Chien-Lu, but mile after mile we ascended, in continual showers of heavy rain. The road was broken into rocky steps, sometimes so steep that it seemed as if neither ponies nor coolies could possibly mount, and sometimes so slippery that I was quite unable to walk in European boots, nothing but the straw sandals that the coolies wear giving any hold on these steep paths. At last, after a long clamber up many a weary zigzag through a dank mist that shrouded everything from view, we gained the summit of the pass called sometimes Wu-Yai-Ling (which means the 'Range without a Fork') and sometimes Fei-Yueh-Ling ('Fly beyond Range')[3] nine thousand and twenty-two feet above the sea. From here, as the clouds lifted for a few minutes, there was a fine view in both directions. The valley on the northern side was rather more open, and the hills less steep, and we descended about a couple of thousand feet to the town of Hua-Ling-P'ing, perched among many walnut and other trees on a little plateau about five hundred

[3] Correctly, I believe, *Ling* is the pass or *col*, not the *range*.—*Y.*

feet above the stream, where there was a small but very comfortable inn.

Ritter again quotes the Chinese itinerary from Ch'ing-Ch'i: 'Soon one must cross a torrent, which, from the force of its rushing stream, has been called the double-edged sword of the philosopher,' &c., &c., &c., and thus speaks of the Fei-Yueh-Ling: 'The Fei-Yueh-Ling, a colossal mountain, of which the wild fantastic rocks heave themselves up nearly perpendicularly over its foot, where, in the time of the T'ang dynasty, lay the town of Fei-Yueh-Hsien, from which the name is taken. Its flanks are clothed with clouds, its lofty ridges are buried in snow all the year round.[4] The way across, over huge rocks and through wild chasms, is one of the worst in China.'

July 22.—The last shower fell as we left the town, the day then cleared up, and in the valleys the damp heat was again almost oppressive after the chilly air of the mountain-tops. We descended the stream until some people met us with the pleasing intelligence that the bridge by which we ought to cross had been washed away in the morning, and that we should probably have to wait until it should please the river to subside. We went to look for the remains of the bridge, but there were absolutely none to see, and the muddy torrent roaring and foaming over huge rocks and stones was evidently quite impassable. Our guides and the inhabitants of the place, with one consent, now tried to frighten us, and assured us that there was no road; but not heeding them, we found a track through a field of Indian corn, which, leading above a little cliff that bounded the stream, led us down to a village, whence the road was very fair to

[4] The line of perpetual snow must be seven or eight thousand feet above its summit.

the junction of this stream with the river of Ta-Chien-Lu.

The valley we descended is not so picturesque as that at the other side of the pass ; the mountain sides rise up to a height of about one thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the stream, at an angle of about 30°, and are well cultivated nearly to their tops. There is no wood on them, but in places a good deal of low jungle, brushwood, thorns, and briars. The villages on the side of the stream are almost hidden in thick clumps of trees, mostly walnuts and the white-wood tree used for fuel ; there are also a good many apricot and plum trees. Rice-cultivation commenced about four thousand feet below the summit of the Fei-Y-ueh-Ling Pass, and bamboos appeared a little lower down.

There was a market town not very far from the *embouchure* of the stream, where the people all came out, and after wishing their great excellencies a respectful welcome, assured us that it would not be safe to leave their town, as the roads were bad, and the journey so long and tedious, that we could not hope to reach the next village before night ; but, not deceived by the bold effrontery with which the whole population of the town joined in telling this enormous lie, we anticipated an easy ride to Lêng-Chi. The custom of two such distinguished people as ourselves, with a retinue of sixty followers, had excited the cupidity of the inhabitants, who naturally wished to enjoy the unwonted luxury of guests who paid.

We found Lêng-Chi at no great distance ; it stands on the banks of the river Lu,[5] which here, forty yards broad, runs down to Kia-Ting-Fu. The village is very pretty to look at from the outside, but

[5] Called in Map and Itinerary Tung-Ho, or Ta-Ho.—*Y.*

its beauty is decidedly skin-deep. The inn was filthy, close, and stuffy, and filled with ravenous mosquitoes. The rooms were so small there was hardly space to sit down in, and with the smells that here were not less than elsewhere, it was not altogether a luxurious retreat. The houses in this neighbourhood are built of rough stones, picked up in the beds of the streams; many of the roofs are of loose boards of wood, with stones on them to prevent the wind blowing them away; but some of the better houses are roofed with the regular Chinese tile.

There is a native chief at Lêng-Chi, and there are a few aborigines in the adjacent mountains. We were informed that these were the most southern of the outlying barbarians; but it is not probable that this statement was strictly true.

July 23.—When we left Lêng-Chi the sun had scarcely risen, and the mountain tops were shrouded in mists; but for a minute the clouds lifted from a wooded peak; at that instant the first rays of the rising sun flashed on it, tinged the summit, and seemed to fill the very air with its glory; it was a vision of beauty, but lasted only for a moment, the clouds again gathering over the mountain and hiding it from our view.

It was a delightful change at last to find a level road. Here the path was very good, and ran along the side of the hill about five hundred feet above the muddy river. On each side, steep mountains, with grassy slopes, or waving fields of Indian corn, where there was but little wood, rose some couple of thousand feet above the river, and once or twice an open valley giving a view into the interior disclosed the distant pine-clad heights.

The villages were very pretty from the outside,

surrounded by and almost hidden in the thick foliage of walnut and other trees, but, as at Lêng-Chi, on entering them more than the usual amount of squalor and dirt became apparent.

At Lu-Ting-Ch'iao the river is crossed by an iron chain suspension bridge, of one hundred yards span. The roadway is laid on nine iron chains, and there are two other chains at each side for hand rails; the links are of seven-eighth-inch round iron, and are about ten inches long, but those underneath are much eaten away by rust. The roadway consists of planks laid across, which were originally lashed to the chains; but all the lashings were now adrift, and the planks quite loose, with wide gaps between them. There is a deep pit at each end of the bridge, into which the chains are brought, and where, if they get slack, they can be tautened up with powerful windlasses. I crossed with a good many people, and there was very little vibration; but Mesny, during the afternoon, walked over by himself, and found it swayed about a good deal.

On arrival at the bridge I was directed to cross it; I dismounted, and walked across to examine the structure, and pace its length, and I did not take much notice of what my people were doing with the ponies. These animals were rather frightened at the loose planks, but the men, instead of letting them go slowly and put their heads down to see what they were doing, dragged at the bridles, and attempted to pull them over by main force. The poor brutes, in consequence, could not see where to put their feet, one false step was made, both the animals started, and in a moment all their eight legs were in the openings between the planks. By the aid of a number of coolies, however, they were lifted up bodily from their

perilous position, and reached the other side more frightened than hurt.

There was an archway at the end of the bridge which seemed to be the principal seat of trade as well as of amusement; for here there was a large party of coolies playing dominoes, with pieces not very different from those used in Europe.

After having crossed and waited about some time searching for the inn, we found that our men had taken up our quarters at the other side; so leaving the ponies here we recrossed to the left bank of the stream, where we found a delightful inn, large and comfortable, with two good bed-rooms, besides the sitting-room; but of course with the invariable bad smells from piggeries and other foulness. There was an upper story also, and for the first time in China I heard people walking about overhead.

The people here took very little notice of us; as they are accustomed to the constant presence of Tibetans, and as all foreigners (including these) are classed together, we did not attract much attention. But the dog was still an object of much curiosity, and a good many people came about on his account. Chin-Tai, finding access to our room incommoded by the people, told a man rather sharply to get out of the way, and not come staring at us; to which the man replied, not exactly 'a cat may look at a king,' but something very like it, for he said that he might look at the Emperor of China, and he supposed that an Englishman was not better than that. Whereupon high words ensued, and something like a fight, and Chung-Erh came in breathless with rage and excitement with no other purpose whatever than to tell me that he had made up his mind to kill one of the men of Ssŭ-Ch'uan before he left their country.

Both my boys had taken a violent dislike to the people of this province, chiefly because on one occasion when Chin-Tai had bargained for a fowl for one hundred and twenty cash, and had been obliged to go and fetch the money, he had been told on his return that the price was one hundred and thirty. This rankled in his bosom ever after, and now neither he nor Chung-Erh missed any opportunity of abusing these people. We foreigners found them peculiarly agreeable, and there is no other province in China, except perhaps Kwei-Chou, where Europeans would meet with such invariable civility; but the people are a little touchy, they have their own way of doing things, and if they are treated brusquely they take offence. Hence Chin-Tai and Chung-Erh, with the blustering and unpolished manners of the north, did not succeed in cultivating pleasant relations with them.

Airing ourselves at the inn door, we entered into conversation with a man, who told us that the bridge was three hundred Chinese feet long, and had thirteen chains. On inquiring the reason of this gratuitous information, we were told that our reputation for asking questions had preceded us, and that the bridge had been measured for the first time within the memory of man expressly for our gratification.

We then strolled off to see a young bear, which a man was particularly anxious to sell to us, but he did not succeed in inducing us to set up a travelling menagerie.

July 24.—The official at the bridge sent to ask us to bring all our coolies together, so that he might know which were ours; for a charge of ten cash is levied on each loaded coolie—from which tax we were exempt. This is one of the perquisites of the official of the place, and he is supposed to keep the bridge in

repair with it, but of course, unless some other much higher officer is expected, nothing is ever done to it. The fortune, however, that the official accumulates in this way cannot be very large; for unless the river is in flood, every one crosses by a ferry—a much more tedious operation, but one whereby a few cash are saved. In a strong wind, moreover, the bridge sways about a great deal, and the heavily laden coolies prefer the ferry to the bridge.

The road from Lu-Ting-Ch'iao ran along the side of a mountain on the right bank of the river, keeping generally about five hundred feet above it, but descending once or twice to reach a village or cross a torrent. The river valley now closed in, the hill-sides became more steep, and the cultivation almost entirely disappeared; but in the bottoms of the valleys there were still some tiny plots of rice, the last we saw for many a long and weary day. The little agriculture carried on on the slopes produced as usual chiefly Indian corn and beans, with small quantities of pearl barley.

Two miles before we reached Hsiao-P'êng-Pa, we saw the first aboriginal village on the opposite side of the river. The style of architecture was very similar to that of the Man-Tzŭ villages in the Sung-P'an-T'ing valley; but here the roofs were gabled instead of being flat.

Beyond Hsiao-P'êng-Pa the river ran between precipitous mountains, with here and there wild bare slopes running down sharply to the stream; the road was not very good, in some places ascending long and steep inclines or steps, and at others rounding a bluff at an angle rather too sharp to be easy for a chair. Seven miles beyond Hsiao-P'êng-Pa the road crossed a torrent by a covered wooden bridge, and an icy breath that suddenly saluted me, made me look up the

narrow gorge, and between the clouds that rolled up the mountain sides some snow was visible lying on a peak at no great distance.

Wa-Ssŭ-Kou, where we slept, is situated at the junction of the stream that comes from Ta-Chien-Lu with the main river. Both streams here flow through narrow gorges, and at their junction there hardly looks as if there was room to pitch a tent; but the Chinese do not mind being crowded, and have managed to find place for the few houses that make the village.

July 25.—The valley, for the first ten miles beyond Wa-Ssŭ-Kou, is closed in by steep hills, whose rugged sides have been rent by the rigours of the climate, and torn into cliffs and precipices, that overhang the roaring stream. As Ta-Chien-Lu is approached the valley is more open, but the ground and river-bed are everywhere strewn with great boulders, and the water leaps down in a succession of falls over huge masses of rock. At this time the rains had filled it, and it thundered down a mass of foam, falling nearly three thousand feet in the twenty miles from Ta-Chien-Lu. Here and there, a rift in the rocks on either hand disclosed some torrent hurling itself headlong from the heights above, and with a last mad leap flinging itself down some hundred feet into the boiling river. There was little grown up this valley besides Indian corn, potatoes, and cabbages. The potatoes were particularly good, and were not much inferior to any found in Europe.

As the stream is ascended, the grass and low green brushwood, that have here supplanted the cultivation on the slopes, become more scanty, and the bare rocks thrust themselves grimly through the half-starved vegetation; the climate changes rapidly, and the wild clouds that sweep after one another across

the mountain flanks are driven by boisterous and chilly blasts, that rudely buffet the traveller, softened by the gentle breezes that breathe in the quiet vales below. The walnut trees at last give up their struggle with the climate, and leave some of their more hardy brethren to fringe the stream and road, and stand between the houses and the fierce winds of winter. The road is in harmony with its savage surroundings, but in three or four places there are remains of what appears to have been a fine, ancient road, fifteen feet wide, evenly paved, and on which all the gradients were easy. I suddenly came upon this, after my wretched pony, nearly worn out with fatigue and starvation, had almost fallen down over an unusually cruel staircase—(the Ma-Fu had gambled away all his money, and had no means of buying provender for his wretched brutes); but the poor animal's sigh of relief soon evaporated, as, after about fifty yards, this good road came to an end, and the rough and heart-breaking path recommenced. In all probability, in the palmy days of old, when the great Liu-Pi despatched Kung-Nung to the Arrow Furnace Forge,[6] there was a good level paved road all the way from Ta-Chien-Lu, but like everything else in China it has fallen into decay.

Notwithstanding its turbulence, there are some fine fish in this stream. It is difficult to understand how they can ascend it, unless they possess the powers of the fish spoken of by the boastful Yankee, who guessed that 'our fish, sir, can swim up Niagara.' At Liu-Yang we bought a fish, between two and three feet long, in very fine condition, with brown flesh, and though not connected with the salmon tribe it was excellent eating.

[6] See beginning of Chapter III.

Ta-Chien-Lu was the end of the first stage in our journey; and as we knew we should be compelled to stay there a few days, we sent a man on in advance to find us a good inn; but the miserable place into which we were shown on arrival was worse than usual. It had not even the appearance of an inn; there was a long narrow restaurant that opened direct from the street, and at the end of this, partitioned off by only a screen, there was a dark and dreary cell. The greater part of the end wall of this was occupied by an altar, where there were idols and the ashes of innumerable incense sticks; and at each side there was a place like a cupboard. One of these cupboards was a trifle larger than the other, and boasted a hole, in which there still remained about half a window frame. A great mass of rock rose behind, blocking out the light and air, and it was truly a miserable place. But the only good inn was already taken up by the Lamas, and we had no choice but to stop here.

We received a warm letter of welcome from the late Bishop Chauveau, who said he would have found us a house if we had written to him beforehand. But as we had intended to remain only long enough to get provisions and transport, we had not thought it worth while, imagining that we should be sure to find a good inn in the border town between Tibet and China.

We heard soon after of some rooms, which I went to look at; they were an improvement on those we occupied, but as we thought we might find something better still, we determined to remain where we were for the night. Before dinner we called on the missionaries. Bishop Chauveau received us with every expression of cordiality and friendship, and we spent a delightful half-hour before returning to our gloomy lodging.

CHAPTER III.

'THE ARROW FURNACE FORGE.'

Ta-Chien-Lu—Legendary Etymology of the Name—Native King—Indian Rupees Current—The Place and People—'Om Mani Pemi Hom!'—A House found for us—The Local Government—Transport Arrangements—The Lamas and the Dalai Lama—The Prayer Cylinder and the Multiform Mani Inscriptions—The Lama Ambassadors—Menaces of our Fate if we entered Tibet—The Servants begin to Quail—Chin-Tai, his Greed and his Tempers—Heavy Provisioning for the Journey—Contrast of Tibetan and Chinese Habits—Of Tibetan Simplicity of Fare with Chinese Variety—Tariff at Ta-Chien-Lu—Preparations to meet Cold, and Needless Laying-in of Furs—Kindly Aid rendered by the late Bishop Chauveau—An Interpreter found through his Help—Curious History of Peh-ma, this Christian Interpreter—Civility of the Chinese Officers—Difficulties about Baggage Cattle—Negotiations for Carriage—The New Ma-Fu—Visit to a Lamassery—Currency for the Journey—Search for a Horse—Parting Gifts and Purchases—The Tibetan's Inseparable Wooden Cup—Tib left behind—Fresh Selection of Nags—Fatality of Small-pox in Tibet.

TA-CHIEN-LU means 'Arrow Furnace Forge,' and was so called in the time of the great Liu-Pi. During the third century the barbarians from Tibet invaded China, and advanced as far as Chung-Chou. Liu-Pi drove them back; but they made fresh inroads, regaining the country as far as Ta-Chien-Lu. Then Liu-Pi sent against them his redoubtable warrior, Kung-Nung, who, coming here, forged an arrow-head; he shot this at a rock, and called the place 'The Arrow Furnace Forge.'

After that the barbarians retreated to Bat'ang, and never since have advanced beyond Ta-Chien-Lu, which

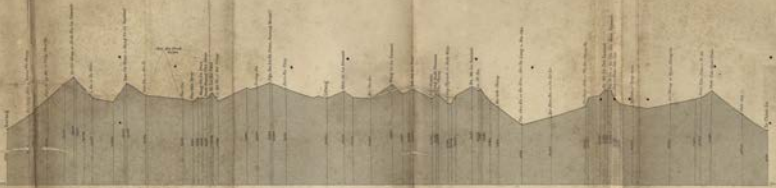
HORIZONTAL SECTIONS

between

TA CHIEN LU & BATANG

and

TA LI FU & BHAMO



may now be considered as the boundary of China, for up to this point the people are directly governed by Chinese; but beyond this there are native chiefs who, subject to China, rule over the people.[1]

There is a native king here whose territory extends to Ho-K'ou, a few days' journey to the west. Although he enjoys the rank of king, he is obliged to pay an official visit twice a month to the Chinese chief magistrate (a Kiun-Liang-Fu). The king always refused to see Europeans, because he was afraid that the formalities of an inferior to a superior that are exacted from him by the Chinese officials would be demanded also by foreign visitors.

It seemed very strange to us to find the Indian rupee in use here. The Tibetans and mountaineers of these countries find themselves so cheated by the Chinese in their money dealings, that they have abandoned the cumbersome method of making payments by weight, which lends itself so easily to every kind of trickery, and have adopted the rupee, which has now become the current coin of the country. There is no coin less than a rupee, and for small payments it is cut up into little bits, which are of course weighed by the careful Chinese at Ta-Chien-Lu; but the Tibetans do not seem to use the scale, and roughly judge of the value of a piece of silver. Tea, moreover, and beads of turquoise are largely used as a means of payment, instead of metal. These rupees come in thousands all through Tibet, Lassa, and on to the frontiers of China, where the merchants, who eagerly buy them

[1] There can be little doubt that, at a date many centuries later than Liu-Pi, the 'ancient Marches of Tibet' came within fifty miles of Ya-Chou-Fu. See notes in *Marco Polo*, 2nd ed. ii. 37. One may add a suspicion of the Chinese legendary etymology of Ta-Chien-Lu, which is in all probability only a representation in Chinese character-syllables of the old Tibetan name sometimes written *Tachindo*, and by H. della Penna, *Tarchenton*.—*Y.*

up, are, by melting them down, able to gain a slight percentage. Only those who have gone through the weary process of cutting up and weighing out lumps of silver, disputing over the scale, and asserting the quality of the metal, can appreciate our feelings of satisfaction at again being able to make purchases in coin; and it was very pleasing, and somewhat flattering to our national vanity, to see the portrait of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria on the money we used. The rupee is the current coin as far as Lu-Ting-Ch'iao. Below that place the rupee may be met with, but does not pass current. The value of a coinage is thus practically demonstrated to the Chinese; but it is probably not so much their conservative instincts that prevent them establishing a coinage for themselves, as the knowledge that a Government mint would only open another door for the cheating, bribery, and corruption that infest the land.

At the time of our visit, we found it difficult to obtain a large number of rupees; for the embassy that had just arrived from Peking, and was on its way to Lassa, had bought them all up; but Monseigneur Chauveau contrived to find one thousand for us amongst his friends and acquaintances.

Ta-Chien-Lu is situated in a small open valley at the foot of mountains enclosing it on all sides except to the east, and is surrounded by a wall in a poor state of repair.

The brawling stream that divides the city into two parts is crossed by a wooden bridge, and a good many trees grow about the banks. The streets of the place are narrow and dirty, the shops inferior, and in them are all sorts of strange wild figures,—some dressed in a coarse kind of serge or cotton stuff, and wearing high leathern boots, with matted

hair or long locks falling over their shoulders ; others in greasy skin coats, and the Lamas in red, their heads closely shaved, twisting their prayer-cylinders, and muttering at the same time the universal prayer, 'Om Mani Pemi Hom.'[2]

Both the women and the men wear great quantities of gold and silver ornaments, heavy earrings and brooches, in which are great lumps of very rubbishy turquoise and coral. They wear round their necks charm-boxes ; some of gold, others with very delicate filigreework in silver. These are to contain prayers.

Some of the women are good-looking, and all are utterly unlike the Chinese in every way.

July 26.—In the morning the Bishop sent us a bottle of milk, with a message to the effect that he was sorry that the only house he knew of was occupied. This was unfortunate, for he had assured us that we should be lucky if we could make all our arrangements and start in ten days. This was a serious blow to my hopes of pushing on ; but unexpected delays are the invariable fate of travellers, and must be accepted with the best grace possible. We therefore moved into the house I had already looked at, which was not an inn properly speaking, for the rooms only were let, and no food or lights provided. The house was kept by a man who called himself Chinese, but did not look like one ; he was

[2] The pronunciation of the syllables of this ejaculation, wherever I heard it, was as follows:—The *o* in the first syllable very long, almost like *aum*, and the *m* very nasal. The *a* in the second syllable like the *a* in the English word *father*. The *i* in the third syllable like the *double e* in the English word *knee*. The *e* in the fourth syllable very broad, almost like the *ea* in the English word *pear*. The *i* in the fifth syllable like the *double e* in the English word *knee*. The last syllable like the first, with the addition of the initial aspirate.

probably a half-breed, the son of a Chinese father and native mother. The place was a great improvement on the other; it was light, was not so infested with fleas, and was considerably larger.

We had two fair rooms, and one very small one, all on the upper floor. The stairs were outside, and led to a veranda that ran along the front of the house; there was a small courtyard below enclosed by a high wall, in which there were several sheds and tumble-down buildings.

A pieman used to come every morning and spend his day in the yard, and the number of cakes he disposed of was astounding. The yard seemed to be the favourite resort of anyone in the place who wanted light refreshments, and all day long the rattle of the dice could be heard without ceasing, as the coolies staked their small amount of money against the pieman's wares. The gambling was conducted with dice thrown into a cup; I was never completely initiated into the mysteries of the game, but the balance of the odds was no doubt largely in favour of the pieman.

The whole of one wall of our principal reception room was occupied by an altar, which was the home of several idols. Every morning the pious people of the house used to come and fill six little brass cups with water; and every evening these were removed, and an oil lamp was lighted in their place. The regularity with which these rites were performed was worthy of a better cause, but the people evidently thought that some dreadful evil would befall if they were omitted.

Ta-Chien-Lu is under the jurisdiction of a Chinese Fu, who has the further title of Kiun-Liang-Fu (Military Provision Store Keeper), because he is in

charge of the provisioning of the soldiers in the district. The name of the official who held this position at the time of our visit was Pao.

The chief military officer had the rank of Sieh-Tai, and was in command of three hundred soldiers quartered in the city. A land-tax is imposed on the occupants of the soil, who are obliged to bring a certain quantity of grain to the Kiun-Liang-Fu, by whom it is distributed to the soldiers in his district, which extends to Ho-K'ou, the country beyond being in the jurisdiction of Lit'ang. His income is derived principally from presents or bribes, according to the almost universal system in China; and the position of Kiun-Liang-Fu at Ta-Chien-Lu is a very remunerative one.

The Kiun-Liang-Fu collects his taxes, and imposes his *corvées* through the native king; the latter are chiefly the supply of food and transport for travelling officials.

The transport is often a very serious matter, and is usually called the Fu-Ma (men and horses). On this high road to Tibet, officials are continually passing, and embassies without number; all of them are provided with Fu-Ma; and as no payment is exacted, it becomes a very serious tax upon the people of this poverty-stricken land.

It was very difficult to make it understood that we intended to pay our Fu-Ma; hence there was, at first, great unwillingness on the part of the mule and pony owners, to let us have animals, and we were considerably delayed in consequence. We obtained them eventually through the steward of the native king, who collected them from the petty farmers or mule owners in the neighbourhood.

All the trade of the place is done on yaks, hence

there are no forwarding houses where, as in Peking, large numbers of mules are kept, or where, as in Lower Ssŭ-Ch'uan, coolies may be hired. Beyond Ta-Chien-Lu, instead of hiring our own animals without official assistance, we were obliged to apply to the magistrates for the regulation Fu-Ma. This was always an annoyance; the people of course thought that, like others, we should not pay them, and naturally disliked lending their animals, for long and arduous journeys to foreigners, for whom they cared nothing.

Everybody here, from the Kiun-Liang-Fu to the lowest coolie in the streets, believed that we were on our way to Lassa; and it was simply impossible to convince them of the truth of our assertions that we were going to Ta-Li-Fu. The Chinese officials professed their willingness to assist us, but at the same time asserted their inability to protect us against the avowed hostility of the Lamas of Tibet. Properly speaking, the Lamas are the priests of the Buddhist religion; but the Chinese, always very loose in their nomenclature, apply the term somewhat indiscriminately to laymen who profess the strict tenets of the Buddhist faith. The Lamas throughout Tibet wield a power that is as tyrannical as it is absolute; huge communities live together in the Lamasseries or monasteries, and it is said that they form one third of the whole population of Tibet.

The head of the Buddhist faith is the Dalai Lama, resident at Lassa; and he is supposed to be an incarnation of a divine being. When the Dalai Lama dies, the true believers in the Buddhist faith consider that his spirit has entered into the body of a young child. Search is then made over the whole empire for a child who is recognised by certain mysterious marks, the secrets of which are known to the Lamas. There seems to

be very little doubt that this search is honestly carried out, the Dalai Lama often being chosen *from* the house of a peasant. The Dalai Lama who was living when Huc was at Lassa, was selected from a poor family resident at Ta-Chien-Lu. Those who have seen a Dalai Lama speak in raptures of the singular beauty of his countenance, and in all probability he is chosen in accordance with the laws of physiognomy, so that a mild and contemplative disposition is found in the head of the Buddhist faith. This is well for the Lamas, for if a man of energy, with ideas of reform, should ever succeed to this extraordinary position, their power would probably receive a blow from which it might never recover.

The Lamas shave their heads, they are filthy in their person, and their dress is poor. They wear a garment of a coarse red serge or sackcloth. This has no shape, but is simply an oblong piece of cloth, thrown over one shoulder, the other being generally bare; for the Lamas, not less hardy than their lay brethren, seem absolutely impermeable to cold. The Lamas wear another length of cloth wound two or three times round the waist, which forms a skirt, reaching to the ankle. Many of them are barefooted, others wear high boots of red cloth with the lower parts made of leather. A yellow scarf is sometimes worn round the waist, and, with a string of beads and a prayer-cylinder, completes their costume.

The prayer-cylinder, or prayer-wheel, as it is often most inappropriately called, is usually about three or four inches in diameter and in length; the mystical invocation, 'Om Ma-ni Pe-mi Hom,' is written on the outside, whilst a small weight at the end of a short string keeps the affair in rotation; and all day long, not only the Lamas, but the people may be seen mut-

tering the universal prayer, and twisting their cylinders, invariably in the same direction with the hands of a clock. One or more great cylinders, inscribed with the sentence, stand at the entrance to every house in Tibet, and a member of the household, or a guest who passes, is always expected to give the cylinder a twist for the welfare of the establishment. At almost every rivulet the eye is arrested by a little building, that is at first mistaken for a water mill, but which on close inspection is found to contain a cylinder, turning by the force of the stream, and ceaselessly sending up pious ejaculations to Heaven, for every turn of a cylinder on which the prayer is written is supposed to convey an invocation to the deity. Sometimes enormous barns are filled with these cylinders gorgeously painted, and with the prayer repeated on them many times; and at every turn and every step in Tibet this sentence is forced upon the traveller's notice in some form or another.

A string, called a Mani string, is often stretched between the two sides of a tiny valley, and hundreds of little bits of rag are tied to it with the prayer written on all. At the top of every mountain there is a cairn made of stones cast there by the pious, thankful to have escaped the dangers of the mountain roads, and on each stone the prayer appears. Many sticks are planted in the cairn, with a piece of rag or cloth at the upper end, on which of course the prayer is written; and by the roadside are heaps of flat stones with the inscription roughly cut on them. These are especially frequent in the valleys; sometimes only a few hundred yards apart, they would appear to serve as a means for marking the road when covered by deep snow drifts, as well as for some pious purpose. Sometimes the road passes between

walls of flat stones, on every one of which the sentence may be read by the passing traveller. A light pole, from which a piece of rag flutters, inscribed with the prayer, is placed at the top of every Tibetan house; and wherever a traveller may go he is constantly reminded that he is in the home of the Buddhist religion.

There must be some deep meaning attaching to a torn piece of cloth. The same idea is seen in Persia, where, at the summit of the mountain from which the pilgrim's eye first lights on the sacred shrine of the Imam Reza, the bushes are covered with hundreds and thousands of little pieces of cloth, which each devout pilgrim leaves as a memento of the blissful moment.

The Lamas in Tibet wield a power unequalled by a similar class of people in any other country, and every position of importance outside Lassa seems to be filled by a member of this strange community. There is a Lama at the head of every embassy; and the Chinese always insist on a very high Lama from Lassa residing at Peking; this is partly as a hostage for the safety of the Chinese officials resident at Lassa.

Those of the Lama ambassadors whom we saw seemed woefully poor; they always had something to sell, and were ready to dispose of any article of clothing, equipment, or adornment, except the prayer cylinders, which were very difficult to buy. It is said that in Peking the ambassadors part with nearly everything, and no doubt a rare collection of curios from Lassa might be made in that wonderful city.

One of these Lama ambassadors, who had completed his term of service at Peking, and was now on his return journey to Lassa, was stopping in the room adjoining ours. He was a Chinaman; but having

been long resident in Tibet, and having become deeply versed in the knowledge of the Buddhist faith by long and intense study of the religious books, he was made at length a Lama by the Tibetans, rose to almost the highest rank amongst them, and was sent eventually as ambassador to Peking.

The Chinese officials resident in Tibet are not permitted to take wives with them, the ambassador resident at Lassa being no exception to the rule. The officials and soldiers, therefore, when in Tibet take to themselves Tibetan wives. The children thus become entirely Tibetan; and when the Chinese officials return to China they usually leave their family behind them. The Tibetans in this are wise in their own generation, for if they permitted the Chinese to bring their wives with them, and raise Chinese families, the country would soon become altogether Chinese.

The Lamas now made no secret of their intentions to oppose our entry into Tibet; they had already given orders that if we attempted it we were to be starved out; all the people were forbidden to supply us with food for ourselves or with forage for our horses, or to assist us in any way. We did not ourselves hear very much of this, but of course all sorts of idle tales were spread about the place, and our servants, always willing to gossip, lent a ready ear to every silly rumour. These were very rife, and if absolute threats were not thrown out, hints were not wanting that neither our own lives nor those of our servants would be safe in Tibet. Menaces of this sort would under no circumstances have met with much attention from us, and as we had no intention of crossing the Tibetan frontier they had no effect whatever on our peace of mind.

Mesny's boy was the first to quail before the prospects of fatigue, not by any means imaginary, and still more before the idea of terrible dangers, altogether visionary; he wanted to go home, but being a poor feeble thing was terrified at the idea of returning by himself, and persuaded my man Huang-Fu that he would never get back alive if he ventured beyond Ta-Chien-Lu. Huang-Fu then made up his mind to desert, and Chin-Tai also became faint-hearted, or said so, which came to the same thing; but, probably, although he was by no means a courageous person, his discontent was chiefly caused by the addition to our party of an interpreter, who would have the management of all money matters. This did not suit Chin-Tai, who every day became more greedy of gain, and his avaricious propensities were carried to such an extent that if I ever employed anyone else in the smallest money transaction, the loss of the squeeze, which he now seemed to consider as his sole and absolute right, so stirred his bile that he was in an ill temper for the rest of the day. It was very soon evident that no love would be lost between Peh-ma, our interpreter, and my servants; they had already begun to quarrel, and one day Chung-Erh, in a violent passion, went out and abused Peh-ma in the language of Shimei the son of Gera. 'Who pays you to curse me?' said Peh-ma, who was a heavy powerful man. What the result would have been, if our attention had not been attracted, it is impossible to say, for the Tibetans are a very independent people, and will not brook insults from anyone, high or low.

This greed for money was the root of all trouble and discord amongst our servants. When pay-day for coolies, Ma-Fus, or muleteers came round, the

servants first of all disappeared, and when after some hours of absence they came back they were always out of temper;—Chin-Tai, because he had been obliged to divide his spoil, and the others, because they thought that their share had not been large enough. To arrange matters, there must always have been a fearful squabble, but they used wisely to get out of my hearing to fight their battles, which, to judge from the inordinate length of their absence, must have been right royal ones.

One day Chin-Tai came to me, and said sulkily that he, Chung-Erh, Huang-Fu, and Mesny's servants, had consulted together, and determined not to come with us any further; this was in great measure a fabrication on his part, because Chung-Erh soon afterwards said he had arrived at no conclusion in the matter. Little more was said at the time, but a day or two after Chin-Tai changed his mind, having apparently calculated that, once in the Chinese province of Yün-Nan, he could, by an extra squeeze, make up for temporary losses in Tibet. The kind old Bishop talked to Huang-Fu, who was a Christian; and, whatever may be their merits or demerits, the Chinese Christians have a very profound respect for their bishops. I employed at different times a great many Christians; they always served me faithfully and well; and on the only two occasions when I told Chin-Tai to find me servants, he chose them from among the Christians, although he professed to hold them in supreme contempt.

July 27.—We had some visitors during the day, who came partly from civility, partly from curiosity—an officer in the Chinese army, and a young official, who said that orders had been received from Ch'êng-Tu to supply all our wants.

We were told that the journey to Bat'ang would occupy eighteen days; that the intervening country was little better than a desert, the higher portions of which were covered with wide fields of snow, and that until our arrival at Bat'ang it would be quite impossible to buy food of any description. In accordance with these gloomy prospects, Chin-Tai was soon in his glory, laying in an amount of provisions that would have sufficed to stock a troopship. He at once bought one hundred pounds of beef, which he salted, and butter in quantities that would have puzzled a Laplander, or even a Tibetan. And the amount that a Tibetan will eat is startling! The chief food of a Tibetan is *tsanba*, or oatmeal porridge, generally mixed with a large proportion of butter; and buttered tea, that is, tea with enormous lumps of butter in it. In their food, as in all their ways and customs, and even in their buildings, the Chinese are in striking contrast to the pastoral people found on their frontiers. In the habits of these there always remains a trace, and often something more than a trace, of the nomad life; whilst in China Proper, and amongst the Chinese, everything betokens the ancient and high civilisation of a people that have taken root in the soil.

In every city and almost every village in China inns are found, an indication of a people accustomed to live in houses, and who, when obliged to travel, must have a roof to shelter them; the very coolies, poorly as they are paid, never sleeping in the open, but invariably expending some portion of their small earnings for night accommodation. Amongst the Tibetans, and the Man-Tzŭ, or barbarian population in the mountains, this is not the case; the people all originally leading a wandering life, the idea

of inn accommodation has not penetrated into their habits. A Chinaman *will*, under no circumstances, sleep outside if he can help it; in Tibet the master of a good house will as often as not be found passing his night on the flat roof; whilst the hardy people in the winter time can sleep with their clothes half off, and with their bare shoulders in the snow. In China no house is complete without its table, chairs, and bedsteads, rough and clumsy though they often are; in Tibet these accessories of life in a fixed habitation are always wanting. Amongst the Chinese, mutton can rarely be obtained at all—they themselves think it very poor food; the love of a Mongol for a fat-tailed sheep is proverbial, and the natives of Tibet are not behind them in this taste. Although not exactly forbidden by their religion, the idea of killing an ox is very repugnant to the agriculturists of China, because, they say, it is *ungrateful* to take the life of the useful animal that draws the plough, and in the large towns the butchers are nearly always Tartars. The Chinese, as they never were a pastoral people, never kept flocks and herds; milk and butter are therefore practically unknown to them, while Tibet may safely be called a land flowing with milk and butter. As a rule, the Tibetan does not drink much milk: partly because it is all made into butter, and partly because, owing to the filthy state of the vessels, *milk* always turns bad in a few hours; but the traveller who makes his tastes known can always obtain an unlimited supply. Tea is often brought to him made altogether of milk without any water at all. The Tibetans also eat sour cream, curds, and cheese, and this brings a Tibetan bill of fare to an end, which, in its constituents and in its simplicity, bears the stamp of the nomad pastoral race.

The Chinaman, on the other hand, loves variety. In every tea-house by the wayside, owing its existence to no more opulent class than the coolies on the road, there are always several little dishes of some sort. Beans simple, beans pickled, bean-curds, chopped vegetables in little pies, macaroni of wheaten flour, macaroni made of rice, these—and in the large towns and cities, dozens of dishes made of ducks, pork, fish, and vegetables, rice-cakes like muffins, leavened bread of wheat-flour, sweetmeats, and sweet cakes—are to be seen at every turn; and of one or perhaps more of these every coolie will, when he can afford it, give himself a treat and vary his food, the main portion of which is rice, where it will grow, and in the high lands bread made from whatever grain the climate will produce.

At the time of our visit to Ta-Chien-Lu the exchange was 1,350 cash to a tael, and the general cost of provisions:

Beef	40	cash a catty
Butter	114	„ „
Eggs	9	„ each
Wood	2	„ a catty
Charcoal	80	„ „

In the course of a day or two, when it was found that the threats of starvation produced no visible effect on our peace of mind, the people who surrounded us commenced to empty on our heads their vials of dismal tales about the rigour of the climate; these were repeated so continuously and so uniformly that I began to wish I had brought a copy of 'The Ride to Khiva' with me, that I might see again what measures Burnaby took to guard against the excessive cold.

I made inquiries about a fur coat, and Chung-Erh soon brought me one, which he said I could have for

four taels. It was quite new, and not yet made up, and Chung-Erh told me in a mysterious whisper that the Lama next door was very hard up for money, and was willing to sell it. The necessity for a whisper was *not* very apparent as there was a wall between us, and even if there had not been, the Lama did not even talk Chinese, much less English, of which he had probably never heard a word. I soon decided to become a purchaser, and Chung-Erh was so pleased to have the handling of a little silver that he quite brightened up, and notwithstanding the dreariness of the miserable rainy day, he was more cheery than I ever saw him before, and when waiting on me at dinner, in his solicitude for my welfare, he encouraged me to a second helping, saying, 'Oh! do have some more, *won't* you?' as if he were my host instead of my servant. The skins that I had purchased from the indigent Lama were now to be turned into a suitable coat, and Chung-Erh was entrusted with the execution of the project. He brought it back made up with black cloth, like the coat of a coolie. This was a most improper tint, so, determined to be on the right side another time, I ordered the cloth to be changed for brilliant scarlet, the official colour. Another poverty-stricken Lama came with a pair of fur leggings, which I bought for a tael and a half; and after having finally invested in snow spectacles for myself and suite, I felt myself thoroughly prepared to defy the thermometer, although I could not help thinking, even then, that these preparations were more fitted for an Arctic expedition than a ride of three hundred miles to Bat'ang.

My forebodings were fully verified; for during the whole journey we found no snow except at the top of one granite mountain, where a few little patches were lying by the roadside. As for provisions, milk

and butter were lavishly bestowed upon us by the owners of every house we stopped at. Scarcely a day passed when we could not have bought a sheep if we had wished it, but we received so many as presents that it was rarely necessary to make a purchase of any kind. Fowls and eggs are always dear and difficult to procure in Tibet, for grain of any kind is far too expensive to be wasted on fowls. The true reason of the doleful picture drawn for us lay probably in the fact that a true Chinaman, unless he can get rice, is under the impression that he is being starved; and as of course no rice can be found in Tibet, and as our information was principally drawn from the officials, we were gradually deluded into the belief that semi-starvation was before us.

I had already found it very inconvenient to carry about the enormous bulk of silver that I had with me, and as very pure gold comes from Lit'ang to Ta-Chien-Lu, Monseigneur Chauveau, who lost no opportunity of assisting me in all my troublesome transactions, found a trustworthy merchant, from whom I bought a considerable amount. It is cast into ingots about three inches long, and instead of the uncouth lumps of silver, it was quite a pleasure to handle these dainty morsels of pure and glittering gold.

I could not help reproaching myself for the trouble that Monseigneur Chauveau took to supply the wants of an utter stranger, for I felt that I should never have an opportunity of repaying any part of it; but I little thought that in less than a year this noble-hearted missionary would be no more.

An interpreter was necessary for us, as none of our party knew a word of Tibetan, and Monseigneur Chauveau found us an excellent one. He was a Christian, whose history tended to show that his

conversion was not altogether due to conviction. He had an uncle, who took to the eccentric habit of living alone on the tops of mountains and other unpleasant places, and to such an extent did he carry this propensity that all the people said he was a very holy man, and as whatever 'everybody' says is always true, he really must have been fit to be numbered with the twelve apostles.

As in Tibet, people of all kinds bring gifts to holy people, the uncle of the worthy Peh-ma found that living about in stony places was not altogether an unlucrative profession; and in course of time he was in a position to build a Lamassery, which, under the guidance of this virtuous person, soon grew and flourished, and eventually ranked high enough to number amongst its inmates a living Buddha.

Peh-ma, at this time, knew nothing of his uncle; but one day wandering about with no particular object, he stumbled upon this Lamassery. Uncle and nephew recognised each other immediately, and Peh-ma was at once taken in, and turned into a Lama.

Being a man of natural ability, he soon made progress in the remarkable cultus of this profession; and as the uncle grew old, the living Buddha and his partisan, fearing that Peh-ma would take his uncle's place and deprive them of the powers they expected on that holy person's metempsychosis, decided that, as Peh-ma and his uncle had been joined in life neither should they be separated in transmigration. But Peh-ma hearing of it, and not appreciating the idea, ran away and became a Christian, in order that his enemies might no longer fear him; for as long as he remained a Lama he was dangerous to them, and his life was consequently in jeopardy.

The motive was, perhaps, not altogether a worthy one, but he was now a poor man, tilling a little bit of ground which he rented from the Bishop, thirty miles distant from Ta-Chien-Lu, and at the request of Monseigneur Chauveau he came down to enter our service. When he was introduced I was at once attracted by his fine, open, manly face. There was a determined look about his mouth, and a frank honesty in his glance that made me sure he would be a trusty servant. Physically, he was a remarkably well-built, powerful man, with very broad shoulders. He wore the plait like most of the civilised border Tibetans, and had a heavy dark moustache. His looks did not belie him, and, like all the servants recommended to us by Monseigneur Chauveau, he turned out thoroughly trustworthy.

Our Chinese friends also, in their way, were very civil, and used to send us elaborate repasts on huge trays. These used to arrive early in the morning, and were warmed up, in correct Chinese fashion, for our evening meal. One dish, in particular, was sent us several times. This was a *plat* fit for the most exquisite of Chinese gourmets ; it had no name in particular, but it used to come in a huge circular and very deep iron or tin dish. The solid portions of it consisted of a huge lump of fat pork, a duck, and a fowl. Besides these there were little bits of ham, sea-slugs, shark's fins, bits of gelatine, mushrooms, and a dozen other ingredients swimming in the gravy. More than a day is required for the preparation of this *chef d'œuvre*, which is served up with rice, bread, and some sweet cakes. I have had considerable experience of this most *recherché* dish, and although it always appeared to me greasy and flavourless, like all Chinese food, this was amply compensated for, if I

happened to be dining with Chinese friends, by the infinite pleasure beaming on the faces of my companions, when they set to work on it with a cup of soy and a pair of chopsticks, the savoury morsels disappearing one by one, and the rice following with a peculiar gurgling noise the Chinese always make when eating rice.

We found considerable difficulty in arranging about our baggage animals; we were exceedingly averse from making use of the assistance proffered by the Kiun-Liang-Fu, for knowing how much trickery and extortion is invariably practised by Chinese officials, we were well aware that whatever was paid to the magistrate but a scant proportion would reach the mule owners. On the other hand, the Bishop warned us that if we should succeed in finding animals for ourselves it was more than possible that, as the muleteers would be without official protection, the Lamas would prevent the inhabitants from furnishing them with supplies; and as, under the most favourable circumstances, there was no chance of engaging mules for a further distance than Lit'ang, the delays at that place would probably have been very great before fresh animals could have been hired. We ultimately decided to take the official Fu-Ma, and I fondly thought that when we had signified the same to our friend Pao, our troubles were for the present at an end. But I counted without the wily steward of the native king, whose duty it was to collect the animals from the neighbourhood. Presently an innocent message came from the Yamên that all arrangements had been made, and that the yaks would come any day we might like to name. This was not at all what we had expected, and we asked how many days yaks would be on the road.

The people gave us no more satisfactory reply than that they would go very fast. So we determined to make inquiries from an independent source.

We were now overwhelmed with offers from pony proprietors and coolies; this was as usual, for if anything is wanted in China, no matter of what nature it may be, the prices at first demanded are always outrageous; but directly one set of people finds that their neighbours are entering into some arrangements, they lower their rates, and try to underbid the others. As we had made a partial agreement with the officials, we could not accept these generous offers, which might, or might not, have been serious.

We then went to pay a visit to the Kiun-Liang-Fu. The Yamên was a poor place for the official residence of a magistrate; the entrance was across a filthy half-covered yard, with the staircase in one corner, underneath which there was the usual Chinese collection of stinking refuse, in comparison to which a European dust-bin would be purity itself. The reception-room was, however, large and tolerably clean. There were a few scrolls on the walls, and some small panes of glass in the windows.

The Kiun-Liang-Fu, or Chih-Fu, Pao Ta-Laoye,[3] after asking me my honourable name, expressed his pleasure at seeing me, and thanked me for my visit.

I then thanked him for a very handsome present he had made me of some really exceedingly valuable old blue-and-white china cups, and I explained to him, as well as I could, the blue china mania in England. When he learned that the manufactures of his

[3] 'Ta-Laoye' means *Great Excellency*, and 'Pao Ta-Laoye' would be properly rendered by *His Excellency Pao*. In conversation 'Ta-Laoye,' or Your Excellency, is often used by itself without the proper name.

country were so highly prized in ours, he was much gratified, and we shook hands (our own, not each other's).

He then asked me my honourable age, and found that we were both of the same year. This was a cause of great congratulation, and we shook our own hands more warmly than before.

He told me that he had heard that I was a great *savant*, continually taking notes. He wanted to know how many books I had written, and said he thought I had a remarkably literary cast of countenance.

Without stopping to inquire on which particular feature my hitherto undiscovered abilities were stamped, I hastened to acknowledge the compliment, which was in fact the greatest he could pay; for in China literary people are always held in the highest estimation, no matter what their rank may be.

I had assumed this character as it enabled me to take notes and write openly without creating undue suspicion; but if I had thought that the polished Pao meant anything deeper than the usual courtesy, I could not have helped a blush for the gross hypocrisy I was practising.

The possession of these rare mental qualities not being disavowed, Pao next praised my person, and said that I looked as if the climate agreed with me; he asked if I did not find the weather very cold and the place very dull; and when, not to be behindhand with fair words, I said that with such an excellent host as himself, no place could be dull, there was a fresh outburst of fervent handshaking.

He then offered to give me some bottles of Chinese wine for the journey; but I said I could not well carry it, and promised him in return some brandy.

Having sufficiently bandied about our sweet speeches, we turned to business and the absorbing topic of the Fu-Ma. Our conclusions on this subject were not quite so satisfactory, for Pao could only say that he did not think the journey to Bat'ang would occupy more than twenty-five days.

Mesny and I then sipped our tea with due formality, and were conducted to our chairs by our polite host, from whom we parted, amidst copious bows, with the warmest protestations of friendship.

Whilst at breakfast a young man, who had already paid us one visit, came in for a gossip, bringing with him a letter that Baber had sent me by special courier. This letter was in a white envelope without any red about it, and this being, to a Chinese, a sign of mourning, the young gentleman had scarcely dared give it to me, and the messenger who brought it was much afraid of some ill-luck befalling him. The young man sat and talked as we finished our meal, and asked for cigars, which I gave him, although I was quite sure that he would not enjoy smoking them.

Later on the kind Bishop came in, and when he heard we were to have oxen as baggage animals, he held up his hands and expressed his pity; for he assured us that a month, or more likely six weeks, would be consumed on the journey with these slow-moving beasts.

We therefore sent a polite message to Pao, firmly declining to have anything whatever to do with yaks, and begging him to supply us with a sufficient quantity of ponies and mules; to which he returned the characteristic Chinese reply that he would see about it to-morrow.

August 2.—A man came in to visit us one day,

and after many preliminary inanities, remarked that he had a son ; as he seemed unable to get any further in his narrative, we warmly congratulated him upon his fortunate possession. Thus encouraged, he observed that the youth would be invaluable to us in any capacity we might employ him, and at once introduced a boy of remarkable, though unprepossessing, appearance, dressed in a costume in no way peculiar, except for a pair of enormous English sea boots. We declined his services ; but as I went out for a stroll a short time afterwards, Boots followed me, and arriving at a temple he insisted on acting as cicerone. On my return I told Chung-Erh to give him a few cash, and asked where he had found those boots. It appeared that they were relics of poor Cooper. The boy was very proud of them, believing that when he had them on the spirit of an Englishman had entered into him, and that he was treated with distinction in consequence.

The boy was not easily rebuffed ; and Mesny being in possession of a pony that Pao had given him, Ting-Ko (for such was his name) constituted himself Ma-Fu.

The next morning I went out before breakfast to enjoy the soft balmy air and the unwonted sun, which was very pleasant after the cold rainy weather of the previous day. After I had unsuccessfully exercised my ingenuity in endeavours to kill with a stone the only snake I ever saw in China, I returned home, and on my way encountered Ting-Ko riding Mesny's pony, in high delight, and hugely proud of himself ; so much so that, although some distance away, he could not refrain from calling out and riding up to me, when he made some remarks which, if I had been able to understand them, would no doubt have been

very much to the point. He introduced a man, a wild-looking Tibetan, who walked home with me, and with whom I kept up an interesting dialogue by always repeating the last few syllables of each of his sentences. This method of conversing seemed to give him the greatest satisfaction, and we parted the best of friends.

On my return I found that I had missed a visit from Pao, who had been entertained by Mesny, and who had made a minute inspection of everything lying about. He admired my alarum very much, and, greatly to his credit, was so much interested in the pictures and Chinese writing in Marco Polo that he wanted Mesny to get him a copy.

When he had gone, the native king's steward arrived; he had been looking after the horses and mules, and reported that all arrangements had been satisfactorily completed; that all our animals were to be horses or mules, and that we should do the regular stages. When we asked for the written agreement, he said that he would go and get it.

Much pleased at the prospects of satisfactory arrangements, I went to see the Bishop, who told me he had seen this written agreement, and that it contained a clause to the effect that the journey was to be made in twenty-five days, and that we were to have nine yaks. I did not need the Bishop's advice to refuse this absolutely, and hastened back. I found that in my absence, knowing that the interpreter was with me at the Bishop's palace, the steward had seized the opportunity of presenting the agreement (written in Tibetan) to Mesny, at the same time asking him for an advance of money.

Mesny had simply refused to look at the paper without the interpreter, and when I came back, bring-

ing Peh-ma with me, we sent him to say that a proper paper must be written out, with the conditions; first, that all our animals should be horses or mules, and secondly, that the journey should be done in eighteen days, and we told him to add that, if the agreement was not brought soon we should return to Ch'êng-Tu.

This was a severe threat, for Pao had received orders from the governor-general to help us in every way, and we knew that he was afraid that we should go back to the provincial capital, and report our inability to proceed.

It was not until the next day that the steward, who seemed to have been touched by a present of some steel pens and a few old copies of the 'Illustrated London News,' came back with the agreement written out for horses and mules only, but even now it was not quite as we wanted it, for the time was fixed for twenty-two days. After a long fight we compromised for twenty days, which was reasonable. If we had said twenty days at first we should have been forced to compromise for twenty-two or twenty-three. No doubt the king's chief steward had a friend owning a drove of yaks, for which he had no immediate use; and the steward, anxious to do his friend a good turn, or possibly himself, had done his best to impose the oxen upon us.

Monseigneur Chauveau, never at a loss for some fresh method of obliging us, had been at infinite trouble to find two trustworthy Ma-Fus from amongst his flock; and in the course of the day two men came to be engaged. They presented a strong contrast to one another in appearance.

One of them, named Shuang-Pao (Double Gem), a silent and grave man, scarcely ever said a word.

The other, Chang-Shou-Pao (Long-lived Gem) was always laughing, whistling, or singing, and even in the most depressing circumstances of wind and rain, would trip along beside me in the most cheery manner. Shuang-Pao was a musk hunter, and Chang-Shou-Pao hunted the red deer for their horns in velvet.

Walking about the streets of Ta-Chien-Lu we attracted very little attention; even the Chinese boys did not follow us, and people scarcely turned their heads to look as we passed, though our costumes sometimes elicited a laugh. In this border town there are so many strange wild figures of different kinds that one more makes little difference. By the Chinese we were all classed together as barbarians, and a man who turned up one day, with a slight knowledge of the Bengali language, thought we were Nepalese,[4] and said our countrymen were the richest people in Lassa. He wanted Mesny to go there and establish himself as a watch and clock maker. This was very generous on his part, for he told us he had a monopoly of the business; he acknowledged that he could do no more than oil the clocks that were entrusted to him, and owned, with admirable candour, that he had never succeeded in making one go for more than a fortnight.

There are three large Lamasseries in the neighbourhood of Ta-Chien-Lu, and we went one day to visit one of them. For a mile or two we rode between stone walls almost entirely built of loose flat slabs, with the sacred inscription 'Om Ma-ni Pe-mi Hom' on each. On the way we met great droves of yaks, with enormous horns and heads like bisons, huge shaggy tails, and hair under their stomachs reaching to the ground. These were coming into the city in charge of some wild-looking, shaggy-haired fellows,

[4] The Chinese name for Nepal is Pi-Pou-Tzŭ.

with two or three of their large savage dogs. Yak is the Tibetan name for the bull, and the cow is called Jen-ma.[5] Europeans apply the word yak indiscriminately to both sexes, as do the Chinese their word Mao-Niu (Hairy Ox).

Ta-Chien-Lu, being situated at the very edge of the great Himalayan plateau, one day's march to the west brings the traveller to the glorious pastures of this magnificent table-land, and here the yak is naturally the almost universal means of transport. Very slow in his movements, and accomplishing but a few miles a day, this hardy animal is nevertheless the cheapest that can be employed; requiring no attendance, and no food that cannot be picked up on the mountain-side, or in the rich grass-lands of the upland plateau, the cost of keeping a yak is absolutely nothing. A caravan of yaks on the road will, when they arrive at a fine pasture, halt for a few days and let their animals feed; after which they will perhaps travel for three or four days more in the wild stony mountains, with scarcely any food until they reach the next grazing-ground.

We stood aside in the narrow path to let these lumbering beasts go past with their loads, and then proceeded up the valley: steep rugged hills running down on each side, and great rocks strewing the ground; it was a wild, desolate scene, closed at the back by snowy mountains, from which the clouds lifted now and then.

Crossing the arched bridge that spans the roaring torrent, we met a dozen Tibetan coolies carrying a huge log, keeping step to a kind of chaunt, by no means

[5] According to Jaeschke's dictionary the cow yak is *di-mo*, of which *jen-ma* is possibly a local variation. In Ladak it is pronounced also *bri-mo*. But Jaeschke gives also *zhon-ma* or *shön-ma* as 'a milch-cow,' which is more probably the word given to Capt. Gill.—*Y.*

unmelodious, and in which a sort of first and second could be distinctly recognised.

This Lamassery is finely situated on the slope of a hill, and is surrounded with many trees. Outside, the walls are whitewashed and well kept. There is a slight batter to them, and as they look very thick and massive, there would be something of the appearance of a fortification, if it were not that the windows are large, and outside many of them flowers were growing in pots. We entered a quadrangle, on the eastern side of which is the gate. This and two other sides are occupied by living-rooms in two stories, and the fourth —that opposite the entrance—is taken up with the principal chapel. This was not very gorgeous. There was a gigantic statue of Buddha at the end. The Lamas said it was all of brass, but it looked like clay coated with that metal. On each side of this was the tomb of a very sacred Lama, enclosed with iron-wire netting, on which a few scarves of felicity, called 'Khatas,' were hung. There were seven copper bowls of water before Buddha. We asked if any meaning attached to the number seven, and they replied that there were so many mysteries in it it was quite impossible of explanation. On each side of the chief chapel is a corridor leading into other rooms, into one of which they showed us. It was very dark, and, as far as we could gather, seemed to portray the horrors of hell. Outside it, hanging from the roof of the corridor, were skins of dogs, deer, bears, and other animals, roughly stuffed with straw. In many of these the sewing had burst and the straw protruded in a melancholy fashion, whilst the hair had fallen off in patches from all of them. Some of them were provided with glass eyes of awful dimensions, and they were fearful objects to look upon. To these also there was some

mysterious meaning, but the Lamas would not tell us what it was. We were treated to a cup of tea each, and entertained by one of the chief Lamas, who, in his dress, did not differ from the others.

There were some fierce black dogs in the quadrangle, who, when we entered, gave tongue furiously, in a deep baying voice. These dogs had heads something like mastiffs, with an overhanging upper lip; they had shaggy tails, and some long hair about the head and neck. Here also a flock of enormous geese that were quite quiet before we arrived set up a loud cackling on our approach. In some parts of China geese are frequently kept as guards to a house, as they always cackle at the appearance of a stranger on their premises.

Early one morning, after a stroll outside the city, as we were sauntering homewards, we saw a flock of sheep. Mesny declared he had not eaten mutton for years; I had not tasted it for months, and our mouths watered at the sight of this unwonted food. From Ch'êng-Tu to this place we never had any other meat than chicken, and since our arrival at Ta-Chien-Lu our sole diet had been beef; for fowls were not to be bought, grain being so expensive that few people could afford to keep them. Wonderful for China even eggs were scarce; ordinarily, all over China, eggs can be bought in any quantity at a ridiculously low rate. Now, although by the aid of skilful cookery, we had thrown as much variety as possible into our meals, yet the *toujours bœuf* had given us a decided desire once more to taste the flesh of a sheep; so, calling the coolie, who was following us, we bade him address the gentle shepherd and demand the price of one of his flock, and in the meantime we sauntered home to breakfast. But the coolie,

instead of doing as we told him, informed the Bishop that we wanted a sheep, and soon afterwards Monseigneur Chauveau sent us one of the fattest from his own flock.

We were told that most of our payments between Ta-Chien-Lu and Bat'ang would be made in tea and beads; so at Ta-Chien-Lu we bought a horse-load of the common inferior tea that we had seen carried by coolies all day long, and nearly every day, on the road from Ya-Chou; and we told Peh-ma to try and get some beads. We were somewhat astonished at the dirty-looking stones that he brought, and said were turquoises. They were of all sizes, some as small as No. 2 shot, others as large as No. 12 bullets. To me they looked the veriest rubbish, but as Peh-ma assured us that they would pass current as small coin, we bought three hundred and fifty for twenty-one taels.

The Tibetans, both men and women, are possessed of a taste almost amounting to frenzy for coral and turquoises; and the immense quantity of these that are used is surprising. The scabbards of their swords, the covers of their charm-boxes, their earrings or bracelets; all are ornamented with coral and turquoises. Quantity, however, is more regarded than quality, and in the whole of Tibet it would be difficult to find any pieces that would have any value whatever in the European market.

A sack of rice for our servants, another of wheaten flour, and a few dozen *khatas*, or scarves of felicity, completed the purchases that Peh-ma deemed it advisable to make.

The 'khata' is a great institution in Tibet. It is a little scarf, of some common material, that may be any colour except red, but is generally white gauze. Etiquette ordains that every present should be accom-

panied by a khata, and pious people visiting a Lamassery generally tie one to the rails in front of the image of Buddha.[6]

We now had to buy ponies, for up to this point we had ridden hired ones; and on making our wants known, everyone in the place who had an unsound animal to dispose of placed it at our disposition. Two horses were brought that seemed tolerable, and I took them out for a turn. The first was a good strong animal, $12\frac{3}{4}$ hands, quite a giant after what I had been riding, and now having something in front of me, I could hardly divest myself of the idea that I was sitting on the animal's tail. I then tried the other, but though pleasant enough to ride, he was very timid, and as his sides were like two planks nailed together, I decided to look for another if I could find one.

The Tibetans breed great numbers of ponies, and the pastures, that in their marvellous richness must equal anything to be found elsewhere, afford magnificent grazing grounds to vast herds of these animals, but though, like the Mongols, the Tibetans seem to pay no attention to careful breeding, the ponies found here are, generally speaking, better looking than those of Mongolia, and, unlike them, are very docile; I never saw one that showed the least sign of temper or vice. They seem to be as hardy as the people themselves, requiring no clothing, and scarcely ever being groomed.

The next animal brought for inspection had a sore back, another was lame—in fact, the people trotted out all the halt and the maimed, and I was quite prepared to be asked to pass judgment on a blind one very soon.

[6] On the *Khata*, and the manifold occasions of its use, see Huc, *Souvenirs*, &c., 1850, i. 86.—*Y.*

The offer of twelve taels that I had made in the morning for the bay, had been, I thought, accepted; but I found that the owner had changed his mind, and had gone off to the mountains without waiting for me to raise my price.

One of the Bishop's people came in one afternoon, and brought me a horse he wanted me to accept as a present, but as I could not have taken it without giving him something in return, at least as valuable, I declined it; for he valued it at thirty taels, the ordinary price of horses here being from twelve to fifteen taels.

Saddles were another difficulty. It was quite unusual to let out riding horses, and we found throughout our whole journey to Ta-Li-Fu that it was almost impossible to hire saddles for the servants. Ponies or mules we always obtained somehow, but our people were often obliged to ride on a mattress, or a roll of bedding on the top of a pack-saddle. It would have saved an infinity of trouble if we had bought saddles, but we never anticipated that, in a land where everybody rode, and where horses could be counted by hundreds, the want of saddles would be a source of trouble.

We were invited to breakfast one day with Monseigneur Chauveau, who said that he had not entertained European guests since the late Mr. T. T. Cooper was at Ta-Chien-Lu, just nine years before. The feast terminated with buttered tea, made with the Bishop's own butter. The butter to be bought at the houses in the country and in the towns invariably has a somewhat rancid taste, owing to the filthy vessels in which the milk is kept and the butter manufactured; but that made in Bishop Chauveau's establishment would have rivalled the produce of Devonshire and Alder-

ney, as indeed it should, considering the wonderful pastures on which, during the short summer, the animals can graze.

In a cold climate, buttered tea, made with good tea and fresh butter, is not such a repulsive drink as would be supposed, and is *admirably* adapted for a people living at the great altitude of the Tibetan plateau.

In the summer time, when the climate is pleasant, much heat-giving food is not required, and the people can take their tsanba and tea with the least amount of butter; but when the howling winds of winter sweep across those dreary wastes of snow, they can only maintain their vital heat by large quantities of carbonaceous food, and butter is the most suitable of all that can be obtained. For animal food is most plentiful in the season when it is the least required; in the winter, the cattle and sheep can scarcely find anything to eat, and become miserably lean, out of condition, and totally unfit to provide the fatty food necessary for the people; while the butter, made in large quantities during the summer when the animals are at the height of their condition, is easily stored up for winter use.

This shows also why so little milk is drunk by the people. The winter is the season of trial, and it is for that time that all provisions are made; in the summer large quantities of milk or butter are unnecessary, and every available drop of milk is made into butter for the winter. In the long winter, again, milk must be exceedingly scarce, and thus drinking milk has never become one of the habits of the people.

The afternoon in the society of Monseigneur Chauveau was a most pleasant one, for though he had

lived thirty-two years in China, time had not dimmed his interest in European affairs, nor his affection for his country. His courtly manners, those of a nobleman of the old French *régime*, were in striking contrast to the wildness of his surroundings, and would have made me forget that I was on the borders of an almost barbarous country, if his enthusiasm for the propagation of the faith had not kept it *constantly* in view.

He used to speak with great affection and admiration of the English, and of the religious toleration experienced under their rule ; and he looked forward with the keen eye of faith to the day when, the English being established at Lassa, the missionaries would be able to follow, and sweeping at last across those wild wastes of superstition carry the Christian faith to the very home of the Dalai Lama, shake the throne of that arch impostor, and strike with mighty strokes at the very root of the Upas-tree of Buddhism.

'Ah,' he said, 'my proper title is Vicaire Apostolique of Lassa, but I call myself by the less pretentious one of Vicaire of Tibet, for I feel that my eye can never look over the border into the promised land. But,' he added with flashing eye, 'I feel sure that my successor will reach the goal denied to me.'

Listening to him, as the colour mantled to his cheeks, I could not help sharing his earnest enthusiasm, and wishing that it might be he who should be the first to enter the haven so long desired. But a few short months elapsed, and he went to his last rest, bitterly mourned by his faithful little flock in those far-away regions, and deeply regretted by all who knew the nobility and grandeur of his nature. To me he was almost more than a friend. I owed him a debt of gratitude that nothing could have

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repaid, and never shall I forget his venerable figure as, standing at the door of his palace, he bade me a final adieu, and quoting the passage in which Goldsmith, who was his favourite historian, narrates the last speech of our unfortunate monarch Charles, said the one English word, '*Remember!*'

On our return to our house, several visitors came in to see us, bringing with them little presents; another inkstone was given me, and a bronze jar of what the Chinese call living water. This little jar was exceedingly ancient, and made of a certain bronze that has the peculiarity of causing the water put into it to become 'living,' as the Chinese call it. To produce this effect the jar must be filled with water, and from time to time, as evaporation goes on, a little more added, so that it is always full. At length a certain kind of moss forms on the edge, and the water is then said to be living; and a flower placed in it will retain its freshness for a very long time. That is the Chinese theory, but I cannot vouch for its accuracy.

Pao came in to wish me good-bye, and rather puzzled me by asking me what I admired most in China. Then all sorts of ornaments came pouring in for sale, for we had been inquiring about them—enormous finger-rings, barbaric earrings, brooches and buckles, some of silver and some of gold, and all set with huge lumps of coral and turquoise.

The greatest curiosities, and the best worth buying, were the charm-boxes, made of gold or silver. On the top of these there is generally some filigree, quite equal to any of European manufacture, and it is surprising how the handicraftsmen of Lassa, where these things are made, can with their rough clumsy tools produce work of such extreme delicacy. These boxes, which are invariably adorned with a lump of

coral, are to contain a slip of paper, on which is written the usual formula, 'Om Mani-Pe-mi Hom.' No Tibetan is ever without one of these, no matter how poor or dirty he may be. A miserable yak driver, with perhaps no home, and no worldly possessions but a bit of serge for a coat, will invariably have a charm-box, which may be worth some twenty or thirty taels. It is very curious to see the women, always dirty, often ragged, and sometimes almost too poor to afford themselves clothes, wearing massive ornaments of silver or gold, and immense plates of silver in their hair. I bought a very heavy bracelet of solid gold, embossed with some emblematical design, and a good many finger-rings, ear-rings, and charm-boxes.

There is another article that almost forms a part of every Tibetan. This is the wooden cup, or Pu-ku, in which he eats his tsanba or drinks his tea. It is always kept in the bosom of his capacious garment, a space that serves not as a pocket merely, but rather as a portmanteau, in which he can carry about the whole of his not very extensive possessions.

These cups are made of different woods, and polished; no Tibetan is ever without one; he seems to be born, not with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with a wooden cup in his bosom. The cup never leaves him, night or day, as long as he lives, and would no doubt go down to the grave with him, if burial were the custom of the country. Some are supposed to have the valuable property of annulling the effects of poison, and others are lined with silver; but none of these priceless articles were to be bought to add to our collection of Tibetan curiosities, and we contented ourselves with plain, simple, but useful cups, like those of our coolies.

A prayer-cylinder also was brought, which I began to twist the wrong way, much to the consternation of the people; they were really seriously alarmed, for they seized my hand and stopped me immediately.

In the afternoon I made an agreement with eight chair-coolies, for whom I was obliged to provide four ponies, partly to carry their food, and partly to enable them to take an occasional ride to relieve themselves amongst the mountain roads. I took my chair to Ta-Li-Fu, chiefly because it was so very useful for carrying the small odds and ends I always wanted on the march, or immediately on arrival at the halting place. It would also have been invaluable in case of sickness. The other chairs were taken no further than Ta-Chien-Lu.

Poor Tib was also left behind; he had supported the difficulties of the road very badly, and much to the discontent of the coolies had been carried more than half-way from Ch'êng-Tu in my chair. Had I taken him further he would probably have broken down altogether, if he had not been killed by the savage dogs of the Tibetans; and as Monseigneur Chauveau offered him a comfortable home, I accepted it for the poor beast, though in China the presence of a dog is a great safeguard against thieves.

Later in the day a number of ponies were waiting for me, and after trying a few of them, I was just going to make a bid for one or two, when a man came in with a grey and a chestnut. The grey, though small, at once attracted my fancy, as he had more breeding about him than any of the others, and the shape of his head, and the way in which his tail was set on, were quite of the Arab type. I had him saddled, and taking him over the worst bit of road I

could find in the neighbourhood, the way he came down hill on the stony path at once determined me to buy him. My Ma-Fu had followed on the chestnut barebacked; the saddle was changed, and I found that I liked the second almost as well as the first. On returning I asked the price of the two; the horse-dealer demanded forty taels, and I promptly offered twenty. After a time I went up to twenty-nine, and the dealer coming down to thirty a bargain was struck. The dealers here have a curious way of telling the price to one another by putting their hands together under their sleeves, and by signs well understood communicating the figure without the by-standers knowing anything about it.[7]

None of our coolies or Ma-Fus cared to engage themselves to come beyond Bat'ang; for the Tibetans have the greatest dread of entering China, on account of small-pox—a disease almost unknown in Tibet. A Tibetan once attacked by small-pox never recovers. The Chinese look upon this disease much as an Englishman does on a cold; they are generally ill for a few days only, and get over it, though of course there are a large number of severe and fatal cases. But when a Tibetan is attacked his family take him outside the village, out of the way, and put him under a tree, or in a cave, with some tsanba and cold water, and leave the poor wretch to die.[8]

[7] The Burmese have a similar method of bargaining, which is not, I believe, used exclusively for horse-dealing. (It is in occasional use almost all over Asia. See *Marco Polo*, 2nd ed. ii. 486.—*Y.*

[8] Colonel Prejevalski notices that the inhabitants of the Lob-Nor district have very similar customs.

CHAPTER IV.

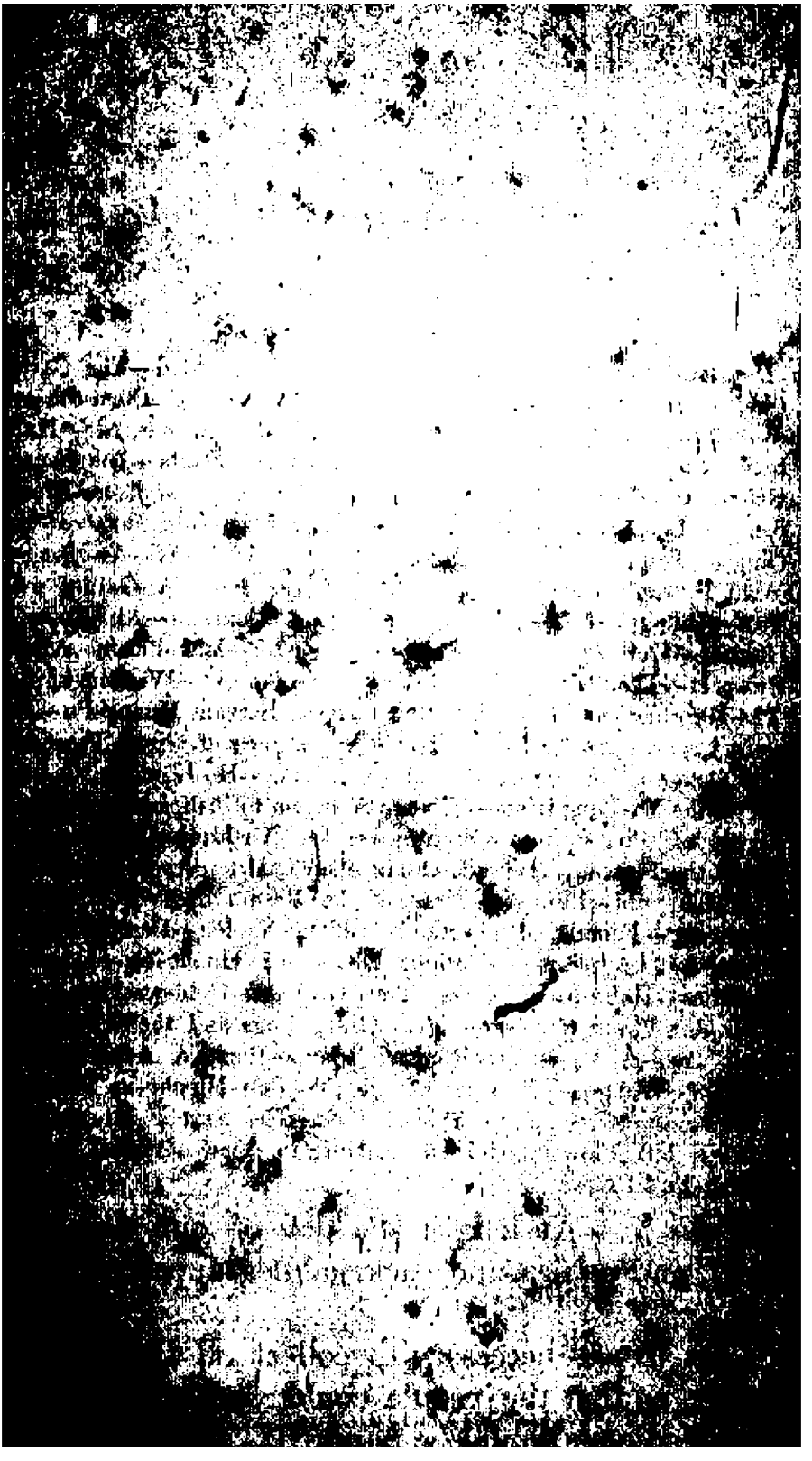
THE GREAT PLATEAU.

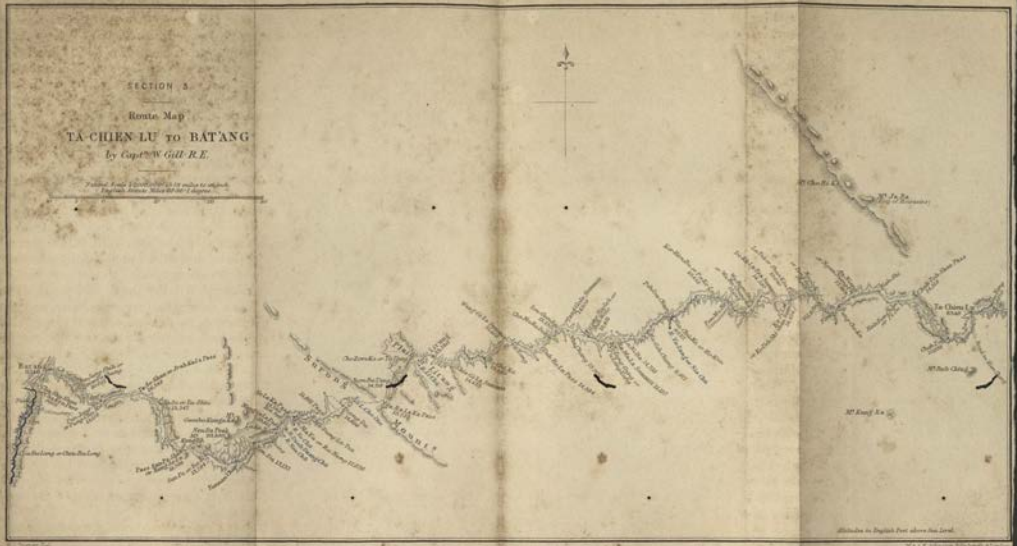
I. TA-CHIEN-LU TO LIT'ANG.

The Departure from Ta-Chien-Lu—The Loads Distributed—The Cavalcade described—A Supper of Tsanba—Village of Cheh-toh—A Wreck of the Crockery—Tibetan Salutation—Delicious Air—Half-bred Yaks—Splendid Alpine Pastures—Wild Fruits—The Sacred Cairn—Direct Road to Chiamdo—Ti-zu—Delightful *al fresco* Breakfast—A Land of Milk and Butter—Hot Spring—The Buttered-Tea Churn—Tsanba—Tibetan Houses—Hospitable Folk—An-niang—Wild Flowers—Road-side Groups from the Fair—A Gallop over Turf—Village of Ngoloh—Description of Quarters—An Imperial Courier—Halt at Ngoloh—Pass of Ka-ji-La—Magnificent Alpine Prospect—The 'King of Mountains'—Pine Forests—Wu-rum-shih—The Margary Proclamation—Illness of the Servant Huang-Fu—Descent towards the Ya-Lung River—Appearance of Green Parrots—The Octagon Tower—Tibetan Horse-shoeing—Ho-K'ou or Nia-chu-ka, on the Ya-Lung River—Tibetan Aversion to Fish, and its Origin—Lights of Pine-Splinter—Ferry over the Ya-Lung—Re-ascent towards the Plateau—Mah-geh-chung—Our Quarters there—A 'Medicine Mountain'—La-ni-ba—Crest of the Ra-ma Pass—Post of Mu-lung-gung—Female Decorations—Lit'ang-Ngoloh—Description of House and Appliances—Serious Illness of Huang-Fu—Domestic Sketches—Holly-leaved Oaks—Tang-Go Pass—Gold-washing—Cha-ma-ra-don Forest left below—The Great Dogs and their Change of Garb—Deh-re Pass—The Rhubarb Plant—Rarefied Atmosphere—Pass of Wang-gi—Patience of the Ma-Fu—Ho-chŭ-ka Village—Abundance of Supplies—Shie-gi Pass—The Surong Mountains—Treeless but Flowery Heights—Lit'ang in View—Arrival there—Huang-Fu's Illness.

August 7.—At length the day of our departure arrived, and ponies and pack-saddles appeared in the yard.

First it was necessary to collect all the baggage together, so that the people could decide how many baggage animals would be required. I had estimated the number at twenty-five, but as the time sped by,




SECTION 3.
Route Map
TA-CHIEN LU TO BÁTANG
by Capt.n W. Gill R.E.
Mt. Cho-Ri
Mt. Ja-Ra
Ta Chien Lu
Mt. Koonj Ka
Mt. Koonj Ka
Altitudes in English Feet above Sea Level.
London, John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1875.
W. & A.K. Johnston, Edinburgh & London.

and box after box emerged from the recesses of the mysterious kitchen, it became evident that we should require many more. What Chin-Tai had in all those boxes I never was able to discover. We arrived at the conclusion that he was going into trade, for if they all contained provisions, as he declared, we must have been victualled for a year at least. I began to think that Chin-Tai was never going to finish his packing, but at length it was solemnly proclaimed that everything was ready, and the pony-drivers began to arrange the loads; but upon this subject they had constant differences of opinion. First one man would collect three or four articles together, and exhibit his idea of a fair load; then another would take them somewhere else, apparently for the pleasure of moving them; and a third would finally disarrange the work of the other two. This did not tend to expedite matters; but the three chief pony-drivers at length came to a satisfactory conclusion, and the overseer informed us that we wanted twenty-nine ponies for the baggage, four for the servants, one for the interpreter, and four for the eight chair coolies, thirty-eight in all.

The pack-saddles here are not like those used in the north of China, where a framework is put on the saddle. Here the load is lashed directly to the saddle with leathern thongs. The men do not seem to be very particular about lashing the packages tightly, which is a great convenience to the traveller, for with the other plan there is always so much lashing and hauling that it is quite an undertaking to get anything undone.

It was just noon as we rode away, and turned our backs on the Arrow Furnace Forge. We were a goodly party, and somewhat quaint to look on: Peh-

ma riding first on a light-coloured chestnut, with a white tail, enveloped in all sorts of blankets and wraps; P'eh-ma himself in a garment gathered in at the waist, where in a gigantic fold he seemed to be carrying all his worldly goods, and whence, later on, when I began to be unpleasantly sensible of the fact that I had not breakfasted, half a loaf was produced. Mesny dressed in a kind of patrol jacket, European trousers, Chinese high boots, and a Kuei-Chou pancake hat, and mounted on a very gorgeous Chinese saddle, with short stirrups, that drew his knees somewhere up towards the vicinity of his chin, would at least have attracted notice wherever he might have been. Huang-Fu had, by a quantity of bedding, clothing, and saddle-bags, raised the altitude of his small pony almost to that of an elephant; and he looked the picture of contentment, as he sat perched up with a long pipe and a red umbrella. Chung-Erh wore a large straw hat over a long black coat; and Chin-Tai, and Mesny's coolie (now raised to the rank of 'Boy,' *vice* Hsi-Sen resigned), with one of the pony-drivers, formed our mounted party. But Ting-Ko (or 'Boots,' as we called him), in the hopes of gathering up some fragments, came with us for one day's journey, as he said, and made himself generally useful. My laughing Ma-Fu, dressed all in red like a Lama, the other Ma-Fu, and our two spare ponies completed our caravan; while behind us the chair, with its eight coolies and four ponies, and the twenty-nine baggage animals, followed in beautiful disorder.

Our course lay up a valley, nearly due south, past the Lamassery we had visited a day or two before. On each side hills covered with low green brushwood sloped down to the river; in the valley the fields of oats and barley, nearly ready for the sickle, were

divided by stone walls, and a good many fine large trees lined the edge of the water. To the south, right in front, a fine snowfield on Mount Ru-ching glittered in the bright sun; and to the south-east another mountain every now and then showed in patches of snow, as the clouds came and went from its lofty summit.

At a little less than four miles from Ta-Chien-Lu, the road leaves the main river, and strikes to the west, up the valley of a smaller stream. There is but little cultivation, and scarcely any wood, the hill-sides being all covered with a dense green undergrowth. The road is good, ascending steadily without any of those desperately steep zigzags that we now looked upon as almost a necessary part of a day's march.

On the way we passed the house of one of the Ma-Fus. It was a poor shanty, standing by itself in the middle of a little cultivation, but it was his home; and his wife, children, and dogs, all ran out to welcome him. The Ma-Fu found four eggs, which he brought as a respectful present, and was very pleased when we told him to stay for the night with his family. We rode on to the little village of Chehtoh (the Jeddo of Cooper), where we halted for the night, and as there was no immediate prospect of the arrival of our baggage, we both had a bowl of tsanba, which we ate after the manner of the country. A large basin of oatmeal, two good-sized cups, a kettle of buttered tea, and two pairs of chopsticks were brought to us—these last, a Chinese innovation, never used by a Tibetan, who finds his fingers sufficient. A Tibetan first helps himself to what oatmeal he requires, the buttered tea is poured over it, he stirs it up with his fingers, adding oatmeal and tea to suit his taste, and then eats it. It is very like

porridge, and, as in Scotland, the oats are grilled before grinding them into meal.

The village of Cheh-toh consisted of about four houses, one of which was the inn. From the road we entered a large room, which served as a general room, stables, piggery, and most things else; the horses were tied up here for a time, but were afterwards removed; and the place was not particularly dirty. This room was lighted only by the door, and as the floor, roof, and walls were all more or less black, and as the overhanging eaves projected far in front of the entrance, it was tolerably dark. From this a door led to the state apartment, in which there was no window, and where light was only borrowed from the darkness of the general room. It was by no means so bad a place as I had expected, though it seemed rather a sin to be sitting with lighted candles at four o'clock, with the glorious bright and unaccustomed sun shining outside. There was a good deal of rain hanging about, and we caught the tail of one or two showers, but they were trifling, and the sun shone so brightly that I felt my heavy clothes rather hot, and I almost wanted the sun-hat that I had put away as a useless weight.

The mules did not arrive till six o'clock; and then Chin-Tai told me that all the plates, dishes, cups, glass, and crockery had been smashed. I consoled myself with the reflection that as the plates and dishes were of iron, there was a certain amount of exaggeration, and went out to see the wreck. The muleteers had stopped behind us at Ta-Chien-Lu, to have a final drink and glorification before starting; and in attempting to make up for lost time, had only succeeded in producing the alarming catastrophe reported. They were now in a state of wholesome

fear that they would be made to pay for the damage done, and when introduced into the august presence, to explain matters, they went down on their knees, thrust out their tongues, and repeated at intervals the word 'La-so.' Protruding the tongue as far as possible is a respectful salutation in Tibet, and 'La-so' is a term of respect used by inferiors; it means also 'be merciful.'

Our dinner did not appear until very late; at first there were no candles to be found, and Chung-Erh said everything was 'east and west,' a Chinese expression for a general state of disorder.

August 8.—The cooking things were again all 'east and west' in the morning, and the time consumed in getting ready was frightful. Chin-Tai had an extraordinary genius for putting two forks into three boxes, and dividing his cooking things amongst the greatest number of packages possible, so that every time he wanted to prepare a meal, he had to pack and unpack boxes enough to load a good-sized caravan. But in the course of time, and by the exercise of patience, everything was at last ready, and we made a start.

The road followed up the side of a stream, between grass-covered hills, sloping about 20°, capped with bare crags of limestone; the lower rocks were of granite, and great blocks lay scattered about in wild confusion. The morning was beautifully fine: there was a delicious feeling in the air, and looking back down the valley, there was a glorious view of a snowy mountain, whose edges were just lit up by the rising sun, and whose glittering pinnacles of ice and snow shone like points of brilliant light.

The road was broad and good; there was not much traffic, but we met great droves of yaks, and

half-bred oxen, a cross between the yak and the ox. We ascended steadily by an easy gradient to the head of the stream; here the valley opened out, and formed a little basin, enclosed by bare and rugged hills, with a strip of green grass beside the tiny rill that trickled at the bottom. A few yards more, and reaching the summit of Cheh-toh-Shan, we at length looked upon the great Himalaya plateau. The pass of Cheh-toh-Shan (the Jeddo of Cooper) is 14,515 feet above the sea; and from this point, with the exception of a dip into the valley of the Ya-Lung-Chiang, the road is always at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the sea, until the descent into the valley of the Chin-Sha-Chiang is commenced at Pun-jang-mu. There was no snow here, but a few small patches were lying two hundred or three hundred feet above.

I had outwalked everybody, and I sat down to wait for the rest of the party. My merry Ma-Fu alone was with me, and he whistled and sang as he let Manzi browse on the delicious herbage.

Stretched at our feet lay a beautiful valley, closed on both sides by gently sloping, round-topped hills; a carpet of luxuriant grass covered the whole surface of the hills and dales; the richness of the pasture was astonishing, and thousands of yaks and sheep were feeding on the magnificent vegetation. The ground was yellow with buttercups, and the air laden with the perfume of wild flowers of every description. Wild currants and gooseberries, barberries, a sort of yew, and many other shrubs grew in profusion, but there were no large trees. There were a few gooseberries on one or two of the bushes, but they were quite unfit to eat. The Tibetans said that the gooseberries never ripened, but that the currants were sometimes eaten.

At the summit of the pass there was a huge pile of stones; and bits of rag inscribed with the sacred sentence fluttered from the heads of long poles set up in the heap.

At this altitude there is great difficulty in breathing. The Tibetans ascribe this to subtle exhalations, which they say rise from the ground; they call all high mountains 'Medicine Mountains,' and so universal is this custom, that the comparative heights may be roughly guessed at by the amount of 'medicine' attributed to them by the people.

In the winter many travellers are said to die here; the passage is greatly dreaded, and those who arrive safely at the top add a stone and a rag to the trophy, as a thank-offering for dangers escaped.

When the rest of our caravan arrived, one of the horse-owners, a sort of petty chief, with a sword-scabbard set with great pieces of turquoise and coral, tied a rag to one of the poles, and cast a stone on to the pile.

To my surprise Ting-Ko turned up again; he said he had come another day's march for the fun of the thing, and begged to be allowed to come with us to Bat'ang; when at last I consented, he grinned with delight, and seemed to think more highly than ever of his remarkable boots. From here, there is what is said to be a good and not very mountainous road to Chiamdo, which strikes off to the north-west, and passing through a populous country, and by a not very difficult route, reaches that place in fourteen days. There are no Chinese officials on this route, and probably no hotels, but it is much frequented by traders.

A descent of about three and a half miles brought us to a solitary hut, glorying in the name of Hsin-Tien-Chan, or New Inn Stage; the Tibetan name is

Ti-zu, which has the same meaning. Here we halted for breakfast, but it was such a miserable place that we at once passed a unanimous vote for a picnic.

A couple of boxes were placed beside a low table on the delicious fresh grass ; a gentle breeze, and now and then a passing cloud, moderated the sun, which was almost strong enough to make itself felt, and helped me to give myself up for a while to day-dreams and the charms of scenery and climate.

This was one of those days, which come sometimes to a traveller, when he feels so thoroughly happy, that the pleasures of civilisation are forgotten, and he dreams of perpetually seeking fresh fields and pastures new, and of spending his life amongst the mountains. It must be confessed that these days are rare ; but sitting outside the little shanty, the scene was so peaceful, and there was such an exhilaration in the air, that I thought I could contentedly spend the rest of my life in this lovely valley.

Tibet is truly a land flowing with milk and butter, for milk appears in liberal quantities in every form and shape. We had not sat down a minute before a cup of buttered tea was brought for each ; this was followed by a bowl of whey ; the people offered us tsanba (made with butter), and said they could get us cheese.

After breakfast we went to a hot spring about three hundred yards away. The temperature was 111° Fahr., and the stones in the stream running down were covered with a saline incrustation, but whether of soda or potash I cannot say, as the Chinese name is the same for both. Gas of some sort was bubbling up from the hot spring, which was quite black from sulphur ; people come here to cure skin diseases, and they say it is very efficacious. We

stayed long enough to immerse a thermometer, and then rode on after our caravan.

We continued our march down the valley, and presently came upon a little tent pitched by the hillside; here some Tibetans were lying about, their fierce dogs tied up to pegs in the ground, and innumerable herds of cattle and sheep grazing round them. At this season of the year the sheep are taken in great flocks from Lit'ang to Ta-Chien-Lu and Ch'êng-Tu, for sale. At other times, though there are always considerable numbers, such immense flocks would not be met with on the road. Outside the tent a quaint and wild group of Tibetans was gathered round the buttered-tea churn, making their mid-day meal. A bag of oatmeal lay on the ground by the churn, and one of the men was filling the wooden cup with a brass ladle. Like the wooden cups, the churn is almost a part of every Tibetan community. On entering a house at any hour, someone is certain to be seen making buttered tea in the churn; a *mule*, with a sack of oatmeal, and a churn, for every three or four men, forms part of every caravan; at a halt the churn is immediately produced; and, in fact, wherever there are half a dozen Tibetans gathered together, there the churn will be found.

This churn is a cylinder of wood about two feet long, and six inches in diameter. The butter is churned up in the boiling tea, and there is some art in doing this in such a manner as to make the ingredients mix properly.

The tsanba is prepared in various ways according to fancy; the meal is sometimes kneaded with the fingers into a stiff paste, and eaten like a cake, and at others it is mixed with sufficient tea to be almost thin enough to drink.

Further down we came to the first Tibetan house, at a distance looking like a strong castle, and up a little valley behind it were two or three others, together forming a small community or village, and from here to An-niang, houses, separated from one another by about a quarter or half a mile, stand singly on the right bank of the stream. These houses are great piles of loose stone with scarcely any mortar, sometimes three or four stories high; the roof is always flat, and a gable is never seen. With their little slits of windows, they are gloomy in the extreme, and looking as if they were half in ruins, give an idea of great misery. They are, nevertheless, very picturesque, and the view down the valley as the sun was setting would have made a lovely picture.

The dryness of the air we breathed, and the salt in the beef we ate, and in the buttered tea we drank, combined to make us exceedingly thirsty; and we sent a Ma-Fu to one of these houses to beg a cup of tea. The house was at the other side of the stream; but the lady herself, dirty beyond conception, and covered with jewelry, came out with a servant to regale us, and brought a huge jug of boiling tea made with milk without any water. The draught seemed like nectar to our parched throats; we paid for it with a few turquoise beads, and went on our way refreshed.

All this valley is covered with wild flowers, from one of which a paper like parchment is made; another has the valuable property of killing lice; caraway grows wild, and is also cultivated. Barley and oats grow well in the valley, but the people do very little but keep cattle, sheep, and ponies, of which there are great numbers, some exceedingly good-looking, with quite an Arab head.

Some of our followers declared they saw a herd

of deer; we could not, however, make them out with our glasses; but although we saw no game of any description, deer, wild sheep, wild goats, and hares are said to abound.

We halted at An-niang, a Tibetan name that means nothing in particular. The Chinese, in trying to approximate to the sound, call it Ngan- (quiet) Niang- (woman, mother) Pa (place).

Here the people took evident pleasure in showing their hospitality; they led us to the best house in the place; they immediately set the churn of buttered tea and bowls of boiling milk before us, and prepared the feast of Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, but were kind enough to spare us the sequel to that entertainment.

August 9.—Marching down the beautiful valley by an excellent road, amongst the fresh green grass, buttercups, and wild flowers, we met large parties of Tibetans returning from a fair that had been held at a Lamassery a mile or two away.

Women as well as men were riding ponies *à la califourchon*, and as we approached they turned a few yards aside and dismounted.

As they stood about, or sat on the grass, they formed most picturesque groups. The men were wild-looking fellows, with long shaggy hair, whose garments, always with a bit of red about them, seemed to have no shape in particular, and were gathered in with a cloth tied round the waist, leaving a fold in which they carried an immense amount of property, not only in front, but at the sides and behind their backs.

The women, too, all wore something bright-coloured, and fastened up their hair with a circular disc of silver engraved with Tibetan characters, and set with coral beads. No matter how poor and dirty, they all

wore this expensive ornament. Both men and women had necklaces of turquoise, coral, or coloured glass, from which they hung charm-boxes of gold or silver.

At a fair of this kind the people eat and drink, the men and women dance together, and make a few trifling purchases which they bring home in the capacious folds of their shapeless clothes.

One of the Ma-Fus had a friend in an adjacent house, and when we arrived we found a feast spread for us on a low table amongst the buttercups by the roadside.

The lady of the house again came out, and brought us a huge caldron of tea made with milk, bowls of tsanba, and some cream cheese without any taste, and of the consistency of indiarubber.

We thanked our hostess, who seemed delighted to have been able to entertain us, and leaving a few turquoise beads as a present, rode on.

The turf was so tempting, and the air so delicious, that Chin-Tai and Chung-Erh could not resist the excitement of a gallop, and were soon racing over the level plain. Mesny's boy, ambitious to emulate their example, essayed to follow them; but never before in his life having ridden a horse, he had a tremendous fall. He was carrying Mesny's somewhat crazy gun, and though he did not hurt himself, he lost one of the locks; this was not noticed at the time, but by the aid of the almighty rupee, a search that was subsequently instituted proved successful, and this ill-used weapon was put again in order.

After riding down the stream another couple of miles, the road turned sharply round to the north-west, and ascended another similar valley. Both these valleys are well populated, the gloomy Tibetan houses, with their flat roofs and little windows, stand-

ing, at intervals of two hundred or three hundred yards, close by the side of the stream. This method of living shows how different in character are the Tibetans and Chinese. The Chinese love crowding together, the tighter the better; and for the sake of living in a town or village, will walk a mile or two every day to their fields, rather than live in a house by themselves; for though it is true that in China the plains are dotted with detached houses, yet there are always villages at every few miles. But here there is scarcely ever such a thing as a village, properly so called, and the few that there are, are generally occupied by the Chinese, as was the case at Ngoloh, or Tung-Golo, as the Chinese call it (the Tung-olo of Cooper), where we halted, and where the Margary proclamation was posted in the portico of the Chinese hotel, in which we found chairs and a table. It was not much of a place, but better than anything we had anticipated. The people were as hospitable as ever, for no sooner had we arrived than they brought presents of cheese, butter, tsamba, mushrooms, radishes, and eggs.

Our room was rather dark, and the smoke descended from a hole in the roof, and penetrated through numerous cracks in the wall; but otherwise there was nothing to complain of, except the monotonous drone of a holy man seated in the adjoining kitchen, who burned incense, and gabbled prayers incessantly, at intervals striking together two discs of brass, which rang with a clear bell-like sound. There was a good yard, enclosed by high stone walls, with room enough even for our caravan, which was of a tremendous size, as all the people belonging to it had taken the opportunity of bringing a few pony-loads of tea to sell at Bat'ang. The animals were picketed in the yard in

the usual Tibetan style, *à la* Royal Engineer, with a rope stretched along the ground, and a hobble to one forefoot.

They keep several big dogs to guard their mules and their property; and this is done so effectually, that one day when I sent Chung-Erh for a box, he came back and said the dogs would not let him have it, and I must wait till the dogs' master returned.

The clatter of an imperial despatch from Peking awoke the echoes of the slumbering village at 3 o'clock in the morning: a few dogs barked, a cock crowed, but in less than a minute the rattle of the hoofs was lost in the distance, and the place lapsed into its normal silence. These imperial despatches are carried by horsemen who travel night and day, and everybody and everything has to get out of the way. The messengers that awoke us for a moment reached Wu-rum-shih, a place about fifteen miles distant over a stiff mountain, in two hours. Imperial despatches are carried from Ch'êng-Tu to Peking in eight days, but not by one man.

August 10.—The muleteers came to us in the morning, and kneeling down and thrusting out their tongues, prayed for a day's rest, and said that the grass here was lovely, that the next marches were long and stony, and through a desolate country, where they should find no fodder for their animals, and that if we would consent to rest here they would forego the halt that had been promised them at Ho-K'ou; when we agreed they said 'La-so,' and went away joyfully to turn their animals out on to the hill-sides.

The quiet of this little place was very pleasant; there was scarcely a sound in the early morning, and sitting in our room, I could hear the peasants in the

distance singing a plaintive melody, as they went off to gather sticks, or drive the cattle.

A green hill with a fir wood on it rose behind the house, and thither I strolled with my gun in search of some kind of bird that I heard calling. I was told that this was not a pheasant, though it was as large as one, and had a long tail; the people said it was very shy, and on this occasion it did not belie its reputation, my purse and my gun being equally unsuccessful in procuring me a specimen.

The view from the hill was very lovely; the valley below, where smiling crops of barley, oats, and a little wheat were nearly ready for the sickle, was quite flat, and about four hundred yards broad; the fields were divided by hedges of the wild gooseberry, or by strong fences of well-made wattle. A post and rails ran down the side of the hill; a stream meandered through the bottom, and a broad road between hedges brought to mind many an English country lane. Beautiful green slopes running smoothly down shut in the valley on both sides, and a mile and a half away, by the edge of the stream, a gloomy Tibetan house, looking, with its tall and solitary tower, like some old mediæval castle, seemed to keep watch and ward over the scene.

Ngoloh nestled at our feet, a hamlet of about a dozen houses, built, in the usual Tibetan style, with flat roofs, adorned with Mani poles, and little patches of garden round the homesteads, in which the industrious Chinese had raised a few of their favourite vegetables.

The officer in charge of the place called on us in the afternoon. He told us that there were seventy or eighty families in the district, and that he had a hundred soldiers under him.

He said that during recent years cattle-plague had been very frequent; that during his youth he only recollected one occurrence of this terrible scourge; but that in the last ten years there had been eight visitations, and that in 1876 sixty per cent. of the cattle had died. He had no theory as to how or whence it came, but looked on it as sent by Providence. The symptoms are a watery discharge from the nostrils, drooping ears, and the indications of violent dysentery. Animals attacked would die in a very short time; but at the first signs of the plague, they are killed and buried.

Before leaving, the official warned us of robbers who infested the road beyond this place. He said he had received orders from Pao at Ta-Chien-Lu to furnish us with an escort, and that we should have ten soldiers to accompany us. We placed little faith in the existence of the robbers, and still less in the value of our escort.

August 11.—As we ascended from Ngoloh, the valley gradually narrowed, and the hills were more wooded; the road ran between hedges of wild gooseberry, small willows grew by the edge of the stream, and the slopes on the right were covered with a dwarf holly. We stopped for breakfast at a solitary hut, standing at the foot of a steep zigzag that leads to the summit of Ka-ji-La. The hut is called La-tza, or in Chinese Shan-Kên-Tzŭ, both names meaning 'the root of the mountain.' 'La' is the Tibetan for a pass over a mountain.

We sat outside, and enjoyed the scent of the pines and wild flowers borne to us from the hills above, and as our escort collected round us, we were presently astonished to observe on one of their coats the buttons of the 47th regiment. After this we noticed that

half the men we met buttoned their coats with British regimental buttons. These find their way from the old clothing in India, through Tibet to the very frontiers of China.

From La-tza, we still followed the side of the stream amongst the pine woods, whose cones were of a deep indigo purple; but we gradually ascended above its bed, and could only hear the chatter chatter of the brook, two hundred feet below, as it leaped from rock to rock. The ascent was not very terrible, nor was the road anywhere very steep, and we at length emerged from the woods into an undulating plateau of beautiful grass covered with buttercups and wild flowers, amongst which the arnica plant was conspicuous. Here there were no trees, but thousands of yaks, mules, and ponies were feeding; and here and there there was a shepherd's tent, with a group of wild-looking fellows standing about, guarded by even more wild-looking and savage dogs.

The first crest we reached is called in Tibetan Ka-ji-La, or in Chinese Ko-Erh-Shi-Shan, 14,454 feet above the sea. The view when we reached the summit was superb. Looking back in the direction from which we had come, range after range of mountains lay at our feet, culminating at last in the most magnificent snowy heights, one of which raised its head about four thousand or five thousand feet above its neighbours. It was a magnificent peak, and at this distance looked almost perpendicular. Its name in Tibetan is Ja-ra (King of Mountains), and I never saw one that better deserved the name. Never before had I seen such a magnificent range of snowy mountains as here lay stretched before me, and it was with difficulty I could tear myself away from the sight.

Our road now lay for a couple of miles over an

undulating grassy plain; at the centre of this our escort left us, and marched back across the ridge of Ka-ji-La.

The official in charge of the ferry at Ho-K'ou passed us here. Pao had sent for him to give him instructions about us, and he was now on his return journey.

From the western side of the plateau, there was a still finer view, and as the day was fortunately very clear, our guide could show us where Ta-Chien-Lu was lying, at the foot of a grand snowy range.

We now descended a narrow valley between steep hills, well wooded with firs, some of very large dimensions. There was a shrub with leaves like a laurel, and white flowers like a wild rose; there were also great quantities of holly, and in the bottom, willows, wild gooseberries, and currants.

From La-tza to Wu-rum-shih, there was not a single habitation, and all the afternoon we marched through a forest of pines. Here there is a kind of moss, growing chiefly on the pines, but also on the hollies and other shrubs; it hangs in pendants two or three feet long, and sometimes at a distance gives the trees the appearance of weeping willows.

At the inn in Wu-rum-shih, we found a capital room, much larger than we had enjoyed for a long time. The Margary proclamation was posted in the inmost recesses of our apartment, but as it appeared nowhere else in the village, it can hardly have been the means of enlightening any large proportion of the population of Tibet.

The innkeeper, a Chinaman, brought us a present of eggs and vegetables, and my Ma-Fu, the Long-lived Gem, whose home was in the neighbourhood, brought more.

My servant Huang-Fu here reported himself sick,

with pains and aches all over his body; poor fellow, he was beginning to look very ill, but there was always something comical in his appearance, as he sat on the top of a pile of blankets on his pony, perpetually smoking a long pipe.

From Wu-rum-shih, the road commences its descent to the Ya-Lung-Chiang, or Nia-Chŭ, as the Tibetans call it, the only river of importance between Ta-Chien-Lu and Bat'ang.

We marched through mile after mile of pine forest. There were many fine walnut trees by the side of the stream we were following, as well as wild peaches, plums, and apricots. As we descended, the gooseberries and currants disappeared, but the hardy barberry was represented by two species. A few wild cherries, bearing fruit sour beyond description, many other berry-bearing shrubs, and a kind of birch, were interspersed amongst the pines. There was also a tree with a leaf something like that of a plane, but more delicate, and under our feet nature still exhibited the rich treasures of her floral wealth.

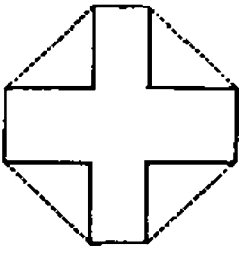
August 12.—There were numbers of green parrots flying about from tree to tree; the proper *habitat* of these birds is, doubtless, in the warm climate of Southern Yün-Nan; but during the summer, short though delicious, they fly up the two rivers, the Chin-Sha and Ya-Lung, and scatter about amongst the entrances to the valleys of the tributary streams; they may be seen during one or two marches on both sides of both rivers, but no further; and as soon as autumn tinges the leaves, in all probability their green plumage disappears.[1] The people said that the mountains

[1] Lieut. Garnier notices the warm temperature in the valley of the Chin-Sha at its confluence with the Ya-Lung. The characteristic plants of Kiang-Hung on the Mekong, 4° further south, were found here. *Voyage d'Explor.* i. 502.—*Y.*

were the haunts of all kinds of game and wild beasts ; and we were told that a panther had recently killed a pig in the village of Wu-rum-shih.

Half-way to Ker-rim-bu, we again overtook the Ho-K'ou official, who had dismounted for a few minutes, and, with his party, was sitting by the side of the road, enjoying a jar of beer. As we approached he rose and advanced to meet us ; we joined him for awhile, and drank a glass of his liquor ; it was made from barley, and tasted like an extremely small home-brewed ale. Afterwards we rode on together to Ker-rim-bu (the Octagon Tower), or in Chinese Pa-K'ou-Lou, so called from a tower just outside the village, of which the lower part is cruciform, and the upper part octagonal.

FIG. 2.



It is the fashion in Tibet to shoe the horses only on the hind feet ; but the Tibetans are not accustomed to ride their horses every day. Possessing vast herds, a horse is used for two or three days, and then turned out loose on the pasture land, while others are ridden in its place ; thus the hoofs have constant opportunities of growing, and, if much worn away during the few days' hard work, they are soon restored when wandering freely on the soft turf.

My grey pony began to feel the regular marching over roads, which in many places were very stony ; and when I mounted him at Ker-rim-bu, I found

him lame from a bruised hoof. As horse-keeping was very cheap, I told Peh-ma to look out for another, and received the stereotyped reply, that if I had only mentioned it yesterday, he could have brought me any number of beautiful animals.

Nia-chu-ka (Ho-K'ou, 'River Mouth' in Chinese) is situated, at an altitude of 9,222 feet, at the junction of two streams with the Ya-Lung-Chiang,[2] and is surrounded on all sides by bare and precipitous mountains, that run sheer down to the water, leaving no flat ground for grass or cultivation, and very little for building.

Opposite the town, and dividing the river from the stream we had followed, a bare rock, seven hundred feet high, rises almost precipitously from the surging water; a pile of stones marks its summit, and the flutter of the pious rags that wave from the usual poles can just be discerned from the houses below.

Though at a greater elevation, the climate is warmer than that of Ta-Chien-Lu, which place is particularly cold, owing to the masses of snowy mountains that surround it on every side.

The town of Ho-K'ou consists of twenty houses only, and is a wretched place, garrisoned by a few soldiers under the command of a petty official. From Ho-K'ou there is a road much used by traders, which, generally following the valley of the Ya-Lung, reaches the frontier of[3] Yün-Nan, by a twenty days' march.

For a couple of marches on both sides of the Ya-Lung-Chiang, the main road between Bat'ang and Ta-Chien-Lu leaves the plateau, and descends to

[2] Ya-Lung is the Chinese syllabling of the Tibetan *Jarlung* ('White River,' according to Ritter's authority), the valley of which is regarded as the cradle of Tibetan monarchy.—*Y.*

[3] Probably near Yung-Ning-Fu.

the warm valley of the river, where there are no longer any pasture lands; baggage animals consequently fare but badly, for food is never carried for these hardy beasts, which, if well fed whilst on the plateaus, are accustomed to a few days of semi-starvation in the lower country, picking up any scanty blades of grass or young shoots they may have the good fortune to encounter.

At Ho-K'ou we found a very good inn, where we luxuriated in two rooms; it was kept by a half-breed, who brought us vegetables, eggs, and milk, presents which were supplemented by a fowl from the military commandant; and a remarkably good fish from the river.

Except where there are Chinese, it is quite impossible to get fish in Tibet. The Tibetans in this, as in everything else, present a remarkable contrast to the Chinese; for the Chinese are particularly fond of fish, breeding them in great quantities. The Tibetan aversion to fish arises from the method in vogue amongst them of disposing of the dead, the bodies being generally cast into the rivers and streams.

In these elevated regions, where little agriculture is carried on, no oil-producing plant will grow; oil is therefore very expensive, and pine splinters are the only form of lamp in use. They are not very satisfactory at any time, dropping sparks about most lavishly. One evening, when my india-rubber tub had been inflated in readiness for the morning, it very nearly came to an untimely end. This apparatus naturally excited the wildest speculation, partly because, as washing was a process in which the people could see neither pleasure nor profit, the use of the machine failed to penetrate into their ideas, and partly because an india-rubber tub, blown out by a pair of

bellows, was in itself so extraordinary, that it could only be regarded as fit for a museum of curiosities.

The tub having been arranged in a corner, attracted the attention of some visitors, who, with pine splinters to light them, made a minute examination of this inexplicable engine, and holding the flaring torch above their heads, bent over the tub in eager curiosity. The sparks flying about would soon have burnt holes in my bath, but the danger was fortunately observed, and my morning ablutions were saved from an abrupt termination.

August 13.—There is a ferry at Ho-K'ou across the Ya-Lung-Chiang, but it is for the use of officials only; Pao had already given orders to the officer here to take us across, so we met with no difficulty.

The ordinary way of crossing is in a coracle, the shape of a walnut, made of raw hides stretched over wicker-work; and as the current is rapid, and the water broken, it does not look a very pleasant operation. Animals of all kinds have to swim; even the soldiers carrying the imperial despatches are obliged to leave their horses behind.

Our baggage animals swam across in the evening; we followed the next morning with our servants and horses, and waited in one of the few houses on the right bank of the Ya-Lung, opposite Ho-K'ou, whilst our caravan was reassembled.

The owner of the house in which we had taken up our quarters, begged me to give him a pigeon that I shot. He wanted to make a poultice for his servant, by pounding the flesh, and mixing it with some herbs or flowers gathered on the mountains. I quite failed to ascertain the nature of the disease for which pigeon's flesh is such a potent remedy.

Our animals were at length all collected, and we

started with two fresh soldiers ; those that had come with us from Ta-Chien-Lu leaving us here, and returning to their own quarters.

The road from Ho-K'ou again ascends to the plateau from the warm valley of the Ya-Lung. Climbing up the bed of a tributary stream, the same order of vegetation and trees is seen as on the eastern side of the river. At first, there is neither cultivation nor pasture land, but the road at once enters another dense forest of magnificent pines. By the stream there were wild peaches, wild cherries, and barberries : the peaches and cherries quite uneatable. As we ascended we found a few currants, and great numbers of a tree very like a walnut in appearance. Near Ho-K'ou, the parrots were numerous ; and I saw a grey striped squirrel, like the squirrels so common in India.

After about seven and a half miles of this forest-travelling in a narrow valley, where the foliage was so thick that our view was limited to little more than a few yards beyond us, the gorge opened a little, the hills on our right sloped gently, and left a few tolerably level little patches, where an acre or two of barley shut in by an oaken fence was nearly ripe.

Though there were no houses, the place had a name—Shin-ka. About a mile further there was one solitary hut, and a number of the religious cairns ; and another mile brought us to Mah-gęh-chung, the Ma-kian-dzung of maps, spoken of by Huc as an important place.

There are *about* half a dozen wretched houses here in a little open ground, where there are a few patches of wheat and barley. We were lodged in the house of the official ; but, although the best, it was a wretched place.

There was a sort of shed that served as general residence for the family and their domestics, in which the Margary proclamation was posted; and beyond this, there was the only thing that by any possibility could be called a room. A wall of loose stones at the end, tumble-down wooden partitions at each side, a boarded floor and a roof, were all that entitled it to this dignity. The side partitions were full of holes and gaps, and failed to reach the end wall, from which the roof was also separated by several inches. Everything was out of the perpendicular, and black with the smoke that pervades every recess in all Tibetan houses.

I ascended at once to the flat roof by one of the usual staircases, which invariably consist of a rough length of a pine tree with notches cut in it. On the roof I found a shed, with a Lama reciting prayers from sheets of paper he held on his knee; the holy man, far from resenting my intrusion, smiled benignly on me, and politely moved to another smaller shed on the same roof. Here he continued muttering his pious ejaculations hour after hour, except when curiosity prompted him to come and look at what I was doing; and long after the evening had closed in, and dinner was over, as I sat in the room below, I could still hear the monotonous droning of the Lama's voice.

August 14.—As the 'Long-lived Gem' ran merrily at our side, he confided to us that we might think ourselves very lucky in our muleteers, who allowed our servants to ride the hired animals, even in the worst places; for he said that even when Lamas, or other people of distinction hired their horses, they were always compelled to dismount in the bad parts of the road. He naïvely added that the breakage of all my crockery was a very good thing, for the fear

of having to pay for it had made the muleteers thus unusually obliging.

Above Ma-geh-chung, there is what the Tibetans and Chinese called a medicine mountain, and our road was over this. We marched up a beautiful valley, through a forest of noble pines. I measured the largest I saw, and its girth, at a height of four feet from the ground, was thirteen feet six inches. There were oaks also, poor scrubby things; indeed it was only here by the discovery of acorns on them that I was able to satisfy my mind as to their identity, for anything less like our oaks it is hard to imagine. The parrots were seen no more, but amongst the trees there was some large jungle-fowl, called pheasants by our people; pheasants, however, they certainly were not, they looked more like jays, though much larger, and made the same kind of chattering noise.

Gradually as we ascended, an open valley here and there showed us grassy hill-tops, where not even those hardy oaks and pines would grow. The forest became thinner, and the trees smaller, and at about four hundred or five hundred feet below the summit, the last of the pines and oaks were left behind.

The summit of Ra-ma-La is 14,915 feet above the sea, but none of our party seemed to experience the evil effects of the great medicine mountain. Of course those who walked found breathing difficult, but neither Mesny nor myself noticed anything unpleasant, unless we stooped, when we felt giddy; this appeared to me the more remarkable, because in other countries, at much less altitudes, I have found difficulty, in breathing even when sitting down.

The crest of Ra-ma-La may be said to divide the plateau from the valley of the Ya-Lung-Chiang, and once across it we again find the green pastures, the

wild flowers, the great herds of yaks and sheep, and the profusion of milk and butter so characteristic of the upland country. The plateau extended for many miles, and the rich grass was covered with buttercups and other yellow flowers, that grew together in great masses; there were patches of red, purple, or blue, and the variety of colour was wonderful.

The droves of yaks, ponies, and sheep were tended by Tibetans armed with swords and guns; for the Tibetans, unlike the Chinese, always carry a long matchlock, and a sword, studded with turquoise and coral.

La-ni-ba (a Hollow between Two Mountains) was the name of a miserable hut at which we halted; a shower of rain put a stop to a picnic on the beautiful grass, and drove us in the room, where the floor was as mountainous as the surrounding country. The door and the holes in the roof let in a little light, and a great deal of smoke, the usual accompaniment to a residence in Tibet; and for ornament the Margary proclamation was fastened to the walls.

We were told that the houses and inns used to be much better; but that twenty years previously some tribes from the north, called Nia-Rung,[4] came down, invaded the country, and carried fire and sword throughout it. The houses were destroyed, and since then they have not been built up again in a good style.

From the next crest of Ra-ma-La, 15,110 feet above the sea, which we reached soon after breakfast, we should have had a very fine view, had it not been for the heavy clouds on all the mountain-tops.

[4] Or perhaps Nia-Jung—the letters R and J are very interchangeable. Nia is probably the same word as the Tibetan name Nia-Chu for the Ya-Lung-Chiang.

It was, however, tolerably clear to the west. They showed us where Lit'ang lay, about seventy miles distant, and an occasional flash of sunlight struck some snowy pinnacle on the high mountains surrounding that place.

From here our road lay along a grassy ridge, with deep wooded valleys running down; and seven and a half miles from La-ni-ba, we came to Mu-lung-gung, a military post, composed of a couple of poor shanties standing by themselves in a bleak spot, called by the Chinese Pu-Lang-Kung. Here our escort of two soldiers changed horses; but the appearance of the place was not sufficiently seductive to induce us to make a halt, notwithstanding its eminent piety, as evidenced by more than the usual number of scarves and bits of rag on the poles that bent before the strong wind that was now sweeping over the plain. After marching a short distance further, we caught sight of our resting place, lying almost at our feet, in a beautiful and sheltered valley, bounded by gently sloping wooded hills; a good-sized stream was winding and twisting at the bottom, meandering amongst corn-fields and flat meadows, where oxen, sheep, and ponies could be seen feeding on the beautiful grass. It was really a lovely view; but how different it would have been in the hands of the industrious agriculturists of Ssŭ-Ch'uan, who would raise crops from every inch of the hill-side.

We now descended a steep spur into the valley, and here there was rather a bad and difficult zigzag over loose, sharp stones: it was disagreeable enough to go down, and would have been much worse to come up, but there was no real difficulty in riding anywhere. The descent was not very long, and once down a level bit brought us to the village of Lit'ang-

Ngoloh. The largest house in it belonged to the father of one of our muleteers, a wealthy man in these parts, as he was supposed to possess property to the value of a thousand taels (about 300*l.*).

Our muleteers had ridden on ahead, and all the family, including the ladies, came out to welcome us; the damsels were dressed in their best, which included a considerable amount of dirt, and were covered with beads and jewelry. On each side of the head they wore a disc of chased silver about the size of a saucer, these meeting above formed, to a front view, an inverted V, thus Λ. Another smaller disc was worn behind; and all were loaded with coral, and sham or real turquoise. A lock of hair, about an inch broad, was brought vertically down over the centre of the forehead, and cut off at a level with the lower part of the nose. They had necklaces of beads, and great silver ornaments, and charm-boxes were hung from chains of beads that seemed to be wound about all over their bodies.

We were led into the house with great pomp and ceremony, and as soon as we had been installed in the best room, the women quickly brought us buttered tea, milk, and sour cream.

The house was really a well-built solid structure: quite a palace after our recent accommodation, and betokened the comfortable position of its owner. The whole of the lower area formed a covered and extensive stable, divided by immense pillars of wood, that supported the ceiling and the house above. Instead of the usual notched log, a sumptuous ladder led through a spacious trap-door to the upper story. This consisted of a quadrangle, the floor of which was planked, the living and sleeping rooms being arranged round the four sides. The roof of these

was flat, and projected far enough to shelter a large portion of the quadrangle and the inmates of the house from the rays of the sun in the summer, and from the snow in the winter. The roof was gained by another ladder, and was surrounded by a parapet; and a covered shed was erected on part of it, where piles of hay were stacked. The room we occupied was lofty and commodious, the back wall of solid mud, the others of wood. The floor was planked, and the windows looked upon the quadrangle. We had some difficulty in manufacturing a table, as the simple people themselves having nothing that they can want to put upon a table, are unaccustomed to the use of this article of furniture. There is, however, an object of household equipment of which we Westerns are still in ignorance.

Shaped like a table, eight feet long by two feet broad, and nine inches high, there is a large circular hole in the centre, in which a pan of charcoal or wood is put. This is the fireplace of the country, and two persons can sit on it, one at each end. Finding one of these in the room, we raised it on stools and packets of tea, and improvised for ourselves an excellent table.

I was always astonished at the miserable appliances for warming rooms that are used in Tibet: a wretched fire lit on the floor, emitting far more smoke than warmth, or a pan of charcoal, such as we found in this room, would seem to be but a poor protection against the frightful severities of the climate during the winter in these elevated regions; yet nothing better is ever seen, and it must be chiefly by clothing and food that the Tibetans keep themselves from perishing of cold.

August 15.—We halted here a day, to let the

baggage animals feed after the period of scarcity through which they had passed; and as I had sat up writing very late, I was still in bed when Mesny went out. When I finally got up, I had some difficulty in getting rid of the people while I bathed. The old man of the house took the most fatherly interest in all my actions, and remained in the room after every one else had gone. I pointed to my tub, but he evidently did not understand me; at last, however, he comprehended what I was going to do, and then his expression was most ludicrous, as he beat a retreat at a pace that I should have thought impossible for so old a man. After I had finished my toilet he brought me a great basin of hot milk in his own hands, and at breakfast he laid before each of us about a pound of beautiful fresh butter, quite free from the peculiar flavour that this butter generally had.

Huang-Fu was now seriously ill; it appeared that he had been unwell at Ta-Chien-Lu, and just before leaving he obtained *from* the Bishop a quantity of medicine, of the nature of which he was in profound ignorance. He did not know the amount to be taken, nor could he tell me for what class of ailment it was *intended*. For the last few days we had been doctoring him with chlorodyne and quinine; he was getting a little better, and this gave him such a profound belief in medicine generally, that he took a large dose of the Bishop's physic on top of it. The result was hardly satisfactory, and he was now so weak he could scarcely sit on a horse. Through all his trials he never deserted his pipe, and was now lying down in a corner smoking at intervals. We wanted to leave him here, where we thought he would be in good hands, until he should be well enough to return to Ta-Chien-Lu; but the people were afraid of his dying

in the house, and would not consent. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to take him on, as best we could.

I found a very good pony here, a strong-looking bay, with black points, and after the farce of bargaining, always necessary, I bought it for sixteen and a half taels.

August 16.—I went out on the roof early in the morning to put out my thermometer, and found the old master of the house sleeping placidly under a shed, wrapped up in a heap of ragged skins. Presently one of the girls came up with a jug of hot buttered tea and a cup; she poured out a cupful, which the old man consumed, and then leaving the jug beside him, she retreated below. There were two girls here, one the wife, and the other the sister of one of our muleteers. The wife was always gorgeously arrayed with strings of beads, from which great gold and silver ornaments were suspended; she seemed to sleep with her jewelry on, for no matter how early, or how late, if we ever caught a glimpse of her she was still covered with these uncomfortable-looking accoutrements. We wanted to buy the complete set, but she would not part with them, because she said it would be like dying before her time, and very unlucky. She did not show herself very much, and always hid if she thought either of us were looking at her. The other girl was dressed quite plainly, and seemed rather to like being looked at.

There seemed to be a certain amount of polyandry, not to say promiscuousness about their arrangements, and I never thoroughly understood the degrees of relationship, which would have puzzled even so able a genealogist as Sir Bernard Burke.

Rain clouds were hanging about the hill-tops as

we left the hospitable village of Lit'ang-Ngoloh, and marched up the pretty little valley between the fields, divided by stone walls or hedges of wild gooseberry bushes.

We then ascended the hills at the other side, and entered an undulating country, where pines of the most beauteous form were disposed by nature in such lovely groupings, that they would have brought feelings of despair and envy to the owner of the noblest European park. Besides the pines there was a great quantity of a kind of holly-leaved oak; on the lower branches there were prickly leaves, almost precisely like our holly, whilst up above, there were small, smooth, rounded leaves without any serrations. My doubts as to the identity of the tree were dispelled by the presence of acorns, although otherwise I should hardly have recognised it as any relative of the English oak.

I was riding ahead with the 'Long-lived Gem' through the silent woods, when we started a musk deer from its lair; it bounded down the side of the hill, and disappeared in a thicket beyond. It was the only game I saw in all the journey.

A march of four and a half miles brought us to an open country called Niu-chang, which means the 'Cattle Feeding-ground'; and here vast herds of oxen, yaks, sheep, and ponies grazed upon the rich pasture. The summit of Mount Tang-go-La was a mile beyond, 14,109 feet above the sea, and from it a descent of six hundred feet brought us to the bed of a stream where some men were washing for gold. I failed to acquire any idea of the average amount obtained by a man during the day; sometimes they said they might get only $\frac{2}{100}$ or $\frac{3}{100}$ of a tael, while at others as much as $\frac{2}{10}$ or $\frac{3}{10}$, and now and then a large nugget

falls to the lot of some lucky individual. I did not see any, but I was told that the gold was not in the fine particles in which it is found in the Chin-Sha, but in nuggets. This place was called Zu-gunda, and here there was a Tang (the Chinese name for a military post). These posts are arranged at short distances apart the whole way to Lassa, and a few soldiers live in each; a Tang consists only of a miserable hut, built of stones, with a flat roof. Horses are kept in all of these for the use of the couriers, who change at every Tang. A courier met us at Ho-K'ou on his way to Ta-Chien-Lu; he had been to that place, and he passed us here on his return journey to Bat'ang. Our soldiers, for we always had two with us, also changed their horses at each post.

A little farther down there were some of the black felt tents of the cattle-keepers, who bring great herds, and wander about from place to place during the three or four months of summer, when the ground is free from snow.

The muleteers told us that the regular stage ended at some huts a little farther on, called Cha-ma-ra-don; they grumbled when we insisted on making a longer march, and assured us that it would be quite impossible to reach another building before dark; but having had such wide experience of their assurances, we recognised intuitively by their manner the rare occasions on which they spoke the truth. This was not one of them; and without wasting time in argument, we ascended another valley, where the pines still clung to the sides of the green hills; but gradually the trees became thinner, a little more than a mile brought us above the level of the last pine, and now nothing lay before us but grassy rounded slopes, where there were numerous encampments of Tibetans.

These encampments are called in their language 'Ba'; their tents are always guarded by large and savage dogs, which, like the cattle, change their coats during the summer. Many of these had not yet lost their winter fur, and were really ridiculous objects to look upon, with perhaps a nice clean summer coat on the fore-quarters, while behind, great tangled masses of fur and dirt still clung to their bodies, or dragged along the ground.

We were told of robbers here who have a habit, that must be especially unpleasant in cold weather, of robbing a man of everything, down to the last rag on his back, and leaving him absolutely naked. There were four families living at the bottom of the mountain, whose duty it was to look out for thieves, and guard the road.

From the summit of Deh-re-La (about 14,584 feet above the sea) we had a fine view over one of the valleys, so characteristic of this part of Tibet. A small stream meanders through a little plain, enclosed on both sides by hills, rising sometimes as much as a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the valley below. Nowhere is there any cultivation, nor is there a tree to be seen, nothing but gentle slopes and rounded tops all covered with grass, the richness of which is marvellous, and is only seen in places where snow lies for three quarters of the year. In these valleys there are quantities of the rhubarb so valued as a medicine; it is a fine-looking plant, of which there is a very good picture in Prejevalsky's book. Another herb that grows in profusion is something like a gigantic dock; its leaves are sometimes as much as two and a half feet long, and it throws up a straight thick stem, at the top of which is a large bunch of small yellow flowers; it is not used for anything, nor in itself is it par-

ticularly ornamental, but the masses of big leaves by the side of a stream look fine and handsome amongst the delicate grass and wild flowers.

From the summit of Deh-re-La, we looked across this plain to the mountains on the other side, and to the pass Wang-gi-La, a mountain of which Peh-ma now observed that, though it was not very high, there was plenty of medicine in it.

The summit of this mountain is 15,558 feet above the sea, and the excessive rarefaction of the air renders breathing difficult; but as the ascent is commenced from only a thousand feet below the top, and the road leads up by an easy gradient, the Tibetans do not realise its great altitude, and being quite unable to comprehend the sensations they experience, attribute them to noxious vapours, or other causes, and call the mountain a medicine mountain.

The sun was shining brightly, and there was a gentle breeze; as we marched across the little plain, the road lay along turf, which was simply perfect for a horse's foot; all nature smiled upon us, and I began to think that the happy valley of Rasselas must have been in Tibet!

About five miles up the valley, there was another Tang on the slope of the hill. Here two of our head muleteers met us, and going down on their knees, begged us to stop for the night, as they said the mules could never reach the next station. But notwithstanding the piteous way in which they cried 'La-so,' we pushed up towards the dreaded pass of Wang-gi-La. And now ominous clouds were gathering, rain soon began to fall, and a change came o'er the spirit of the scene. When we reached the summit a pitiless sleet was driving before a cutting wind, and there was a dreary view down a narrow valley, where the tops

of the hills were shrouded in mists. It was very cold, and another degree or two would certainly have changed the sleet into snow. What a difference a couple of hours made in my estimate of things in general! Two hours before I had been living in a sort of heaven, and now the happy valleys had lost their charm, and a coal fire in an English house seemed infinitely more desirable.

I was in front with the 'Long-lived Gem,' who was as cheery as ever; his patience used to be sorely tried, leading two ponies amongst the rich herbage, for these animals appreciated only too highly the unwonted luxury of the food, and, *stopping* every other minute to pick a delicate mouthful, they dragged at the poor fellow's arms till I expected to find his shoulder dislocated; but Job himself could hardly have been more enduring, and he certainly was not a person of such a cheery disposition. Lower down, when the dismal sleet turned into rain, the Ma-Fu became alarmed for his boots, so taking them off, he put them where a Tibetan puts everything, in the capacious fold above his waist-belt, and trudged on in the cold and wet, as happy and smiling as ever.

The 'Double Gem' was not quite of such a bright temperament, though in every way a first-rate fellow. His only fault was that all day long he would mutter prayers to the goddess of mercy, in a droning kind of intonation, which became rather tedious to listen to.

There was nothing to vary the monotony of the march down the mountain; seven miles in the driving wind and rain brought us to the Chinese village of Ho-chŭ-ka, consisting of two or three miserable tenements, of which the house we stopped in was the best. This was a Governmental building, or Kung-Kuan, for the use of travelling officials, and as such,

was of course out of repair, though the Margary proclamation had been posted for our edification. It was a wretched place, with but one small room; one end of this was occupied by the dais usual in a Chinese house; there was a hollow for a fire in the mud floor, but there was no window, and no hole for the escape of smoke; the roof leaked horribly, and the drops coming through brought large quantities of mud with them. Some wet sticks were brought, with which a little fire was made, that filled the room with pungent smoke.

But if our accommodation was not luxurious, we soon found that the tales, with which we had been frightened, of the impossibility of obtaining food, were, as usual, utterly untrue. First, some people brought dried fish; and immediately afterwards we were offered, for a rupee, twenty good fresh fish just out of the water, averaging about half a pound; another man brought us a dozen hen's eggs, and fifteen pigeon's eggs. Some mutton and a fowl of a certain age arrived as presents; the village produced one turnip, and two cabbages; Chin-Tai discovered some flour, and eventually we had a sumptuous repast.

Just before turning in, a cow strayed into the little courtyard, and apparently deeming my chair would provide an unhoped-for shelter from the mournful rain, endeavoured to make use of the rare opportunity, but was fortunately discovered before doing any other damage than the destruction of a paper lantern.

August 17.—The stream from the summit of Wang-gi-La falls at Ho-chŭ-ka into a river thirty yards broad; this river flows to the south, and in all probability falls into the Chin-Sha-Chiang, after being joined by the Lit'ang stream (or Li-chŭ). There were a number of small blue sea-gulls circling

about, and a family of young divers with a parent bird.

We followed up the right bank of the river, for about seven miles, by a very good and level road, amongst rounded, smooth, grassy hills, without a single tree, until, at the only hut between Ho-chŭ-ka and Lit'ang, we left the river and ascended a small stream. A man came out of the hut to look at the unwonted sight, and a huge dog barked savagely, and tugged at his chain in a way that threatened to break it or tear it from its fastenings.

The road up the valley was good, and nowhere steep; we ascended through the same undulating, grassy country; great herds of cattle, and sheep, and good-looking ponies were browsing on the slopes, and the silence was occasionally broken by the whistle or cry of the herdsmen, or the deep bay of a dog belonging to one of the numerous encampments dotted over this magnificent plateau. As we proceeded, the rain clouds cleared off, and the sun now and then shone out in fitful gleams. The people say that here, as well as in the Lit'ang plain, it rains every afternoon in the summer, but that the mornings are generally fine. The pass Mount Shie-gi-La (14,425 feet above the sea) is only 1,170 feet above Ho-chŭ-ka, and the ascent to it is gradual and very easy. From here gentle slopes lead down about seven hundred feet to the plain. This is from eight to ten miles wide, and stretches out for many miles east and west. Opposite, a range of hills bounds the plain; behind it rises the magnificent range of the Surong Mountains, stretching as far as the eye can see to the east and west, snowy peak rising behind snowy peak, where even at that great distance vast fields of snow almost dazzle the eye as the sun shines on them.

A river winds through the centre of the valley, numerous streams run down from the mountains on each side; at this season of the year, when covered with luxuriant grass and wild flowers, one can hardly regret that the excessive cold prevents anything else from growing; even the pines are wanting here, and since leaving the huts at Cha-ma-ra-don we had scarcely seen a tree. In fact, so unfruitful is the plain, that the people actually are obliged to use butter for lighting their rooms, as it is cheaper than either oil or pine splinters.

From the pass of Shie-gi-La, the house of the native chief is visible, but the town of Lit'ang lies back on the slope of a spur, and cannot be seen until close to it. We soon descended to the plain, where particles of gold were glittering in the sand in the watercourses, and by the road-side; and after a march of seventeen miles Lit'ang came into view.

It is a cheerless place, and one of the highest cities in the world, situated at an altitude of 13,280 feet above the sea;[5] no cereals of any kind, nor potatoes, can be raised. Just round the houses a few half-starved cabbages and miserable turnips appear to be the only things that can be produced.

Although there are only a thousand families in the city, there is a Lamassery within the walls containing three thousand Lamas, and not five miles away, another of nearly equal size. Notwithstanding the miserable poverty of the people, the Lamassery in Lit'ang is adorned with a gilded roof, that cost an immense sum of money. The roofs of all the Lamasseries that I have seen are gabled like the Chinese roofs, and those at Lit'ang are no exception.

Huc finds that Lit'ang means the 'Plain of Copper,'

[5] Potosi is 13,330 feet above the sea.

but I could hear of no such interpretation. There are three hundred Tibetan and ninety-eight Chinese soldiers in the neighbourhood, under the command of a Shou-Pei.

August 18.—The Chinese magistrate, a Liang-Tai, called upon us in the morning: an uninteresting person, who said little; and after him the Shou-Pei came, who told us that he had met Baron von Richthofen near Ch'ing-Ch'i. We received presents from these, and from the first hereditary chief and the second native chief, called by the Chinese Chang-Tu-Sze and Fu-Tu-Sze.

My servant, Huang-Fu, was getting weaker every day; his illness had now developed into decided dysentery, but it was little use giving him medicine, as he took no care of himself, and was hopelessly indulgent in his diet; here, because liquor was cheap, he treated himself to large quantities of the fiery native spirit, and was naturally very much the worse. It was impossible to leave the poor fellow behind, for there was no one to look after him, although he was now so weak that it was necessary to lift him on to his horse, but once mounted, he would sit all day quite contentedly, and as long as he could have his beloved pipe, he never complained or murmured at his hard lot.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT PLATEAU.

II. LIT'ANG TO BAT'ANG.

Departure—Quit the Lit'ang Plain—To-Tang—Dreary Aspects—Desolate but Healthy Region—Lassa Pilgrims—Characteristic Plant—High pass of Nga-ra-la-Ka—Cold Granite Region—Alarms of Robbers—Dzong-da—Pine-clad Valleys again—Lama-ya—The Cairns and Mani Inscriptions—The Man-ga-La—Stupendous Alpine Scene—The vast snowy Peak of Nen-da—Tibetan mode of building—Surpassing Scenery—The 'Yün-nan Bridge'—Charming halt at Rati, or San-Pa—Reminiscences of Huc and Gabet's Journey—The Guide's head turned with Wonder—Sublime aspect of the Mountains—Rhododendrons—Beautiful Valley of Pines—Unpeopled Tract—Ta-shiu—Manifold Uses of Raw Hide—Striking Picture—The J'ra-ka-La—Savage Desolation—Our Guide—Our Quarters at Pung-cha-mu—Descent towards the Chin-Sha River—Wild Independent Tibetans—Ba-jung-shih—Welcome on Arrival at Bat'ang—Chao the Magistrate, and Favourable Impressions—Abbé Desgodins—Discharge of our Suite—The Name of Bat'ang—The Plain—Possibilities of Navigation on the Rivers—Earthquakes—The Great Lamassery—Number of such—Causes that fill them—The Lamas a Curse to the Country—Eccentric Chinese System of Accounts—Property in Alpine Pastures—Slavery and Cattle-holding—Gradual Depopulation of Tibet—The Tibetan Chief of Bat'ang—Hostility of the Lamas—Alleged muster to bar our Advance—Quarters at Bat'ang—Cordial Hospitalities of Chinese Officials—Lively Banquet at Shou's—Noisy Game of Morra—The Wondrous Bath—A Night Alarm.

August 19.—The road from Lit'ang was said to be infested with robbers, and we were furnished with an escort of twelve Tibetan soldiers—the men who had come with us from Ho-K'ou leaving us. In accordance with what the people said was the custom of the place, it rained all the morning, as we marched over the low ridges thrown out into the plain from the mountains on the northern side. This plain is a favourite summer resort of the Tibetans, and numerous encampments of the black tents were dotted

about. Immense herds of cattle and sheep were browsing around them, and the quiet was broken by the deep bay of the watch-dogs.

Four and a half miles from Lit'ang a spur runs out to the road, and on its summit, about a mile distant, there is a large Lamassery. Close to the road, on the crest of the same low spur, there is a building containing hot sulphur baths. The water from these runs in a natural, underground channel, whence gas bubbles up through the crevices of the sandstone; and at the end of the spur steam may be seen issuing from the ground.

The river Li-chŭ, which joins the Chin-Sha somewhere in the neighbourhood of Li-Kiang-Fu, is about forty yards wide, and is crossed by a bridge called Chi-zŏm-ka; this is in four spans, the piles being of loose stones encased in timber. It is not a structure of any great strength, and no one ventures to ride over it. At the other side is a Chinese To-Tang, and here our escort changed horses.

We now left the Lit'ang plain, and, striking up a small stream, ascended a valley, where we discovered that the mountains on this side (the southern side) are all of granite. Very bare, dreary, and desolate they looked; the ground strewn with great boulders, which made travelling anything but pleasant. As we ascended, the rain, which had been falling on and off all the morning, turned into sleet and hail, which did not tend to enliven the proceedings. We followed up a stream with low undulations, not more than a hundred feet above us, all covered with loose stones; and after winding about a little, over stony ridges, and equally stony valleys, the road steadily rising all the way, we arrived at a To-Tang, where there were a few Tibetan soldiers.

The day was miserably damp and chilly, the steady rain only being varied by heavy squalls of hail; and although the place was half in ruins, and there were no coverings to the windows or doorways, we were glad enough to shelter ourselves from the inclement weather in the two rooms set apart for travelling officials. The place is called Jiom-bu-t'ang, or the Flat Plain, and is one thousand four hundred and thirty eight feet above Lit'ang—five hundred feet higher than the summit of Shie-gi-La.

August 20.—I got up soon after four, and found it required some resolution to plunge into my bath. There was a damp mist hanging over everything outside, and the place looked dismal enough; but by and by the fog lifted, and I discovered that there was a plain a hundred yards wide and a mile long; and as it was a flat place where no other flat places existed for some miles, its name was not altogether unsuitable. It was an unfertile spot, however, and the animals found but little to pick at amongst the big stones that were scattered about. But even here, wherever there was grass, wild flowers grew profusely amongst it. The flat place ran about north-east and south-west, and was bounded on the north-west by a steep and broken ridge, fifty to a hundred feet high, quite bare, and covered with loose granite boulders and stones. On the other side a similar ridge ran up, on which, however, there was a little grass. A sprinkling of snow had fallen in the night on the tops of some of the mountains, and the white covering now looked very close. It was not a cheerful scene, as the dank vapours hung about and threatened to descend in the form of hail, rain, or something disagreeable.

The yard of the inn was in such a filthy state that it was almost impossible to move without sink-

ing knee-deep in mud; and women as dirty as the yard, with clothes no cleaner, but covered with strings of beads and huge silver ornaments, were paddling with bare feet and legs in the black slime, engaged in various menial offices.

We were warned that, as there were many robbers about, we must all keep close together, with our mules, chair, horses, and horsemen. We had a large escort—some in front, some behind, and others in the middle. One man was carrying a red banner, on which prayers and invocations were so closely written that if only one half of them had been listened to by Buddha, it would have been perfectly safe to walk into a den of thieves.

Our sick people were all better to-day. A chair-coolie, who at Cha-ma-ra-don had lain flat down on the ground, swearing he could not move, was now quite sprightly; and Huang-Fu, with his pipe, was able to mount his horse without assistance.

On the summit of a ridge we met a party of pilgrims on their way to Lassa. There were men and women, each carrying a spear, and trudging mournfully and slowly over the rocky path.

As the sun got up the mists rose, and there was every promise of a fine day, or at least an absence of rain. The road, though somewhat stony, was not very bad; nor was the ascent very steep; but the scenery well merited the epithet 'desolate' given it by Cooper:—rough undulating ground, in every direction covered with loose stones and huge masses of granite, of some twelve or fourteen feet cube; low hills, backed by jagged peaks, their tops covered with a sprinkling of snow, but not sufficient to hide the barrenness and nakedness of the rock beneath. A plant was growing in the hollows, eminently charac-

teristic of the scenery in all Tibetan plains. It runs up a straight stem, some two feet high. The leaves on it grow downwards and fold back over one another; and a number of these growing quite straight out of the ground looked more than anything else like the cleaners for the glass chimneys of oil lamps used in England. The people tear the outside skin off and suck the centre of the stick. It tastes something like sorrel.

Four and a half miles of march brought us to a plain called Nga-ra-la-ka, where, at the foot of a couple of ragged peaks, there is a little pond about a hundred yards across. A robbery had been committed two or three days previously near this place. The robbers stripped the unfortunate victim, and, being in a hurry to get the ornaments off his plait, cut it off to save time.

Another mile brought us to the dreadful summit of Nga-ra-la-ka, 15,753 feet above the sea. The mules were a few hundred yards ahead of us, and we heard the muleteers set up a shout of joy as they gained the highest point. They say that in foggy weather people often swoon here. Ting-Ko, the boy we picked up at Ta-Chien-Lu, seemed to feel the rarefaction of the air very much, and could hardly drag himself along. Here and there, just at the top, there were a few patches of snow lying in the road, but they were very small.

After passing the crests we descended over the same dreary wastes of huge granite blocks. All this mountain mass is of a very hard, whitish-grey granite, and is much colder than the sandstone ridge at the other side of the Lit'ang plain. A good many skulls of oxen were lying about here, and it can be no matter for surprise that great numbers perish in the

winter months, when the whole place is deep in snow. There are no poles and no cairns to indicate the path. It must then be a matter of the greatest difficulty to find or keep the road; and a wretched animal, stumbling between two boulders, each as big as a small room, would have little chance of escape.

A little below the summit we found a pond, or small lake, about half a mile long, dignified with the name of Cho-Din, or The Sea.[1] We were told that some robbers had slept here the night before, and gone off before daybreak. They said they were robbers because they were not known; they had no visible occupation; and they went away very early—three certain indications of bad characters.

The native chief of Lit'ang had sent off parties of soldiers to scour the hills in all directions, directly he had heard of our approach. This was owing to the attentions of Pao at Ta-Chien-Lu, who was an excellent magistrate, and had sent most stringent orders regarding us. He had been at one time Liang-Tai at Lit'ang, and when he first came he took such active measures, and made such severe examples of the first robbers he caught, that during the rest of his term no more brigandage was heard of in his district; and though we were no longer within his jurisdiction, his name was still so highly respected that we were well taken care of.

We halted for breakfast at a place called Dzong-Dā, which means 'dry sea.' It is eight hundred and fifty-seven feet below the summit, and is a sort of marsh in a valley two hundred yards wide, and one

[1] *Cho*, or rather *Tso*, is 'a lake,' and is attached to the names of all the great lakes of Western Tibet, e.g. Tso-Pangong, Tso-Langak, Tso-Mapham,—the last two the Rákas Tál and Mansaráwar of the Hindus.—*F.*

mile long, running up to the east, between low granite ridges, covered with loose stones. Here we were astonished by a swarm of mosquitoes, most unexpected assailants, for we had not seen a mosquito for weeks.

Dzong-Dā consisted of no more than one hut, a Tang, and we left it to march over the same granite waste for four miles, when, after crossing a stream, we suddenly struck the sandstone, and the scene changed as if by magic. We again entered the rounded grassy hills, and a little lower, descending a stream, the pine-clad valleys appeared, and the lovely landscape that had charmed our eyes in the sandstone at the other side of Lit'ang was again spread out before us. We descended rapidly, and every now and then caught a glimpse of a grand snowy range in the distance; the sun came out, the air was delicious, and the afternoon ride was most enjoyable.

Thirteen and a half miles from Dzong-Dā, the stream we were following was joined by another equal in size, the two together forming a fair-sized river; and here the welcome sight of barley met our eyes, the first cultivation we had seen for a long time; and another mile and a half brought us to La-ma-ya.

The house we stopped in was built by Pao, when he was Liang-Tai at Lit'ang. There had been an upper story, the lower rooms being for servants only, but when Pao left it fell into disrepair, and the upper story gradually disappeared. The present Liang-Tai, although he had money for the purpose, did not choose to spend it, and so the house was now in a half-ruined state.

August 21.—We left the river we had been descending, and striking up a narrow gorge, through

which a little stream was trickling, again turned our backs on cultivation and trees. The road was very fair, though a little stony in places, and the ascent to the summit, through sloping hills covered with beautiful grass, was neither long nor difficult. We were still in the sandstone, and the hills were smooth and rounded. The pass is called Yi-la-ka, and is 14,246 feet above the sea.

Looking over the valley to the mountains on the other side, we caught a glimpse every now and then of a magnificent snowfield, as the clouds came and went across it. Down below us the road was marked out by the familiar religious cairns, immense piles, with 'Om Mani Pemi Hom' roughly engraved on every stone; and from a hill on which we were standing, these heaps appeared like some gigantic serpent twisting through the valley.

From here a zigzag took us down to another fine grassy plain, and at the bottom we again came upon the granite. The river Dzeh-dzang-chŭ winds through the valley, its water of that peculiar bluish-white, by which snow water can almost always be recognised. The river is crossed by a bridge near some hot springs called Cha-chŭ ka, and a road from here leads by a seven days' journey to the Chung-Tien district. The granite lies only in the bottom of this valley, for at the other side the hills are again of sandstone, with a great deal of quartz and friable slaty shale. I could see no difference in the Flora of the two systems, and, as for the Fauna, with the exception of the ever-present magpies and crows, there appeared to be absolutely none.

We had descended 884 feet, and now went up 250 eet to a pass called Man-ga-La; down again a little

way, and once more up we found ourselves on another of these magnificent grassy plateaus, with a splendid panorama of snowy mountains.

Our escort halted here a little while, and we spent the time in getting the names of the different peaks; but the natives are so ignorant of these, that a mountain seen from one point can hardly be identified from another. Nen-da, and Gombo-kung-ka appeared to be the names of the two highest; of the former we were afterwards thoroughly satisfied, but the other remained doubtful. Here enormous fields of snow seemed close to us, huge icy pinnacles frowned above us, and we could not wonder at the superstitions engendered in the ignorant minds of those who live amongst these scenes.. In the icy breaths wafted from that pure expanse of dazzling white, imagination could hardly fail to feel the presence of the spirit of the frost and snow, or in the fitful gusts that murmured through the gullies to hear the rustle of that spirit's wings. The ice-blue water of the stream below, as it dashed over its rocky bed, seemed to leap for joy at its escape from the frosty trammels that had bound it, and the spray that broke from the rocks in sparkling gems seemed in the very wantonness of mirth to cast defiance at the hoary giants above. It was a scene never to be forgotten. and we both gazed long, with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration. But time is inexorable—our journey was not yet finished, and mounting our ponies we continued our march up the Nen-chŭ river.

A little farther on the village of Le-ka-ndo nestled by the side of the stream. It consisted only of two or three houses, one of which appeared a remarkably good one, well built with strong walls of stone. Here again barley was growing round the

village, and close down to the stream, but there was none farther up, though as we ascended the valley there was plenty of ground well fitted for the purpose. In the valley the usual wild currants, gooseberries, barberries, willows, and other shrubs were growing. Pine forests clothed the hills, and, as everywhere in the sandstone formations, the same beautiful grass and wild flowers. A couple of ruined villages were passed on the way, signs of the troubles in times not so very long ago, and after a march of little more than fourteen miles, we found another house built by Pao, precisely similar to that at La-ma-ya. These places are kept up for officials when they travel, and correspond to travellers' bungalows in India.

From here we had a glorious view of Mount Nen-da, and as the setting sun cast its last ray on the summit, I could well appreciate the solemn beauty of the scene. No words can describe the majestic grandeur of that mighty peak, whose giant mass of eternal snow and ice raises its glorious head seven thousand feet above the wondering traveller, who yet stands within five miles of its summit. He can but gaze with admiration, and appreciate the feelings of the Tibetans, that have led them to call it Nen-Da, or The Sacred Mountain.

I had intended to have made a sketch of this unrivalled peak, but I left it till the next morning, when I knew that I should have some spare time, and descended from the housetop to the room below. The smoke inside was almost insupportable, and it required all my resolution to settle down to write. It is a marvel that people who burn fires in their houses during ten months out of the twelve have not discovered the use of a chimney; but the most luxurious do no more than make a hole in the roof,

and often there is no means of egress for the smoke but by the window or door. The smoke of the green wood, which is the only fuel, is most pungent, and after sitting in it for any length of time, it becomes absolutely painful to the eyes. The Tibetans, also, are hopelessly ignorant of the art of stone-dressing. The walls of the houses are made of stone, mostly flat pieces of the slaty shale,—so abundant in the sandstone,—stuck together with mud; but all the framework and party walls are of wood, and that even at Lit'ang, where there is plenty of splendid granite quite close, and where timber must be very expensive.

August 22.—The mules had been turned out to graze on the delicious pastures, and it was some time before they were captured and ready for a start. So I strolled out in the early morning and enjoyed the delicious air and lovely view. Clouds had gathered round the noble brow of Mount Nen-da, but vast snowfields still were visible, and enhanced the beauty of the little hamlet that shares its name.

It is on a little triangular plateau of grass; bounded on the south by the stream that separates Nen-da from its giant neighbours, it extends a mile and a half to the north, to the beautiful undulating grassy hills, and on the third side is the river Nen-chŭ.

Our escort came with us no farther than this, for they said we were now beyond the haunts of the bandits, whose existence was sufficiently real to prevent them returning by daylight.

The snowy air here must have been very healthful: Huang-Fu had now almost recovered; the mules seemed fresh and ready for another long march after their luxuriant repast; and all were in good spirits as we left the little village amidst the respectful salutes of our escort.

Marching up this valley, scene after scene of loveliness meets the unwearied eye. Forests of noble pines, grassy slopes and level plains, covered with sweet-scented flowers, where Nature, in one of her most lavish moods, seems to have compensated by the wonderful beauty of the scenery for the short duration of the summer.

The road ran along the side of the river, generally fifty feet to a hundred and fifty feet above it; but now and then descending to the water's edge; in one or two places passing over gentle grassy banks. The road was of the finest gravel, and the slopes dotted with pines and yews of the most delicate forms, grouped by Nature singly and in clumps in a way the hand of man has never rivalled.

Every now and then a valley opening on our right disclosed the vast snowfields of Mount Nen-Da, and with my glasses I could discern the blue glint of the ice. On the western side, which we saw at the end of the day, the snowfields seemed unlimited. With its spurs it covered the length of our day's march, and its summit is 20,500 feet above the sea.

Seven miles from Nen-Da there is a bridge across the river called the Yün-Nan Chiao (Yün-Nan Bridge), so named because it was built by Wu-San-Kwei, a general known as 'Pacificator of the West.' This hero, in the reign of the last emperor of the last dynasty, was a general in the army in the province of Chi-Li. Quartered somewhere in the neighbourhood of Shan-Hai-Kuan, it was he who invited the Manchu Tatars into the empire, upset the last dynasty, and established the present one. When the first emperor found himself firmly seated on the throne he sent Wu-San-Kwei, with the title of King Pacificator of the West, into Yün-Nan and the neigh-

bouring provinces, where there were great disturbances. Coming here from Yün-Nan, to chastise the rebels, he called this the Yün-Nan Bridge. He was justly a celebrated man, and the blame he received from his friends for not taking the imperial power himself will not be awarded him by the unbiassed historian.

A little higher up the valley there is the print of his horse's feet in the rock. This is now carefully covered over with stones to protect it from the weather.

For eleven miles we marched through a sandstone formation, after which the rocks were of a rotten, friable granite; and here again the scenery began to change, though not so suddenly as before. After about fourteen miles we emerged into a wide, undulating plateau, with great loose boulders lying about. The grass was still luxuriant, but the trees had disappeared, and the scenery was totally different from that of the more temperate sandstone.

We halted at Ra-ti, the Tsanba of Cooper. The Chinese call this San-Pa, or The Three Plains. It is situated at the end of a charming little green plain about two miles long, with a width in the widest part of a little less. The village consists of eight families, living in two or three houses; but in the plain there is a large nomad population in black tents, who feed their cattle in the level valley, and on the sides of the gently sloping ridges that enclose it. These wandering shepherds remain here during the short summer, but at the approach of winter move lower down to some less rigorous climate. It is believed that more than half the population of Tibet live in these black tents; but giving this due consideration the population must be exceedingly sparse.

In our marches we rarely passed a habitation of any kind between the villages. The generality of these contained no more than ten or a dozen families, and the largest eighty, or a hundred families at most.

There were some Chinese at Ra-ti, and we stopped in a new Chinese house, built of wood, very roughly put together.

Here we met an old man who told us that he had formerly been a soldier, and that he had been one of an escort that had conducted a foreigner from Ch'êng-Tu to Si-Ngan-Fu in the year 1848. He said that there was only one foreigner, that he was a big man with a large nose, and that he had come from Tibet under an escort. We at first thought that the foreigner with the big nose must have been Gabet, for our old friend might well have taken Huc for a Chinaman; and he might easily have made a mistake about the date, as of course he spoke entirely from memory. But Huc and Gabet were taken to Macao, and not to Si-Ngan-Fu; and as this was a discrepancy we could not account for, we could only come to the conclusion that the foreigner had not come from Tibet, but that as those were the days of great persecutions some other missionary had been taken to Si-Ngan-Fu. We were loth to give up the idea that we had stumbled on traces of Huc and Gabet, especially at San-pa, the scene of the death of Ly-Kouo-Ngan, the Pacificator of Kingdoms.[2]

The old Chinaman told us, almost as Huc narrates it,[3] the story of the king of Tibet, who poisoned the three Dalai Lamas, and who was afterwards overthrown by the Chinese ambassador. He added, however, what Huc does not mention, that the ambas-

[2] *Souvenirs d'un Voyage*, vol. ii. chap. x. p. 501.

[3] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. chap. vi.

sador collected a vast amount of loot at the sacking of the king's palace; and it must have been some of this that the great Ki-Chan (Keshen of our English negotiations at Canton) confided to the adventurous Abbé.[4]

August 23.—Mesny bought a good strong grey pony here for fifty rupees, and left his other behind, as the poor brute was so lame that it could hardly move. This was the beginning of our troubles—for after this pony after pony succumbed to the long and continued marches.

It was a miserable morning and raining heavily as we left the village of the Three Plains, and though it cleared up a little soon afterwards we were enveloped in a Scotch mist nearly all day. After marching for an hour and three quarters over an excessively dreary plateau, where granite blocks strewed the ground in every direction, and where a few small shrubs, gooseberries, and currants, and a dwarf yew, grew amongst the stones, we reached the beginning of the final zigzag, and after ascending for another quarter of an hour by a path that was not very steep, we gained the summit of Rung-Se-La, or San-Pa-Shan, 15,769 feet above the sea. From here we had a magnificent view of fog in every direction; and the distance we could see was nearly a hundred yards all round!

We had a guide with us who had never seen a foreigner before. He was a half-breed, and rode a pony that had been mauled in the flank by a wolf. He was so much interested in us that he rode the whole way with his head turned round, and left the pony to find the road, which it did admirably. I at

[4] *Souvenirs d'un Voyage*, vol. ii. chap. viii.

last began to think the guide was riding backwards. I was wrong, however: he was sitting the proper way, and none of my anticipations as to his head falling off came true. They say there are great numbers of enormous wolves here; and in the forests, on the western side, there are (so they say) every kind of wild beast—tigers, panthers, bears, wolves, and monkeys. The descent of the mountain was much more difficult than the ascent; but after three miles we escaped from the mist, and our toils were forgotten in the wild scene that lay before us. Bare crags towered above a sea of pines, and a weird forest of naked and blackened trunks seemed like the relics of some huge strife of the elements; indeed, it was not difficult to fancy the fierce conflict still being waged; and it only wanted the crash of thunder to complete the illusion. To the left a vast forest of pines rolled up the mountain-side, as though to storm its summit; but far above the highest, and laughing to scorn their efforts, the grim and savage rocks rose high towards the heavens. Thousands of dead stems in the van of the attack looked like the victims of this furious combat, whilst down below myriads of mighty pines seemed marshalling their hosts for a renewed assault. On the other side green grassy slopes looked calmly on at the desperate battle, whilst right in front a gigantic wall of rock, towering up nearly perpendicularly, as though ready to hurl itself into the fray, reared its stupendous head into the clouds that sometimes swept across its summit. Not ten yards from us, the blackened stems of two colossal pines twisted their withered branches into all sorts of fantastic shapes, standing like spectre sentinels over the struggle.

We gazed some time on the magnificent scene, and then, descending a steep and rocky path, plunged into the dense forest.

Here there were vast numbers of rhododendrons, called by the Tibetans 'Ta-ma.' After much inquiry I elicited a Chinese name, but as in all probability it was invented expressly for me, I did not put much faith in the title Yang-Ko-Chai.[5] There were also great quantities of the holly-leaved oak.

This is the forest of which Huc speaks in such raptures as the most beautiful he had seen in the mountains of Tibet[6]; but in enumerating the trees he miscalls the holly-leaved oak a holly,—a mistake very easy to fall into when acorns are not to be found.

When we arrived at the end of the valley where the stream joins the river, there was a beautiful open glade, where a sort of monument had been built in honour of the mountain. Here our coolies and people lit a fire under a tree and cooked their tsanba. It was a most picturesque group, though the pleasure was somewhat marred by the rain, which again came down heavily.

From here we marched up what was, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the valleys we had been in. It differed, too, from the others; for on one side there was a range of bare and ragged rocks behind the grassy hills, and on the other, tremendous and steep mountains frowned upon the glen. A dense pine forest covered their lower slopes, whilst up above crags and pinnacles of the most unwonted shapes crowned great precipices of bare rock. Here and there the pines came down and formed a belt across the green valley.

[5] The Chinese for Rhododendron is 'Chia-Chu-T'ao.'

[6] *Souvenirs d'un Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 400.

We marched through it very rapidly, the road running in almost a straight line due north to the village of Ta-shiu, which the Chinese call Ta-So, the first houses we had seen all day—for since Ra-ti we had not passed the smallest hut, and not even the vestige of a ruin. There were no black tents of the nomads, and between the two villages, a distance of twenty-four miles, there is absolutely no population. Here we took up our quarters at the foot of the Ta-So, or Ta-shiu range, the last of the mountains before Bat'ang. And here I received a letter from Monsieur Desgodins, with the welcome intelligence that the chief magistrate of Bat'ang had already arranged for mules and horses, and that we should not be unnecessarily delayed.

The house we stopped in—if house it could be called—was like a disused battery on a rainy day. The place did not possess a window, and looking out at the door a narrow path, about a foot deep in sludge and black mud, led between two rows of tumble-down huts built of roughly-squared logs, their roofs covered with timber and earth. Their size, their construction, the nature of the aperture doing duty for a door, and their general appearance, were just like field powder-magazines. These were the outbuildings of the official residence and best house in the village of Ta-shiu—an important place, for there were as many as fifteen or sixteen families in it.

The grazing ground was so good here, and there was so little at Pun-jang-mu, our next halting-place, that the muleteers begged permission to let their mules feed till late in the day. They said 'La-so' very humbly, and, as if the request had not been

granted they would have started late just the same, we made a virtue of necessity, and graciously gave the required consent.

August 24.—The animals, however, were ready earlier than we had expected, and the men came in with their raw hide thongs to pack the loads. In this country raw hide takes the place of the bamboo of Southern China. Everything is done with raw hide and thongs of raw hide. When the doors tumble to pieces—as they always do—they are looped up with raw hide thongs. If the legs of a table are all loose—and I never found them otherwise—they are secured in the same way; and it was our impression that if there were any surgeons in Tibet, they would tie on the arms of a man, if he had lost them, with raw hide thongs. They become wonderfully skilful with these things. A muleteer takes a box, he passes his thong round it once or twice, and with a turn of his wrist, it is lashed up in a manner that would puzzle anyone but a Tibetan muleteer or a Davenport Brother to undo. Leather is unknown, because tanning is an expensive process, requiring more capital than a Tibetan can lay out.

We left the beautiful valley, and plunged at once into a wild gorge, the tops of the hills broken into jagged points of the most fantastic shapes. We found a capital road, the ascent was not difficult, and we soon left the trees behind us, the last to defy the severities of these tremendous altitudes being a few bold and hardy yews.

The valley and hill-sides were strewn with stones and rocks, amongst which the usual quantities of wild flowers of every colour were growing, and after six and three quarter miles we found ourselves in a little circular basin, about a hundred yards in diameter,

surrounded on all sides, except that by which we had come, by steep and ragged precipices, three hundred feet high. At the bottom there was a little pond of clear water; no opening was anywhere visible in the savage walls of rock, but up one side a desperately steep and rough zigzag led to the top.

As this basin was nicely sheltered, and only about five hundred feet from the summit, I determined to use the hypsometer here, and in the wondering gaze of guides and soldiers I set to work. The scene would have made a splendid picture:—the wild surroundings of bare rocks, and the still more wild-looking fellows grouped about, with their tall felt hats, their sword scabbards set with coral and turquoise, and long matchlocks, with prongs at the end of the barrel; Mesny with a long scarlet cloak reaching almost to the ground, the ponies with their queer saddles covered with felts and sheepskins, and the transparent water of the little pond reflecting the proceedings. We were 16,129 feet above the sea, and the summit of the pass was 540 feet above us.

The rocks here were full of iron, and affected the compass, how much I could not tell. I took a bearing as an experiment close to a rock, and, moving only a few yards, found a difference of a degree and a half. The tops of the crags were all yellow with iron, which sometimes produced remarkable effects.

The Tibetan name for this mountain is J'Ra-ka-La, but strange to say this is almost forgotten, and it is usually spoken of as the Ta-So-Shan; even Pehma and the Ma-Fu, whom we had questioned on the subject, had forgotten the native name, and it was not until after some conversation with the muleteers that they recollected it.

We reached the summit without much difficulty;

there was no snow anywhere visible, nor was there any view, as the mountains were all shrouded in heavy clouds. Here, on the razor-like edge of the ridge, there was a pile of stones; the pious of our party added to the heap, and knocked their heads in thankfulness to Buddha for the dangers happily passed.

Just over the crest of the pass there is a great basin two miles in diameter, and such a wild and savage scene I never before looked on—a very abomination of desolation. Great masses of bare rock rising all round; their tops perpendicular, torn and rent into every conceivable shape by the rigour of the climate. Long slopes of *débris* that had fallen from these were at the bottom, and great blocks of rock, scattered over the flat of the basin, lay tumbled about in most awful confusion amongst the masses that cropped out from below the surface; three or four small ponds formed in the hollows were the sources of the stream that, descending from the basin, plunged into another valley, and falling rapidly, soon became a roaring torrent, dashing through mile after mile of dense pine forest. The stillness of this place was very remarkable. The air was so rarefied that I could hardly hear the horses' feet only a few yards off, and when quite out of hearing of these, as I walked on alone, the silence was most impressive.

The road began badly, over the rugged stones of this desolate spot. It went on worse, as, descending sharply, it plunged into the enormous pine forest of which we now only saw the commencement, and it ended worst of all in a sea of black mud spread over the same unpleasant masses of rock.

The guide, who rode ahead, was a very remarkable figure. He had no head-dress whatever, and his hair fell in tangled locks over his shoulders. He had a

very long nose, like many of the people here—a great contrast to the small features of the Chinamen. He had no hair on his face, and he was dressed in one garment of coarse sacking. A long matchlock with prongs and a huge cooking cauldron were slung at his back; the end of a coral-mounted sword projected from his clothes. His little pony was covered with felts and sheepskins, and at each side of the saddle were two great sacks. All the way down the 'Long-lived Gem' walked beside him, and narrated some wonderful stories, probably about ourselves, and his exclamations of surprise were continued. 'Arī-ī-ī,' he would say, dwelling on the final ī, and drawing it out for nearly a *minute*. Then, as evidently the Ma-Fu made some more than usual astounding statement, the guide would turn his head, and look at us with wide open eyes, and exclaim 'Eh-h-h-h, ī-ī-ī-ī.'

At two o'clock we came to some fields of barley, surrounding the village of Pung-cha-mu, or Pun-Jang-Mu. The Chinese are worse than the English, and as bad as the French, at getting hold of foreign names. Mu-lung-gung they pronounce Pou-Lang-Kung; this place they write and say Pun-Jang-Mu, and Ta-shiu in their mouths becomes Ta-So.

If the house we stayed in at Ta-shiu was like a battery before a siege, the Kung-Kuan at Pung-cha-mu was like the same work after a severe bombardment. This place was very Chinese, and a fearfully heavy roof had been placed on walls without foundations; everything had given way, and nothing was perpendicular, except what ought to have been sloping. Logs of wood, and planks, that once formed part of the building, encumbered the filthy entrance, which was feet deep in black slime. The buildings themselves, half toppling over, seemed only saved from a

complete downfall by their excessive lowness; great beams, that served no architectural purpose whatever, thrust themselves out obtrusively in all directions, and helped to complete the likeness to the interior of a siege work. We were, however, well accustomed to curious places, and settled down philosophically, contented with a roof overhead, and much gratified at the unusual absence of smoke.

Huang-Fu was now getting quite strong again, but Peh-ma was sick to-day, with the invariable symptoms of pains all over him. I never knew one of my followers ill, who was not afflicted with this extraordinary ubiquity of dolours. I was not fond of practising unlearned experiments, even on the 'corpus vile' of a Tibetan, but Mesny courageously dosed our interpreter with a handful of pills, which, with a large proportion of faith, seemed to relieve his mind, if not his body.

August 25.—To my mind the forest we marched through from Pung-cha-mu was more deserving of Huc's panegyrics than that to which he applied them. The holly-leaved oaks were here fine trees, and the rhododendrons reached a considerable size; gooseberries and currants at first abounded, though, as we approached the Chin-Sha, these shrubs, which belong to the plateau rather than the valleys, soon disappeared. We were now leaving behind us the grassy upland, and descending steadily towards the valley of the River of Golden Sand. By degrees everything betokened the approach of a warmer climate; the parrots again darted from bough to bough, the rich grass and lavish profusion of wild flowers was no more seen, the houses were surrounded by patches of cultivation, and the more delicate trees were interspersed among the hardy pines and oaks.

This forest is said to be full of wild animals and monkeys. Soon after our arrival at Pung-cha-mu, a bear had ventured near to the village, killed one of our baggage animals, eaten half of it, and buried the remainder. Two Tibetans lay in wait all night over the buried portion, but the bear did not return to finish his meal.

The rocks here are of an exceedingly rich limestone; huge masses lie about looking like marble, and quantities of quartz.

Not far from Pung-cha-mu there is a model of a boat, fashioned by some magic hand in the rock, possessing the useful property of keeping travellers in the right path. The guide who was with us failed to find this misplaced vessel. Nevertheless, we did not lose our way, and had it not been for the solemn assurances of our conductor, I should have been inclined to attribute our good fortune more to the fact that it was quite impossible in the dense forest to wander from the path without being entangled in the thick undergrowth, than to any mysterious virtues of the ship of stone.

We were told before we started that a drove of two hundred oxen was expected from Bat'ang, and as there are parts of the road where one animal can by no possibility pass another, it was necessary to send a man on in advance to keep the narrow places clear. We met the caravan soon after leaving, but in a spot where the slopes above and below the narrow path were not too steep to prevent the lumbering beasts clambering out of our way.

They were driven by men from a part of Tibet beyond Bat'ang, who wore hats of felt, shaped very much like the ordinary high European hat. Our guide said that they were wild, independent fellows,

with but little respect for authority of any kind, and ever ready with their knives to resent an injury, fancied or real. They always refuse to give their horses or oxen, even to the highest officials, without regular payment, and have been known to take summary vengeance on one who attempted to evade it. It was only for such exalted persons as ourselves that they would allow their animals to be driven off the path. The men of our escort were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity of a little brief authority; they showed but scant mercy, and the frightened beasts crashed amongst the thick undergrowth, some of them dropped their loads, and others only just saved themselves from rolling down the almost precipitous bank into the torrent we could indistinctly hear below.

The road was very fair; it followed the side of the hill, and descending much less rapidly than the brawling stream was soon six or seven hundred feet above it.

Six miles from Pung-cha-mu, looking down the valley in the north-west direction, in the far distance, there was a hill with a very remarkable knob at the top. The people said it was at a place three days' journey beyond Bat'ang, called Tang-ye, where they said there was a wild, independent tribe, who owned allegiance to neither Tibetans nor Chinese.

After a march of nine miles we reached the village of Ba-jung-shih, called by the Chinese Hsiao-Pa-Chung. By this time we had left the dense forest of pines and oak, and the hill-sides were rather precipitous, bare in places, or covered with a low scrub; while in the valley there were yellow-plum-trees, gooseberries, currants, and wild mint, the latter reaching a height of four or five feet. There is a hot

spring close to this village, and three miles further the river enters a narrow gorge with precipices about one thousand feet high on both sides. The bed of the river is exceedingly steep, and the water falls and tumbles in cascades, much after the manner of the stream at Ta-Chien-Lu. The road now was execrable; cut out of the side of the rock, or propped up by a pole in the old familiar style, and sometimes running along the side of a very steep slope of loose *débris* brought down from the mountains, it helped to remind us that we had left the rolling plains.

As we descended, the road became worse, and staircase-like tracks, such as we had not seen since leaving Ta-Chien-Lu, sometimes compelled us to dismount. The sun now pouring down into the narrow valley, the exercise made the thick clothes we wore rather oppressive; everyone, therefore, commenced to discard his extra coverings; one garment after another was thrown off, till we could no longer recognise each other's figures.

At the outskirts of Bat'ang a few soldiers and official servants were drawn up, who kneeling on one knee bade us a respectful welcome, and presented the card of the chief magistrate, 'Ch̨ao' Ta-Laoye,[7] the Liang-Tai. Scarcely had this important ceremony been concluded than another party, not less numerous, saluted us in the name of Shou, the chief military official, a Tu-Ssu, and when these were passed a retinue of the native chief of Bat'ang announced the wishes of their liege lord that our stay in his territory might be propitious.

We were conducted straight to the house prepared for us, and we immediately received an exceedingly kind note from Monsieur Desgodins, accompanied by

[7] 'His Excellency Chao.' See *supra*, p. 97.

a loaf of excellent bread, a bottle of wine, and some peaches.

We had barely washed our hands when the Liang-Tai 'Chao' was announced, and the chief military officer with him. After complimenting me on *my* literary ability, he said we could hardly get away in two days, but that he would have everything ready if we remained three days. This announced rapidity of action was as unexpected as it was gratifying, and I could scarcely believe that the performance would equal the promise.

Chao was a man with a very agreeable countenance, bearing on it the signs of his active mind; unlike most Chinamen, both he and the military official here, cut their nails short. I remarked on this to Monsieur Desgodins, who answered, 'Ah! but they are real workers.' Chao always appeared to be at work, writing, or reading despatches, and his physical was almost as great as his mental activity. He was a remarkably small eater; I scarcely ever saw a *man* who ate less, and I had many opportunities of forming an opinion.

Monsieur Desgodins always spoke of him as a model magistrate, who endeavoured to deal fairly with all classes: altogether he was a remarkable man, and a bright contrast to the generality of Chinese officials.

After the usual *complimentary* questions regarding our honourable names and honourable ages, Chao asked if we had any *rifled artillery* in our portmanteaus. This question was not put as a joke, but meant in all seriousness. On our replying in the negative, he said, 'Ah! if you only could have given me one or two I soon would have made these Tibetans

say "La-so"; now I often have to say "La-so" to them.' This unpremeditated question and remark did more to show the true nature of the relations between the Chinese and Tibetans than anything else I had seen or heard.

When he had left, the native chief came in. He was dressed in Chinese costume, and wore the red ball; he is a heavy-looking person, and does not look like a Tibetan in the least. His name is Loh-chung-wan-tun, and he has the Chinese rank of Sieh-Tai. After he had gone, we called on Monsieur Desgodins, who was living alone. He is a most interesting and intelligent man, and has made many valuable observations on the geography of a totally unknown country, which he has had rare opportunities of studying.

August 26.—The first business to be undertaken in the morning was the payment of the muleteers, chair coolies, Ma-Fus, and interpreter, and the presentation of gifts to the many soldiers who had accompanied us.

We had bargained with the muleteers to do the journey in twenty days, and as they had accomplished it in nineteen, they were well entitled to the extra payments that made their eyes glisten with delight, and they thrust out their tongues further than I could have deemed possible. They afterwards returned, bringing a present of a jar of spirit made from what is here called black wheat. In the process of manufacture, sticks of juniper, a shrub that grows in profusion on the mountains, are thrown in, and the taste of the liquor is very much like that of weak gin. When the gift had been accepted, they begged that if any other of our countrymen should pass this way, we would

recommend them, and they would serve them as well as they had treated us.

The chair coolies were so pleased with their rewards, that they determined at once to take me further; this was a great convenience, as they had now fallen into my ways. The Ma-Fus, however, wished to return to their families, for which I was sorry, as they had both been exceedingly good servants; Peh-ma also returned to his little bit of land, though they all three seemed doubtful of reaching their houses in safety, on account of robbers. I subsequently learned that they would have been willing to come with us to Ta-Li-Fu, had it not been for Chin-Tai, whose overbearing manner they were unable to endue.

Now, every person who could possibly frame an excuse brought presents; first they came singly, then collectively, till I began to suspect they were like an army on the stage, and refused to pay for any more of the so-called gifts.

The Abbé Huc declares that the name Bat'ang means 'The Plain of Cows,' though in what language he does not say.[8]

The Tibetan name of the place is Ba, a word that has no meaning; the Chinese have added their favourite termination T'ang, which may mean either a place or a post station. The name 'The Plain of Cows' would certainly be inappropriate, for the plain, such as it is, is nearly entirely given up to cultivation.

There is a fable connected with the origin of the name, which is probably without any foundation of truth, but the existence of which clearly shows that

[8] Without presuming to have an opinion, let it be said, in justice to Huc, that Jaeschke's Tibetan Dictionary gives *Ba* or *Bha* = 'cow,' and *thang* = 'plain.'—*Y.*

the word 'Ba' can have no meaning. The story goes that once upon a time an old man and his wife wandering over the mountains with one sheep, their sole possession, in search of a habitation, came upon this place, and enchanted with its position, warmth, and fertility, decided to settle here, but could not think of a suitable name. Whilst they were discussing the question, the sheep began to bleat, and they agreed at once that the animal had decided the matter, and called it 'Ba.'

Bat'ang is well situated on a stream; it is about half a mile from the left bank of the river, and in a somewhat commanding position overlooks the plain.

The plain of Bat'ang, described by Huc as 'La magnifique, la ravissante plaine de Bat'ang,' lies at an altitude of 8,540 feet above the sea, but notwithstanding this, its sheltered position, and distance from the mountains of perpetual snow, render the climate temperate and agreeable. In January 1877 the lowest reading at six a.m. was + 10° F., but that was exceptional, the mean for the month at six o'clock being + 22° F. The mean for July 1877 at two p.m. was + 83° F., although on one occasion + 93° F. was registered at that hour by Monsieur Desgodins. At the time of our visit it was very warm, and the number of house-flies that swarmed in the houses, the streets, and even in the fields, was very remarkable, and equally disagreeable. The plain is not more than two to three miles long, and one to two miles wide, and is enclosed by almost bare and precipitous mountains. There is scarcely a tree to be seen in its length and breadth, and it is nearly altogether given up to the cultivation of wheat, black wheat, buckwheat, barley, and Indian corn. Before the earthquake in 1871 the

vines of Bat'ang were celebrated, and the native chief used to make great quantities of wine; but since that year, the vines have either not been replanted, or they have not had time to grow, for now there are very few, and wine is made only in very small quantities. Mulberry-trees grow well in the vicinity, but silk is not manufactured, as killing the cocoon of the silk-worm is a mortal sin.

The Bat'ang river, a rapid stream twenty-five yards wide, winds through the plain, and joins the Chin-Sha-Chiang five miles below the town. Neither river is navigated, though there are a few boats on the Chin-Sha, a little lower down, at a place called Niu-K'ou. These, however, are only used for local purposes, and do not venture more than a few miles. I subsequently had many opportunities of forming an opinion, and certainly the river Chin-Sha is, generally speaking, not navigable above Shi-Ku, though there are many long, broad, quiet reaches where boats could be used. The boats in use at Niu-K'ou are mostly made of about eight raw bullock hides stretched over a wooden framework; one man only sits in them, and he steers from the bow with a paddle. They descend the stream in this way, and are carried back by land, the boat being sufficiently light to be easily carried on a man's back. There are also a few wooden boats at Niu-K'ou, that can be tracked a short distance against the stream, but these only ascend a few miles.

In 1871 Bat'ang was visited by a frightful series of earthquakes, which, lasting over many weeks, devastated the whole neighbourhood. In the town itself not one house was left standing, and the loss of life was awful; there was not one family in which there was not one dead. The traces of this appalling calamity

are still to be seen for many miles around this ill-fated town. The hill-sides are rent and torn, and huge slopes of *débris*, hurled from the mountains, have in many places buried and obliterated the ancient paths.

The town is now perfectly new, and every house is fresh; of these there are about two hundred, containing three hundred families, who are chiefly remarkable for their reputed immorality.

Close to the bank of the little river of Bat'ang, in the midst of the waving corn-fields, like the monks of old, the Lamas of Bat'ang have built their Lamassery, and sheltered by the golden roof that cost upwards of 1,000*l.* thirteen hundred Lamas live in idleness.

Lama is the Tibetan word for 'monk,' and means in their language 'superior person'; the French use the term 'Bonze'; and the Chinese in the west have another name, which, translated into English, means neither more nor less than 'criminals whose lives have been spared,' although the word in its application has lost somewhat of its signification. The story is that when the religion of Buddha was first established here, it was impossible to find inhabitants for the Lamasseries that were built, until they sent to these institutions all the criminals condemned to death. The Chinese now use this phrase for their priests, and see nothing incongruous in the epithet.

The number of Lamasseries throughout the country is astounding. At the small town of Ta-Chien-Lu there are three. At Lit'ang—a town of a thousand families—there are three thousand Lamas in the principal Lamassery; and outside the town is another building containing nearly as many. At Bat'ang, where there are only three hundred families,

the Lamassery contains thirteen hundred Lamas. The traveller may march for days, passing by only a few straggling villages, containing at most ten or a dozen houses, and yet every now and then he is sure to hear of some huge Lamassery not far from his road.

Whatever may have been the difficulty in filling these institutions in the early days of the Buddhist religion, it is only too easy now.

Parents who have a son, or sons, with whom they can do nothing, or whom they cannot afford to maintain, send their useless offspring with a gift to the nearest Lamassery.

If a man gets into debt and cannot pay, he enters a Lamassery, where he is safe from any assault on the part of his creditor.

If anyone owes money to a Lamassery, as soon as the Lamas can get no more interest from him, they seize his land, he soon follows his possessions, and becomes a Lama.

The idle member of a family will turn Lama and enter a Lamassery; he can then return to his relations for short periods of amusement or distraction, during which time he lives at their expense.

All those who, having committed crimes, wish to escape their deserved punishment, enter a Lamassery, and shelter themselves under the cloak of their assumed sanctity.

The Lamasseries are further peopled by the country-born children of the Chinese soldiers of the garrisons in Tibet. When these return to China, the foreign wives and children (see p. 86) are left behind, and the latter, in that case, generally enter a Lamassery.

Occasionally a Chinese soldier will take his wife

back with him; but to do this requires an amount of moral courage not often found. For, instead of being admired for his constancy, he will meet with nothing but the gibes and sneers of his companions for his folly and ill taste in burdening himself with a barbarian woman and her children.

The Lamas and Lamasseries are enormously rich. They certainly possess the greater part of the cultivated land in the plain of Bat'ang, and now must own nearly half of the country. Their wealth is daily increased, partly by legacies—for a dying man generally leaves something to the neighbouring Lamassery—but still more by usury. Being the only people in the country who have any property, a man in want of money always applies to the Lamas, and then his fate is sealed, as surely as when some spendthrift in London commences dealings with the Jews.

The rate of interest they exact for loans, even when real property is mortgaged, is fatal to the borrower. Interest mounts up, and left unpaid, interest on interest, till at last, utterly crushed by the extortion of his creditors—his land gone, and with nothing left—the unfortunate debtor mortgages himself and his services for some temporary loan, and ultimately becomes a Lama.

The Lamas do not spend all their time in the Lamasseries entirely given up to devotion. On the contrary, theirs is a life of freedom. Whenever so inclined, they leave their Lamassery, return awhile to their families, or to almost any house they choose to enter, spend their days as they please, and take anything they fancy away with them.

The Lamas assist in no way in the maintenance of the State; their lands are free from taxation; they

never lend their horses or animals for the public service, and do not pay one iota towards the Government expenses. They scarcely work in their fields themselves, as every Lamassery possesses hundreds of slaves. Thus the Lamas, by profession celibates, but in practice profligates, live in idleness and immorality—a curse to the country and the people.

The chiefdom of Bat'ang is governed by its native chief, under the immediate supervision of a Chinese official, who is paramount in the place. The taxes are collected by the native chiefs, who pay the imperial taxes to the Chinese official, who in his turn remits them to Peking. Not very long ago, the system of accounts adopted by the Chinese Government being imperfect, it was customary to send the whole of the imperial taxes in bullion, at least as far as Ya-Chou; the pay of the Chinese officials and soldiers being also sent in bullion back to Bat'ang. In recent years, however, knowledge of book-keeping has advanced sufficiently far amongst the Chinese to enable them to abolish this clumsy process, although the novel experiment has not been quite so successful as might have been expected, for the predecessor of Chao, in the office of Liang-Tai of Bat'ang, was a careless, indolent person. He spent the money himself, or allowed the native chiefs who collect the taxes to spend it, and neglected for some years to render an account to the governor-general of Ssŭ-Ch'uan, to whom he was responsible.

This governor-general must have been a careless person also, and probably the Liang-Tai trusted to this weakness in his character; but he suddenly demanded not only the year's taxes but all the arrears. The Liang-Tai failed to produce them; he was deposed, and Chao appointed in his stead.

Chao was at first afraid that he would have been called upon to pay the arrears, and knowing how ill the miserable people whom he was to rule could afford any extra taxation, he refused the appointment, until it was clearly and plainly agreed upon that he should not be expected to produce anything more than the taxes for the period of his service.

Besides the imperial tax that is sent to Peking, there is another tax for the native chief. The assessment is per village. The amount that each village has to pay was settled a hundred years ago, according to the number of families residing in it. Since the date of this assessment the lay population of the country has diminished fifty or sixty per cent., and as it continues to diminish the tax becomes yearly heavier, and is now almost unendurable: so much so, that from this part of Tibet the people emigrate in considerable numbers to avoid the pressure of taxation and the hated rule of the Lamas.

It would almost naturally be supposed that the enormous plateaus of grazing land did not belong to anyone in particular, but were, so to speak, common property. This, however, is not the case: all the pasturages, and many of the forests, being the property of some individual or individuals, for people often club together and buy up a pasturage or a mountain.

The cattle-owners in Tibet, the richest of whom possess two or three thousand head,—rarely look after their cattle themselves, but employ cattle-keepers, who take the animals up to their pasturages, live in black tents, and look after them. If a family has not sufficient cattle to employ a cattle-keeper, it will club with another family or families. These then elect a head or chief, who decides which pasturage shall be

taken first, and settles all matters relating to the common weal. The cattle-keepers are not paid a fixed salary, but for each cow in their charge they have to render to the owners a certain quantity of butter per annum ; the remainder of the milk and one half of the calves by each cow being their payment. They let the animals loose during the day, and towards evening the herdsmen call them with a peculiar cry. Each animal knows the voice of his own herdsman, and eagerly comes for the lump of salt with which all are regularly regaled. The beasts are then caught and tethered for the night, the encampment being guarded by fierce and savage dogs.

The cross between the yak and the common ox is the most esteemed of the different kinds of cattle. It grows larger than the others, and can sustain the warmth of the lower valleys better than the true yak, who is most in his element among deep drifts of snow.

Slavery is a great institution in Tibet. There are rich families who own five or six hundred slaves. These are hereditary, and are often treated very cruelly. A family always counts its riches in slaves and cattle; but in Tibet proper, more by the number of slaves than by the head of cattle.

In this part of the country a man with three or four hundred head of cattle is rich, while one who has only twenty or thirty is considered poor. Even the agriculturists reckon their fortunes in mules and ponies, and not in land : for in a family there is rarely enough land to support the whole. One or another of their number then undertakes the trading, and has charge of the mules, yaks, or ponies, used as beasts of burden, which thus become the measure of the family fortune.

In Tibet, on receiving a visit, it is always the

custom, after the first few complimentary phrases, to ask how many cattle, or mules, the visitor possesses; but if the host knows that the number is very small, he will refrain from asking the question, lest he should confuse his visitor or make him ashamed.

Tibet is being gradually depopulated: partly by the oppression of the Lamas, who are detested by the people as much as they are feared; and partly by emigration to Yün-Nan. Empty and deserted villages are constantly seen, and Monsieur Desgodins informed me that, even during the short time of his stay in the country, the decrease of the population in those parts well known to him had been enormous.

As the lay population diminishes by emigration, the land that the emigrants leave behind does not go to increase the fortunes of the remainder; but, on the contrary, these are the more impoverished, for nearly the whole of this land passes to the Lamasseries, and being no longer available as a source of taxation, the burden on the remainder, who still have to pay the same amount, is increased.

What the end of the country is to be it is difficult to foretell, unless it falls into the hands of the English or the Russians. It can hardly be considered a desirable acquisition, although the people are very pleasant to live amongst.

Some of their customs can hardly fail to recall those chronicled of the people of Israel. In Tibet it is usual for the men to go on to the house-top to pray; and, as I sate writing in a room below, I used constantly to hear the monotonous chant of the pious folk above. Bringing milk, and 'butter in a lordly dish,' to strangers, and the payment of the cattle-keepers as Jacob was paid, are points of strong resemblance in the habits of the two nations.

The first native chief of Bat'ang is of Chinese extraction, but as his family came from Yün-Nan ten generations since, he may fairly be considered as a native of the soil. His name is Loh-chung-wong-tun, and he was born in the year 1844. His elder brother is the second chief. Before the earthquake that destroyed Bat'ang, neither of these brothers had as yet succeeded to his inheritance. The elder married a daughter of the then second chief, and thinking that the prospects of succession were better in that family than in his own, he was adopted by his father-in-law, and became heir to the second chieftainship, resigning to his younger brother his father's title.

The younger brother, Loh-chung-wong-tun, also married two daughters of the second chief, but not being received into the family, remained his father's heir. In the earthquake both the chiefs were killed, as well as the two wives of Loh-chung-wong-tun, and the two brothers succeeded to the two chieftainships simultaneously.

Loh must have had good reason to be satisfied with the family of his late father-in-law, for two more sisters remaining, he took them as his wives, in place of the others. He is a heavy-looking man, pitted with small pox, and has a son, born in 1859. He is given the rank of Sich-Tai by the Chinese, and wears the red ball and peacock's feathers; but he is, nevertheless, inferior to the lowest Chinese official, and is never permitted even to sit down in the presence of the Liang-Tai, or of the first military Chinese official; and if he has business with the Liang-Tai, he must stand at the door, unless invited into the Yamên.

He is overwhelmed with debt, principally to the

Lamas, though he borrows money from anyone who will lend it to him. He was reported to owe a hundred taels to a private Chinese soldier. He dislikes Europeans, though outwardly he is civil enough, and pretends to be friendly. He is one of the chief enemies to the missionaries, and is said to be the tool of the Lamas, to whom he owes hundreds of taels. His income is not very large, and he has to support two wives, a mother, sisters, and a numerous family. It might, however, suffice for a careful man in this land of poverty; but he is a regular spendthrift, his fortune is squandered, and his debts increase.

There can be no doubt that the Lamas were very strongly opposed to our entry into Tibet. Rumour, with her thousand tongues, had already been abroad, and the Lamas were expecting an attempted entry on the part of both Russians and English, which they were determined to resist. Whether the Chinese power in Tibet is as feeble as it is represented, it is difficult to say, but in all probability the Chinese have but a slender hold on the Tibetans, who, if it were not for the convenience of trade, might cease the payment of tribute. It was perfectly clear from the manners of both Chao and the military official, that they were exceedingly uneasy at the idea of any attempt to enter Tibet proper. Chao said that if we wished to go, he was bound by the letters he had received to do his best, but that it would be quite impossible to enter peacefully, and if we insisted on making the attempt, we should, in all probability, be obliged to fight our way. That he was really concerned for our safety was sufficiently proved by the fact that, even after he was quite satisfied that we really were going to A-tun-tzŭ, and not to Lassa, he not only came with us himself an eight days' march, but brought the

native chief, and an immense escort with him. That this was mere espionage is quite impossible; he could have sent half a dozen spies, if he had been so minded, who would have reported our most minute actions as closely as he could have observed them himself; and certainly, without some grave reason, he would not have put himself to the trouble and discomfort of this journey.

Whilst we were at Bat'ang, it was reported that a powerful Tibetan chief, named Peun-kop-pa, living at Lassa, had been exiled to the province of Yün-Nan, whither he was supposed to be wending his way, and this report was carefully spread by the Tibetans and Lamas at Bat'ang. It was manifestly untrue; because the Tibetans have no power to banish any of their people to Yün-Nan, and an old Lama, whose words were reported to us, had said 'Ah! the Government of Lassa had heard of Englishmen and Russians coming to Tibet; if they do come, Peun-kop-pa with a few hundred brigands will be somewhere on the road.'

We were also told that the Lamas had ordered out six thousand men to guard the frontier, and our informant said that he had met the messenger sent by the Lamas to report our arrival.

Numbers are of course always enormously exaggerated, and the six thousand was not, in all probability, as many hundreds; but there can be little doubt that the Lamas, whose power is almost absolute, had made up their minds to resist any attempted advance on our part; and even if open hostility and violence had not been attempted, they would have simply starved us out. The whole country is in their hands, and if they had forbidden the inhabitants to give us food for ourselves and people, and forage for our

animals, or to receive us into their houses, or supply us with transport, their orders would have been obeyed to the letter.

At this time I was much too anxious with regard to European politics to wish to spend the winter in Tibet, and even if this had not been so, it is a question whether I should have been justified, under any circumstances, in running the risk of provoking a conflict between the Chinese and the Tibetans.

It was a great relief, not only to Chao, but to all our retinue, when at length they became certain of our intentions. Our short stay in Bat'ang was very pleasant. We were lodged in an excellent house, where we had two good rooms, besides a room for the servants. The house was built in the form of a square, and like the whole of Bat'ang was constructed of mud. A large and massive door, on which our honourable names were posted on a red board, led into the stable which occupied the whole of the ground floor, except a portion of one side, where there was a very small room. A large stack of firewood was packed against one wall; our four horses, and one or two others, occupied another; two or three pigs, and some donkeys, were wandering loose about the place, which did not appear altogether as dirty as might have been expected. The house was one of the best, and instead of the usual notched trunk of a tree, there was a regular flight of steps, with a hand rail, leading to the upper story. This was in the form of a hollow square, the rooms arranged round the sides, with a passage in front of them, where there was a gaily painted balustrade, over which we could look down into the stable below. This quadrangle was without a roof, so that the centre of the stable was unprotected from rain or snow. One corner of the upper story was

occupied by a fine large kitchen, where pots and pans, all kept exceedingly bright, were displayed on a dresser, almost as in an English house; from another corner a notched log of wood, resting in one angle of a square hole in the roof, formed a staircase by which the top of the house could be reached. This was flat, and on one side there was a shed with a pile of dry grass under it, where during the night half the inmates seemed to sleep.

The morning after our arrival at Bat'ang we received invitations to dine with Chao.

The Chinese, in the matter of issuing and accepting invitations, are as ceremonious as in all else. A card is usually received by the guests, inviting them for about four o'clock; but Chinese etiquette lays it down that they must wait for three notices before setting out. A second invitation is sent later, praying the guests earnestly to come at once; but until the third, pressing them to be quick, has been duly received, they are not expected to leave their houses. Sometimes the ceremony is rendered more intricate by the issue of four, instead of three notices; the dinner hour is quite unconnected with the hour named in the invitation, and that again has nothing to do with the hour at which the guests are expected.

When ladies are invited by one another, the first invitation arrives at daybreak; this is not much more than a polite message to come at once; but as the day wears on, the importunities to be quick grow stronger, until the last and final appeal is made late in the afternoon.

But on this occasion the hospitality of Chao was extended far beyond meaningless ceremonies, and he did all in his power to render the visit an agreeable one. Just before dinner he heard that I did not eat

pork, and he had a sheep killed and cooked by Monsieur Desgodins' servant expressly for *me*; the fact that the other guests and the rest of the dinner were kept waiting an hour or two was of no consequence. He also borrowed knives and forks from the Abbé, and invited him to keep me company.

The next evening we dined with the military official, Shou, who, forewarned of my peculiar tastes, had prepared an elaborate repast for me of fowls, mutton, beef, and vegetables, without grease or garlic.

Directly we arrived, tea was handed round, followed by soup made of mutton to suit my tastes, with the usual dumplings *à la Russe*. After these dishes, which were served like the Russian *zakouska* before taking our seats at the table, there was a lull, during which Chao, who was a guest, disappeared. Shou was a confirmed opium-smoker, and was unable to eat his dinner without a few preliminary whiffs; but in order not to absent himself from his guests longer than he could help, he had asked Chao, who was evidently a most intimate friend, to go into his room to prepare his pipe for him. Chao also had been an opium-smoker, but during the last year and a half had entirely given it up, having been persuaded to do so by Monsieur Desgodins.

When Colonel Shou had smoked his opium, he returned radiant; and taking a pair of chopsticks in his hand, he came to me, made me a profound salutation, and placed the chopsticks on the large round table in the centre of the room. The same process was repeated with a little cup, and thus my place was indicated. This lengthy ceremony was religiously carried out with each of the guests, who in the meantime had obtained permission to remove their official

hats, and had replaced them by little skull-caps brought by their servants. Before sitting down my host came to me, and with many elegant expressions thanked me for some trifle I had sent him, as if it had been a gift of inestimable value; and his politeness was carried so far as to demand my pardon for venturing to remain *en déshabille*, that is, without his official hat, whilst tendering his acknowledgments.

These laborious ceremonies having been duly observed, we sat down to table, and then the guests, under the influence of food and wine, began to unbend. I now had an opportunity of testing the truth of a fable narrated to me at Ta-Chien-Lu, to the effect that the fowls of Bat'ang, though excellent in themselves, when boiled were always tough, on account of some peculiarity in the water. My Chinese friends said that this was not the case : that the cocks, though few in number, were good, however cooked ; but that the hens, of which there were plenty, were inferior and tough ; but Monsieur Desgodins explained with a sly smile that these good Tibetans seldom parted with their cocks, and that they did not sell their hens until they were too old to lay eggs.

We now commenced the serious part of the entertainment ; toasts were drunk in rapid succession, each guest challenging the others in bumpers of rice wine. Fortunately for all our heads the cups were not much larger than thimbles, for it was 'de rigueur' to drain them, when they were immediately filled up by watchful attendants, who always poured a liberal allowance amongst the *débris* of walnuts, ground nuts, and the inevitable water-melon seeds, with which the table was strewn. Towards the end of dinner Mesny and our host engaged in a most noisy game which I failed to understand, but the players

held up fingers, counted numbers, and shouted words at one another, as rapidly as possible; one or the other always lost in about half a minute, and was expected to drink a cup of wine, and drain it dry.[9] Mesny, being a teetotaller and privileged guest, drank nothing stronger than tea. After a time Chao joined in the game. Then the old soldier began to talk of his campaigns. 'He fought his battles o'er again, and thrice he slew the slain.' After this he challenged Mesny to another turn, and as he was now perspiring under the effects of the exertion and the liquor, he made his subaltern officer drink his wine for him. This the young man was nothing loth to do, so the fun became fast and furious, each shouting louder and louder, and all the domestics crowding at the door, astonished at the novel and amusing sight. It seemed as if the dinner would never end, as dish after dish came in, and pipes were smoked in the interval. At length the rice appeared, the guests solemnly saluted the host with chopsticks, and the party broke up about nine o'clock.

Monsieur Desgodins engaged us two more Ma-Fus; there was some difficulty in finding these in the hurry, and when he sent them he remarked that he feared that they were not endowed with vast intelligence, but that he hoped they would prove faithful. His fears and his hopes were both fully realised.

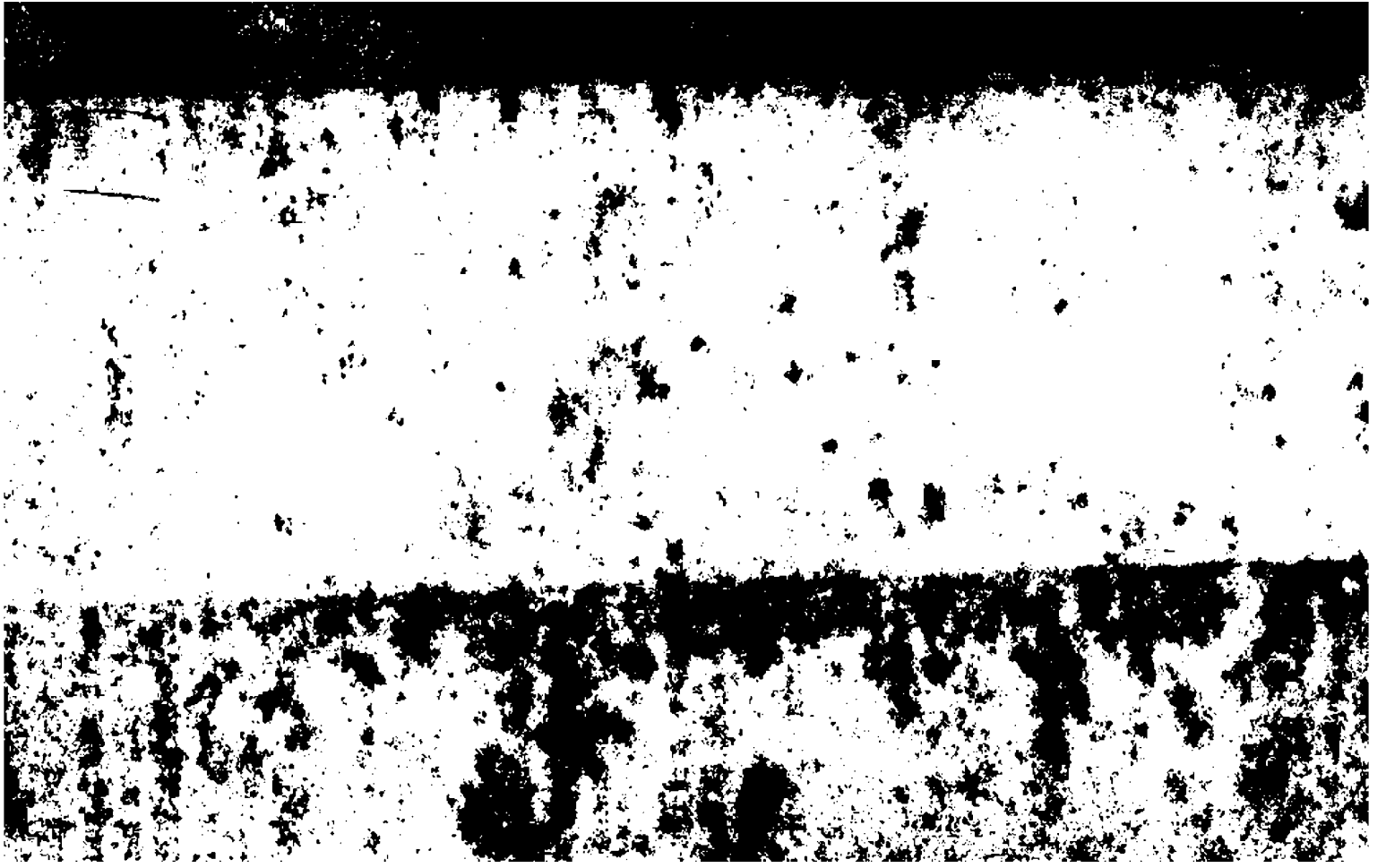
The native chief sent a message one morning to ask permission to pay a visit to us, in order that he

[9] The Italian *morra*; *micare digitis* of old Rome. 'Morra is the pastime of the drinking-shop in China as in Italy, and may perhaps be reckoned among the items of culture which the Chinese have borrowed from the Western barbarians' (E. B. Tylor, in *Cont. Review*, May 1879).—*Y.*

might see my bath. When he arrived it was brought in folded up in its little bag. It was taken out, and as it expanded under the influence of the bellows, his surprise and delight were unbounded; and when it was solemnly filled with water, he evidently wished to see the last act of the drama, but did not venture to say so. After this he gave us presents of finger-rings, which he took off his own finger.

Before leaving Bat'ang, Chao also gave me some really beautiful presents,—some valuable china cups, and some pieces of jade.

The second night after our arrival, we were both suddenly awakened by a rattling and crash at our window; we both shouted, jumped up, and struck a match. Chung-Erh and Chin-Tai came in half-naked and with drawn swords; but all was now quiet. We found the shutter of one window burst open, and the lattice-work outside broken, but failed to discover the culprit. Both Chao and Shou seemed very anxious when we told them of it; a strong guard was put outside our house the next evening at sunset, and poor old Colonel Shou himself visited the sentries three times during the night.



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CHAPTER VI.

REGION OF THE RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND.

I. Bat'ang to Sha-lu.

Departure from Bat'ang—Adieux to MM. Desgodins and Biet—Broad Features of the Geography, and Relation between Road and Rivers—The 'Tea-Tree Hill'—Chinese Rendering of Foreign Names—Valley of the Chin-Sha or Golden Sand—A False Alarm—Journey along the Chin-Sha—Cross and Quit it—Fine Scenery of the Kong-tze-ka Pass—Lama Oppression, and Depopulation of the Country—Quarters at Jang-ba—Growth of our Escort—Armed Opposition on the Lassa Road—Kia-ne-tyin—March through Woods of Pine, Yew, and Juniper—Clean Quarters at Dzung-ngyu—The River of Kiang-ka—Hospitable People—Desolated Country—Chŭ-sung-dho (Cooper's 'Jessundee')—Nieh-ma-sa—Continued Depopulation—Ma-ra and Tsaleh—Conversations with Magistrate Chao—'The Boy the Father of the Man'—Watershed between the Chin-Sha and the Lan-T'sang—Camping Ground of Lung-zung-nang—The Bamboo Seen Again—The Gorge of Dong—Parallel Fissures from North to South—The Town of A-tun-tzŭ (Cooper's Atenze)—The Oppression of the 'Lekin'—Evil Character of A-tun-tzŭ—Prevalence of Goitre—Water Analysis—Farewell Visits from Chao and the Native Chief—Ceremonies of Adieu—Prevalence of Opium-smoking in Yün-Nan—Patience Exercised—Long and Moist March—Passes of Mien-chu and Shwo—Difficulties of March in Darkness—Torchlight—Reach Deung-do-lin—The Word 'Lamassery'—Abbé Renou—T. T. Cooper—Carrier Difficulties—Taking it Easy—Change of Climate and Scenery—New Glimpse of the Chin-Sha—Sha-lu Village—Big Tibetan Dog.

August 29.—Before leaving Bat'ang the native chief sent soldiers out over the mountains to look for robbers or others who might wish to molest us, and when we left he came with us himself at the order of Chao, and brought a considerable escort with him, so that, with mules and muleteers, Chao and the chief, besides soldiers Chinese and soldiers Tibetan, as

well as coolies and servants, we were more like an army than a private party.

About a quarter of a mile outside the town we found the good old Shou waiting to *bid us* adieu. We dismounted from our horses, and made the usual salutes; he then asked us into a house by the roadside, where we drank tea and stayed a few moments.

Soon after leaving him we met Messieurs Desgodins and Biet, who escorted us a little way; and then Peh-ma and the two Gems were by the roadside with a tray of wine, which we tasted.

Half a mile further we met the native chief, and all rode on together, till Messieurs Desgodins and Biet bade us adieu, and turned their horses towards Bat'ang. During my short stay Monsieur Desgodins had been a delightful companion; *full* of intelligence his conversation had been most interesting, and it was with great regret that I parted from him. Monsieur Biet has now taken the place of the late Monseigneur Chauveau, and is the Bishop at Ta-Chien-Lu.

The great plateau that extends over the whole of Central Asia throws down a huge arm between the Chin-Sha-Chiang (the River of Golden Sand) and the Lan-Ts'ang-Chiang, gradually diminishing in altitude as it extends to the south. The northern portion of this arm partakes more or less of the characteristics of the main table-land, but even in the latitude of Bat'ang the difference is apparent, and it becomes more striking as Ta-Li-Fu is approached. This arm is not more than thirty-five miles wide in the latitude of Bat'ang; and as the crest is generally about five or six thousand feet above the river, it is little more than a ridge of mountains running nearly due north and south between the two streams. A-tun-tzŭ lies on the western slope of this huge rib, the road

from Bat'ang crossing the crest at the pass of Tsaleh-La-ka, 15,788 feet above the sea. This is the main road to Yün-Nan, and is so conducted, in all probability, partly for the sake of passing through the important town of A-tun-tzŭ.[1] It might be expected that, as the road to Yün-Nan again returns to the Chin-Sha valley, south of A-tun-tzŭ, there would be another and easier road, by following the valley of the great river, instead of leaving and returning to it. But in all probability there is no road down the valley of the Chin-Sha; the river appears to run through a succession of deep gorges, much as it does between Ch'ung-Ch'ing and I-Ch'ang, and as the Lan-Ts'ang does near A-tun-tzŭ, as well as further south, where the same river is crossed by the road from Ta-Li-Fu to Burmah.

Moreover, the road from Deung-do-lin to Tz'ŭ-kua keeps to the eastern face of the ridge, or, in other words, to the Chin-Sha basin; but near Deung-do-lin one glimpse is all that is gained of the river, a few miles distant, evidently tearing through an exceedingly steep gorge. The road then leaves the river to the east, and by two exceedingly difficult passes, crosses two very elevated spurs thrown out to the east from the main ridge, which still runs north and south. The crossing of each of these spurs is at least as difficult as the passage of the main ridge; for the valleys dividing them are four thousand feet deep, and their sides excessively steep. In crossing these spurs, the road passes no town whatever, and there is clearly *no* reason why it should not follow the river, if there was a practicable route; the probable conclusion is that the river, at all events between Deung-do-lin and La-pu, flows through

[1] The Atenze of T. T. Cooper.—*Y.*

narrow gorges, where there is neither a road nor a possibility of navigation; and it would seem reasonable to believe that the case is the same between Bat'ang and Deung-do-lin, and that all the rivers running nearly due north and south of this region, maintain the same characteristics of rapid streams in deep and narrow rifts.

We descended the Bat'ang river, a little stream of clear water twenty-five yards wide, for five miles, then leaving it we crossed a low spur that divides it from the Chin-Sha, a muddy turbid river one hundred and seventy to two hundred yards in breadth. The name of this spur illustrates the difficulty of getting correct nomenclature, and the danger of trusting to the meaning of a Chinese name for an indication of the nature of the place. We asked a Chinaman,

'Pray, sir, what may the name of this hill be?'

'Great excellency,' he replied, 'it is called the Tea-Tree Hill.'

'The Tea-Tree Hill! and are there any tea-plants here?'

'Of course,' he said; 'why not, when it is called the Tea-Tree Hill?'

We looked about us, and seeing no indications of the useful shrub, we said so.

'Oh, well,' replied our informant, 'then there were some once; they were probably killed in the earthquake.'

Still our sceptical minds were not satisfied; and as soon as our Chinese friend was out of hearing, we inquired of a Tibetan, who said the hill was called Cha-keu, a Tibetan word meaning nothing in particular, and he was subsequently good enough to write the name for us in our book. The Chinese are hopelessly inaccurate in their conversion of foreign names

into Chinese, and that Cha-keu was translated Ch'a-Shu, or Tea-Tree, was not surprising.[2]

The valley of the Chin-Sha is somewhat dreary. The steep and broken sandstone hills descend at a very steep angle sheer down to the water, leaving,—except at the *embouchure* of some small stream,—no place for cultivation. The path running along the edge of the river is strewn with stones. The hill-sides are nearly bare, and every now and then there are long, steep slopes of loose rocks and *débris*, or small precipices by the road, or up above it, the result of the convulsions that destroyed Bat'ang, and tore the mountain-sides in all directions.

We breakfasted at Niu-ku, where there were a few leather boats, by which some of our coolies relieved themselves of their burdens. Here some despatches arrived for Chao from Lassa; he swallowed a mouthful of food in a hurry, and set to work to answer them before proceeding on the march.

Our cooking things were either in front of us or behind; and, much to our astonishment, the people of the house produced three little tin plates with an English alphabet round the edge, and a picture in the middle of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B., on a prancing horse. By what route they had come here we failed to find out.

In the afternoon, as I was riding in front, I suddenly heard a shot; and, looking up, I saw half a dozen wild-looking fellows with guns, behind a rock.

[2] The Chinese syllables representing foreign names must have *some* meaning, but the meaning is a mere accident, or at best forms only a kind of punning *memoria technica*. This Tea-Tree Hill is mentioned in a Chinese itinerary of the road to Lassa, and has led the excellent Ritter to cite this point as the extreme known western limit of the tea-plant (the tea-plant of Assam was not known to him then, i.e. in 1833). See the *Erdkunde*, iii. 237, and iv. 201.—*Y.*

For a moment the idea of an attack came into my head, but it was soon dispelled by a Chinese soldier dashing forward, for I knew that no Chinese soldier would voluntarily expose himself to danger. It is customary for large parties of a wild tribe of barbarians, sometimes two hundred or three hundred strong, to descend to this spot from the opposite side of the river, and attack the caravans of passing officials or traders. If these are Tibetans, or half-breeds, they do no more than rob them; but if they are Chinese they take them prisoners, and keep them until ransomed. There is a little square fort here for some guardians of the place; and it was these who had fired a salute in our honour, for which act of homage they of course expected a few rupees.

On arrival in the evening Chao came to take tea with us, and after him many people bringing gifts; every man, woman, and child in the place brought something. These were succeeded by head villagers, who bore a remarkable likeness to some who had previously appeared as ordinary villagers; and boatmen were followed by chief boatmen, whom I should certainly have mistaken for their coolies; but when a petty officer arrived who already had unmistakably headed a deputation of his men, and when I had enough provisions to feed an army, I at last cried out 'Hold, enough!' and refused to give any more rupees in return for a jar of impossible whisky, three very suspicious-looking eggs, and grass for a pony.

August 29.—We halted at Chu-ba-lang, a village on both sides of the river, each portion containing from ten to fifteen families. The place is celebrated for a fierce dragon that lives on a mountain on the other side of the river. It is said that if anyone were to rouse him, or enter the wood in which he

dwells, the river would at once overflow. Chao said this must be true, for no one in the memory of man had ventured into the wood, and the river had never seriously overflowed.

August 30.—This is the place at which the passage of the Chin-Sha is usually effected by traders or travellers between China and Tibet; but there is a stream that runs into the river on the western side a little lower down, and as the bridge across this had been carried away, we marched four miles further, and crossed below the *embouchure* of the stream.

Here we found Chao and the native chief waiting, as the animals were not all across. It was a gay and busy scene. The rumour had spread all over the neighbourhood that a chair was coming, and as such a thing had never been heard of before, the natives had come many miles to see the rare sight. These now stood about in their strange costumes; and the red saddlecloths of the Tibetans, the native chief in a red coat, and the animals being driven into the boats, formed bright and picturesque groups in the brilliant sun that now came out. We sat down for some time on the sandy beach; and Chao, recognising one of the Ma-Fus, and not knowing in what capacity he served us, asked him what he was doing.

'I am the chief of their excellencies' stables,' replied the Ma-Fu, as if he had a dozen or two of assistant grooms.

'And what is your establishment?' said Chao, who thoroughly appreciated a joke.

'Great and honourable sir, I have one young man under me,' solemnly replied the Ma-Fu, not in the least abashed.

When we had crossed, we marched down to Guera, where there were five or six families. We then

left the river, and, striking up a valley, clambered up about three thousand feet. As we ascended we gradually left the dreary, barren, and steep slopes behind us. The hill-sides were again wooded, and at the summit we came upon a charming little grassy plain, with pines, oaks, and poplars. From here there was a fine view, and we could see the Tea-Tree Hill, with a long stretch of the Chin-Sha-Chiang.

At a small village on the roadside the native soldiers turned out to salute us, and a man ran up with a basket of eggs; and directly we arrived at Kong-tze-ka, Chin-Tai reported with a grin that plenty of people had come with presents. Kong-tze-ka is 11,675 feet above the sea, and it is a village of twenty families. A small chief lives here, subject to the chief at Bat'ang, and his house, a very comfortable one, was placed at our disposal.

August 31.—The scenery round Kong-tze-ka would make the fortune of a Swiss hotel proprietor, if only it could be moved a few thousand miles in a westerly direction. I ascended to the housetop in the early morning, and thence my gaze roamed over a valley of wondrous beauty, enclosed by grassy hills, where masses of primrose-coloured flowers brought to mind many a bank in England. On the hill-side the pines and holly-leaved oaks contrasted their deep green with the brilliant yellow of the flowers. Here and there lovely slopes of the freshest grass were dotted with trees of the most graceful forms and delicate hues. In the distance rolling mountains filled the background; and the stream was heard rushing four hundred feet below. Herds of sheep and cattle luxuriated in the pasture, and round the village there were fields of wheat, barley, buckwheat, and peas. The usual wild gooseberry formed

natural fences, and a road led along the hills right through lovely woods of pines, yews, and juniper. The road followed up the side of a stream. As we ascended the hills became less steep, and presently we entered a charming plain about half a mile to a mile wide. Here the French missionaries have built a house on some property they have bought, and for a summer residence it is hardly possible to imagine a more delightful spot. The house is situated at the foot of a gentle spur, thrown out from rugged mountains behind. A waving field of barley surrounds it; a meadow of grass, yellow with a carpet of flowers, lies beyond, where a stream meanders by a few large trees, and where great herds of cattle, sheep, and ponies stand up to their knees in the luxuriant herbage. Opposite the house the valley is closed by spurs of bright red sandstone, from a range of higher hills behind. Just above the little building a Lamassery stands on a grassy knoll; and two Lamas dressed in red, crouching under the hedge of the 'missionaries' enclosure, scowled at us as we passed. Some time back the missionaries' house was destroyed at the instigation of the Lamas, but Chao rebuilt it at his own expense.

In this valley the usual piles of stones are capped with flat slabs of white marble. These heaps are of a pyramidical form; at a distance the white tops have the appearance of a row of English bell tents; and looking through my glasses, I almost expected to see a red coat pacing up and down in front.

The Bat'ang chief told us that not very many years ago there were one thousand families living in this plain, but that now there were not more than three hundred; and the numbers of ruined houses we passed attested the truth of the statement.

The chief used to complain to us bitterly of the Chinese yoke; he said that the constant requisitions by the Chinese of horses and men, ground the people down to such an extent that they could not live, and emigrated to Yün-Nan. This no doubt is the case to a certain extent, but the oppression of the Lamas is far worse than that of the Chinese, and is the chief cause of the depopulation of the country.

The little village of Jang-ba, called by the Chinese Pa-Mu-T'ang, lies at the end of the plain. Here we breakfasted in the house of a native officer called a Ma-pen, whose rank is that of a Chinese Ch'ien-Tsung. The Bat'ang chief told us that this officer had gone away to Lassa without leave, and that if he did not return soon he intended to depose him. This he would have done before, but some ties of relationship induced him to give him grace.

The house had a particularly dirty exterior; and we were pleasantly surprised to find an unusually nice room, with couches covered with some sort of carpet. The morning had been very fine, but before we had finished breakfast heavy clouds were gathering ominously, and promised us a wet afternoon. Chao and the chief started off before us, and following them we rode over an undulating plateau, about thirteen thousand feet above the sea, whence we could see a high range of snowy mountains to the south-east, their tops hidden amongst heavy clouds. We had not long left the shelter of the village when the thunder began to roll in the distance, and a heavy downpour of rain descended.

I noticed that our escort, which had been gradually increasing, had by this time reached formidable proportions, and that now there were some two

hundred men and officers with us. The officers wear felt hats, of the shape of our tall hats, but rather lower, with a broader flat brim. The men and officers are generally armed with a long matchlock, with prongs to rest on the ground, and two swords, one for cutting and the other for thrusting. All are mounted on Tibetan ponies, and carry great rolls of blanket and felt on their saddles.

I was riding on ahead of Mesny, and in the wind and driving sleety rain took but little heed of a man muffled in a big cloak crouching down on the opposite hill. A few yards further I suddenly found Chao and the native chief behind a knoll surrounded by about one hundred horsemen ; and a quarter of a mile distant, on the opposite hill, some three hundred Tibetans were encamped, who had come out to oppose us, if we should attempt the road to Lassa. When first they saw us coming they had fired off warning guns, although Chao had sent to them to say that we were going to A-tun-tzŭ.

The boundary of Tibet Proper is five miles from Pa-Mu-T'ang, and the same distance from Kia-ne-tyin, where we slept. In Tibet Proper the country is subject to the temporal sovereignty of Lassa. In Bat'ang, though the spiritual supremacy of the Dalai Lama is acknowledged, the chief does not recognise the king of Tibet—or Nomekhan, as Huc calls him.

When we had safely passed the encamped Tibetans, but not till then, Chao followed us, and with two hundred soldiers we marched in the drenching rain along slopes cut up by deep ravines and valleys, where the red sandstone, breaking through the rich grass, contrasted with the dark hue of the pines and oaks on the hill-tops.

The village of Kia-ne-tyin stands in a tiny patch

of barley. Our escort bivouacked in an adjoining field, and wrapped up in felts and rugs paid little heed to the cold and rain.

The best house had been prepared for us, but it was a miserable place; the entrance was deeper than usual in mud and slime of the blackest, and the ascent to the upper story was by a notched log of wood, in which the notches were nearly all worn out. The floor of our room was made of hardened clay and rubbly stones; a hollow in it was the only fireplace, and here a few sticks were burning. A hole in the roof ostensibly served as an exit for the smoke, but in reality rather admitted copious showers of rain; and a window, two feet square, without any covering, let in violent gusts of wind. A pile of straw was arranged on one side, and two doors that had been taken down and laid across logs of wood served for beds. Such as it was, we were glad enough to get into the shelter, and crouch over the little bit of fire, where we were soon joined by Chao and the native chief, who was permitted, for the first time in his life, to sit down in the presence of the Chinese Liang-Tai. When Chao left, he was carried by a man pickaback through the sea of mud to his house. On the way the man fell down, precipitated Chao in the most undignified manner into the slush, and bruised his leg rather severely.

September 1.—It rained steadily all the night, and was still raining when morning broke. We were up at the usual hour, but after our early breakfast we were kept waiting a weary time with everything packed up; for the journey being short, all the people wanted to start late. The rain cleared off as the day wore on, and we marched through a red sandstone formation, where there was also a great

deal of deep red clay, and where, after the rain, the road though good was slippery. The ground was very undulating, and much cut up by ravines in all directions. We wound about amongst woods of pines, yews, juniper, and a tree the Tibetans call Chien-a-ragi. Sometimes there was a little grassy valley enclosed by low hills, then the stream would run between slopes running sharply down to it, the water often hidden amongst the trees. We descended gradually, and as we left the higher altitudes the slopes became more bare, the red rocks and clay appeared more and more between the trees, and at the end of the march, the road ran down a stony valley between bare and craggy hills.

I was assured that the woods were full of monkeys; but my scepticism was apparent, and it was with an air of triumph that my people called my attention to what they said was a monkey. The truthful field-glass, however, discovered nothing more inhuman than a boy; but still, the repeated assertions of the people that the woods are full of monkeys are probably not without foundation.

Dzung-ngyu, or, as it is also called, Dzonguri, is a large village of forty families, situated in a pleasant little plain one hundred and fifty to five hundred yards wide, enclosed by hills of sandstone. The climate is temperate, as it lies on the river of Kiang-ka, and although at an altitude of 10,792 feet above the sea, crops of wheat and barley ripen in the warm sun, and serve to maintain the three hundred families who live in the plain. The house in which we stayed, where two light and clean rooms with boarded floors were placed at our disposal, belonged to a petty chief, and was a remarkable contrast to our lodgings of the previous night; the want of

tables and chairs was a drawback, but these are articles of furniture unknown in Tibet. The usual butter and tsanba were laid out for us on arrival, and the master of the house brought mushrooms, eggs, and peas for the horses.

September 2.—We changed all our transport animals here, but Chao and the secretary of the native chief saved us all trouble. The secretary was a most active fellow; he counted the packages, made lists, divided the loads, and arranged everything.

We left Dzung-ngyu a motley crew. Our baggage was carried by every description of animal, two and four footed—young men and maidens, old women and children, horses, mules, donkeys, and oxen were pressed into the service.

The native chief and Chao started first, and we followed as soon as Chin-Tai had succeeded in packing his abominable cooking things, an operation that always consumed an incomprehensible amount of *time*.

The river of Kiang-ka, or the Vermilion River of Cooper, takes its rise in about latitude 30° 20′, and passing the town of Kiang-ka, waters the plain of Dzung-ngyu, where it is about fifteen yards wide. The basin of the upper portion of this river is composed nearly entirely of red sandstone and red clay, which gives the water the remarkable red brown colour observed by Cooper.

We followed the twists and turns of this tortuous stream through a rather dreary valley, where the view was limited to about half a mile of steep, high, and almost bare hills, and after a few miles we found Chao and the Bat'ang chief waiting for us in the house of another petty chief, where a few carpets were spread on the floor, and where butter, cheese, and tsanba were laid out on a low stool. It is a strong

instinct of hospitality that prompts the master of a house thus to put food and drink ready for his guests; nor is this done with any niggard hand, a huge circular pat of butter about an inch thick, a cake of cheese of the same size, and great jars of oatmeal with gaily painted wooden covers, invite the travellers to partake freely of the best the household can produce; the tea-churn is not far distant, and taking his wooden bowl from the fold of his coat, a Tibetan soon makes an ample and luxuriant repast.

Chao had begged a little brandy of me to make a lotion for his bruised leg, and now he told me that, thanks to my gift, the wounded limb was decidedly stronger than the uninjured one.

From here we marched over an execrable road; and although Chao had taken care that the worst places were repaired, the track was so narrow and fearfully stony, that it was necessary to dismount once or twice where steep and slippery steps had been cut out on the face of the cliffs. Wherever the valley opened a little, there were a few houses close down by the river, all built, as at Bat'ang, of rammed earth, and embowered in clumps of walnuts, peaches, and weeping willows. The number of inhabitants was small; and the frequent ruins were sad proof of the diminution of the population, and the oppressive rule of the Lamas. We had been *making* inquiries for Jessundee, with the intention of saying a few words if possible to the old man, who had treated Cooper so well, but in Chŭ-sung-dho we failed at the time to recognise the name and so we lost the opportunity. Chŭ-sung-dho means the 'meeting of three waters'; here we left the muddy river, and ascending the bed of a beautiful clear stream, we plunged into a desperate gorge shut in by walls of bare rock eight

hundred and nine hundred feet high. Here the native chief pointed out some wild oxen at the top of an almost inaccessible cliff, and a little further on, half-way up the mountain-side, there was a cave that our people told us was inhabited, although it seemed impossible to believe that any human being could clamber to it. About three miles from Chŭ-sung-dho the perpendicular cliffs gave way to slopes, where, though the hill-sides were still very steep, the road was somewhat better, and we could see a little more than a few square yards of heaven.

Nieh-ma-sa is prettily situated just where the oaks and pines again commence; and here we found a resting place for the night in a house in a different style of architecture to those in the neighbourhood of Bat'ang. The houses are here built on piles about six feet above the ground, some of which always sink and throw everything askew. Walls are made between the outer piles with loose, uncut stones, altogether devoid of any description of mortar. The space thus enclosed forms a stable, above which are the living rooms. The walls of these are made by laying the trunks of trees horizontally one above another; as these logs never fit, the houses are remarkably well ventilated, and must be most uncomfortable winter residences. In the house to which we were conducted there was a room on each side of the roof, with a box of China-asters in flower outside the window; these rooms were reserved for us, and had it not been for the wind, which made sad havoc of the candles, we should have found ourselves luxuriously lodged.

We soon all met on the roof, where a high fence of thin poles was erected, on which the good man of the house had hung his straw to dry. The chief was

generally the first to visit us; he used to come and write the names of places in our book in Tibetan. Then Chao would come in, and, graciously permitting the chief to sit down, we would all have a long chat over a friendly cup of tea.

September 3.—From Nieh-ma-sa we continued the ascent of the valley, passing ruins here and there, but few inhabited houses; indeed, the whole population of the country from Ta-Chien-Lu, including the towns of Lit'ang and Bat'ang, would hardly suffice to fill one Chinese city. Here, again, there were forests of oak and pines, but although the hills were no longer bare there was not the glorious verdure to which we had been accustomed. There was a very fair road to Ma-ra, a village of only three families, situated in a little plain two hundred yards in length, and about the same in breadth. Here our horses were again changed, and the operation was successfully performed, with the usual amount of noise, while we were at breakfast. After leaving Ma-ra we marched through a wood of oaks, pines, and poplars, with many wild gooseberries, and currants, bearing long branches of black fruit. The hills and mountains were everywhere quite steep and precipitous, leaving very little space for cultivation, and the most charming spot in all the valley was occupied by a Lamassery, the only institution that seems to flourish in this country. This was high up the hill on the opposite side, and looked quite a large village. Tsaleh was our destination. This is usually written Tsali, but the native chief pronounced the word several times, and it certainly is Tsaleh. The native chief made us a present of a great quantity of the very yellow butter for which the place is celebrated. We salted this, put it into a tea-churn, which was previously carefully cleaned, and carried it

for many days after we had left the land of butter. The pasture that furnishes such excellent butter is not less advantageous for feeding sheep. The mutton of the valley is renowned, and in order that we might judge of it fairly, Chao sent in some of the best.

We arrived in good time, and soon received visits from Chao and the native chief. Just after their arrival some one outside shouted out that the servants' dinner was ready.

'Run along,' said Chao, 'and don't forget that your master is tied up here, and you must come back and untie him.' By which he meant that he could not with dignity go away without servants. Chao was most considerate towards those under him, and it was not difficult to see that his servants were very fond of him. As we were sipping our tea, and discussing the events of the day, he told us a story of an official at Chêng-Tu, a very greedy person, who always kept his servants on very short rations. So one of them blackened his mouth, painted a false moustache, and thus disfigured, came into his master's presence.

'What do you mean by this?' said the magistrate, 'your mouth is in a pretty state.'

'Great excellency,' said the servant, 'I thought you cared nothing for the mouths of the little ones.'

We used to consume long hours in fruitless attempts to buy swords, guns, or ornaments at a reasonable price. We found that everything good came from a place called Turkai, or some such name, lying to the north of Lit'ang and Bat'ang, and eleven days' journey from both. The chief's best horses came from there, so did his saddles; all the jewellery, except the Lassa work, is said to be made in that town, and no swords or guns of any value are turned

out from any other manufactory. Altogether it ought to be an interesting place, and well worthy of a visit.

September 4.—The village of Tsaleh is 12,690 feet above the sea, and is said to be a very rainy place; but although it had rained all night it was fortunately a fine morning. The muleteers had told us that, if wet, it would have been useless to start, as the mountain Tsaleh-La-ka was very difficult at all times, and quite impossible to pass in rain.

The morning felt very chilly, as, in order to prepare for an early start, we turned out into the keen air, and watched the people of the village wading about in the mud in their long leather coats, which, as I remarked to Mesny, probably lasted from the day of birth to the hour of death.

'How can that be?' said he, 'do people never grow in this country?'

In reply I pointed out a touching sight that was at that moment presented to our view.

An old man was performing the morning toilet of his son, a boy of about nine years of age. A huge coat, big enough for the father, was thrust upon the child, the sleeves were turned back till they were not more than a foot or so too long, the skirts were then drawn up, and a girdle being tied round the child's waist it was tightened up till we expected to see the boy drop into two pieces. This process providing the usual substitute for pockets, the father drew a parcel about the shape and size of his head from his own capacious fold, and thrust it into the child's bosom, with several articles, amongst which there was of course a Pu-ku, or wooden bowl. Then the boy was ready for anything. As he grows bigger

his pockets will become smaller, but otherwise his coat will fit him well for the rest of his life.

From Tsaleh we continued our ascent of the stream, as ominous clouds were gathering amongst the mountain-tops. The valley was entirely without population, and we passed only one ruin before halting for breakfast.

At first the road was fair, and through woods of pines, oaks, and poplars.

There were long stretches of dead pines on one or two of the slopes, and the usual gooseberries, currants, and briars grew in the valley. We ascended gradually into the rain, but it was curious weather, at one moment it was raining, the next the sun was shining, and soon after we would have both at the same time. Once there was a magnificent rainbow down at our feet in the valley below, and the effect was very beautiful. After marching four miles we found ourselves amongst ragged peaks and slopes, broken into spires and pinnacles, where the road became very rocky, and we again entered the region of rhododendrons, and soon after we commenced the final zigzag that took us to the summit of Tsaleh-La-ka. There were a few small patches of snow at no great distance from us, but none on the road. The crest of this mountain, 15,788 feet above the sea, is the water-parting between the Lan-T'sang and Chin-Sha rivers. It marks the boundary between Yün-Nan and Bat'ang, and here the jurisdiction of Chao and the native chief comes to an end. But Chao was afraid that the Lamas of A-tun-tzŭ, who are directly under the king of Tibet, and are very hostile to foreigners, might try to annoy us, and being determined to see us safely through all difficulties he came with us to A-tun-tzŭ.

There cannot be much disputing about boundaries here, and no one runs much danger of being cursed for removing his neighbour's landmark. There can hardly exist a sharper line of demarcation, for the top of the mountain is like the edge of a knife.

We descended by an exceedingly bad zigzag for about half an hour, and then followed the stream to a little grassy opening, where we found our retainers near the remains of a hut, with a fire of sticks and a churn of buttered tea. The people here have a name for every opening in the forest, and this, being particularly small, rejoices in the remarkably long title of Jieh-kang-sung-doh. The rain held off for a little just as we arrived, so, seating ourselves on waterproofs on the grass, we breakfasted as well as circumstances would permit. The Tibetans do not seem to share in the superstitious dread of the Chinese for mountain passes—they sing and shout as they go up without any fear of evil consequences, and they regularly whistle tunes. The Chinese are unable to whistle, or, at all events, have never acquired the art.

From here the road took us to our camping-ground, through a pine-forest very like that on the western side of J'ra-la-ka. The spot was charming for a camp, or would have been but for the rain, which effectually deprives camp-life of its pleasures. A rivulet came down from the mountains through a dense forest of pines and oaks, and just at its junction with the main stream there were a few hundred yards of open space covered with grass and wild flowers, and though there were not even the remains of a hut, it was called Lung-zung-nang. Tents had been brought by Chao, and we found the native chief

in a good-sized marquee, in which he and twenty men were going to pass the night. The tent that had been brought for us was not ready, so we sat down for a while with the Bat'ang chief, until our modest residence was prepared. This was a *tente d'abri* of one thickness of cotton, ten feet by eight, with many holes in the sides, and nothing to close the front; but as the rain did not come down very heavily, and there was no wind, we were fairly water-tight all night. The servants and followers slept as best they could under trees, or elsewhere, and the place had probably never before seen so many horses and people encamped at once, for altogether, with Chao and the chief, and their retainers and baggage, we numbered fully one hundred animals. We turned in early, and were lulled to sleep by the pattering of rain on the top of the tent, the chattering of the brook close beside us, and the more cheerful sounds of the crackling of numerous fires outside, where many picturesque groups of men, smoking, drinking, or sleeping, could be seen as the pine logs blazed up in the dark night.

September 5.—It was a long time before we could prevail upon anyone to start in the morning, and our time was beguiled with fearful stories of the dangers of the road before us. At length, however, everything was ready, even Chin-Tai and his cooking things, and we continued our descent. My Ma-Fu was now a beautiful sight as he marched ahead of me in the rain. He was six feet high, and always out of breath; he wore a rough felt hat, with his plait twisted round it, a red serge coat, and trousers reaching to his knees. His legs and feet were bare, and he trudged along with his boots in his hand. A gun was slung at his back, and he was further armed

with a pair of field-glasses and a couple of swords. He carried the remains of a Chinese umbrella over his head, but as there was little left besides the framework, it hardly seemed a useful article of equipment.

We presently found a bamboo, a poor miserable thing, but we had not seen one since leaving Ta-Chien-Lu, and we hailed it as the first sign of a return to a warmer climate.

Two and a quarter miles over a villainous road brought us to the entrance of the gorge of Dong, called by Cooper 'Duncanson Gorge.' The river here runs between walls of rock, rising up almost vertically from the stream, whose bed is but a few yards wide; the cliffs, however, are not altogether continuous, but are broken in places by exceedingly steep slopes clothed with dense foliage of pines and oaks, which seem to find sufficient nourishment in the crevices of the almost perpendicular cliffs. The road led us amongst trees, many of which had just been cut down to render the path practicable for us, but the branches of those remaining threatened every minute to knock us over, and made us stoop low over our horses' heads. We crossed and recrossed the torrent several times, and now and then the track was actually in the water. A huge sentinel rock marks the entrance to the gorge of Dong, which is two and a half miles long, and ends most suddenly in a little grassy opening, covered with trees, where the stream, as if weary of its headlong descent thus far, now ripples pleasantly and gently in a wide bed. After leaving the gorge the road is very fair, and rising above the river crosses a spur which divides it from another stream, and from this point the two rivers run for two and a quarter miles, nearly parallel to one another, only half a mile apart, and separated by a very steep

and rocky ridge. A mile and a half beyond their junction the road is but a narrow track, eighteen or twenty-four inches wide, about two hundred feet above the stream, and it runs along the side of the hill, which is here at a slope of about 60°.

All the ponies with one accord used to insist on walking at the extreme edge of the paths. At this point Chung-Erh's pony, putting his foot over the edge, lost his footing; Chung-Erh was fortunately able to jump off, but the pony rolled down, and was lost to view among the bushes. A number of people clambered down to help it, but the poor brute was beyond all help, quite dead.

Soon after this the stream was joined by another running also parallel to it, and separated by another steep and narrow ridge. It is interesting to notice that all the great rivers, the Chin-Sha, the Lan-Ts'ang, and the Lu-Chiang, run nearly north and south, separated at comparatively short distances from one another by steep and high ranges of mountains, and that here their tributaries partake of the same character. It is as if some violent convulsion of nature in ages gone by had cracked and split up the surface of the country with huge rents all parallel to one another.

Up to this point we had been riding in perpetual rain, through continuous woods and forests, when most suddenly, thirteen miles from Lung-zung-nang, we seemed to walk out of the rain-clouds into sunshine. The firs and oaks seemed to disappear as if by magic. The hill-sides, still steep, were covered only with grass and shrubs, and the hollows of the slopes were dotted with houses, and laid out in terraces for the cultivation of barley and buckwheat. The air was still moist, but instead of the chilly feelings

we had experienced all the morning, the climate was now like that of a hothouse. Soon the valley of Dong lay before us; we descended to the level of the stream, and about a mile and a half from the village, at a level of about nine thousand feet above the sea, we came again upon a magnificent grove of very fine walnut trees. The valley of Dong is surrounded by mountains, and at the bottom there is a deposit of clay and stones, through which the river has cut a channel some twenty feet deep.

The little village stands amidst fields of buckwheat, barley, and sorgo, and there were a few stalks of Indian corn in a garden. We were taken to the house of an official, and found capital quarters, where a huge black dog with a mastiff head bayed fiercely in a deep voice, and tugged at its massive chain as it recognised the approach of strangers.

We were regaling ourselves with some most delicious Yün-Nan tea when the chief came in. He told us that his doctor, who is also a relation, had met with an accident similar to that of Chung-Erh, but he had rolled down as well as the horse, though fortunately he was not much hurt.

No sooner had we started from Dong than the rain again came down, and descended on us without intermission until we arrived at A-tun-tzŭ.

We again mounted one of those steep and dreadful roads, which were now becoming somewhat wearisome, and for three hours we toiled over the accustomed rocks and stones to the summit of mountain Jo-ka-La, 12,389 feet above the sea, 3,389 feet above the Dong. From this the road improved, the valley opened, leaving a little grassy space, where there were plenty of sheep and cattle, and further on there was a patch of cultivation, and a hut. Five-

and-thirty minutes of very steep descent down a slippery zigzag brought us at length to the end of our first stage on the journey homewards, at the Chinese town of A-tun-tzŭ (Cooper's Atenze), nestled in a little valley between high hills. We had made the journey very fairly—one hundred and seventy miles in eight days, a performance that reflected great credit on Chao, who had made all the arrangements for us.

Just outside the town the chief Lama came to meet us in a costume that would have put a beef-eater to shame; he had a wonderful red garment, the mysteries of which I had not time to penetrate, as I was fully employed in observing and admiring his hat. It can only be described by a sketch, and when it is added that it looked as if made of wood, and was gilt all over, a faint idea of the magnificence of the costume may be obtained. We visited him a day or two afterwards, and he wrote out the sacred ejaculation for us on a slip of paper. He told us that he was appointed by the spiritual authorities at Lassa, but was subject to the temporal rule of the second chief of Bat'ang.

On our arrival we were taken to a Chinese lodging-house, where there was only one very small room, and no place for our baggage. The landlord, who was a most civil fellow, brought us tea, sugar, and cheese in the Yün-Nan style, but as the accommodation was so insufficient, we were obliged to send out and look for better. There was a magnificent old Chinese vase about two feet high standing in one corner. I offered to buy it, and the old man said he would name a price the next day; he afterwards said he did not want to sell it, but eventually agreed to let me have it for six taels; he changed his mind again afterwards, and I came away without it. The

lodging-house keeper directly we arrived went down on his knees, and knocking his head on the ground thanked us as Englishmen for having been the means of abolishing the Lekin taxes. These Lekin taxes are levied by magistrates on all goods passing through their towns, and are terribly oppressive. A trader passing through a dozen towns would pay the tax at each. The hotel-keeper had heard of the Chi-Fu Convention, and thought that the Lekin would be abolished forthwith throughout the whole of China. He said that the Tibetans would come and trade here, whereas before they had been prevented by these heavy dues.

A better lodging was soon found, in a house where there was a very large room, besides good accommodation for servants.

Chao paid us a visit almost immediately after our arrival, and sent us a dinner that he had ordered to be prepared, as he was afraid our cooking things would be late.

As time wore on, we began to have serious doubts as to the arrival of our beds; and we contemplated with not much satisfaction the prospect of a night with nothing but hard boards to lie on, in clothes more or less damp, and boots thoroughly wet. The night was very dark, but at every sound we rushed outside or to the window, and tried to penetrate the obscurity; time after time we were disappointed, and had quite given up all hopes, when at length the welcome news came of the arrival. Our mattresses were soon laid, and we turned into bed for a well-earned sleep. The baggage did not arrive till 9.45, and our people had had a most unpleasant time of it, crossing the mountains in the dark; but, strangely enough, the whole way from Dong they had had no rain.

A-tun-tzŭ is a Chinese town, and nearly all the people in it are Chinese; but, through long residence amongst Tibetans, they speak Tibetan better than their own language. They are not altogether Chinese in appearance, and the women were certainly better looking than any we had seen since leaving Ta-Chien-Lu. The immorality of the place is said to be very great, even worse than that of Bat'ang, the reputation of which town is about on a par with that of the worst in Eastern Europe.

The prevalence of goître in these districts is frightful; the Chinese attribute it to the salt, but whatever the cause, at least *one* third of the population are afflicted with this hideous disease; the swellings in the throat of some of the people being of appalling dimensions. It is said that the Chinese are not so liable to this malady as the Tibetans, possibly because they have not lived here so long, possibly because they never drink cold water.[3]

[3] At Deung-do-lin, where there was a beautiful stream of clear water, and where goître was as prevalent as at A-tun-tzŭ, I procured a bottle of water. I believed at the time that it was drawn from an unpolluted source, but I am afraid that I was deceived. This water reached London in safety, and was minutely analysed by Mr. Bernard Dyer, F.C.S., &c., &c., who showed it to contain:

	Grains per gallon.
Total solid matter in solution	8·68
Loss on ignition (chiefly organic matter)	3·92
Chlorine	0·42
(Equal to chloride of sodium)	0·69
Nitric acid	0·059
Free (actual or saline) ammonia	0·077
Organic (albuminoid) ammonia	0·119
Oxygen, absorbed by oxydisable organic matter	0·406

After an elaborate, but by no means complimentary description of the water, and the effects that it would be likely to produce, Mr. Dyer concludes:—'In short, as far as I can judge, any peculiar properties this water may possess are to be attributed solely to the presence of a large quantity of organic filth.' An awful warning to future travellers to be careful whence they procure the water they destine for analysis.

The houses in A-tun-tzŭ are nearly all built in the form of a quadrangle, with the stables below the living rooms, and with flat roofs; but the evidences of Chinese civilisation are not wanting; some of the walls are whitewashed, and tables and chairs can be obtained.

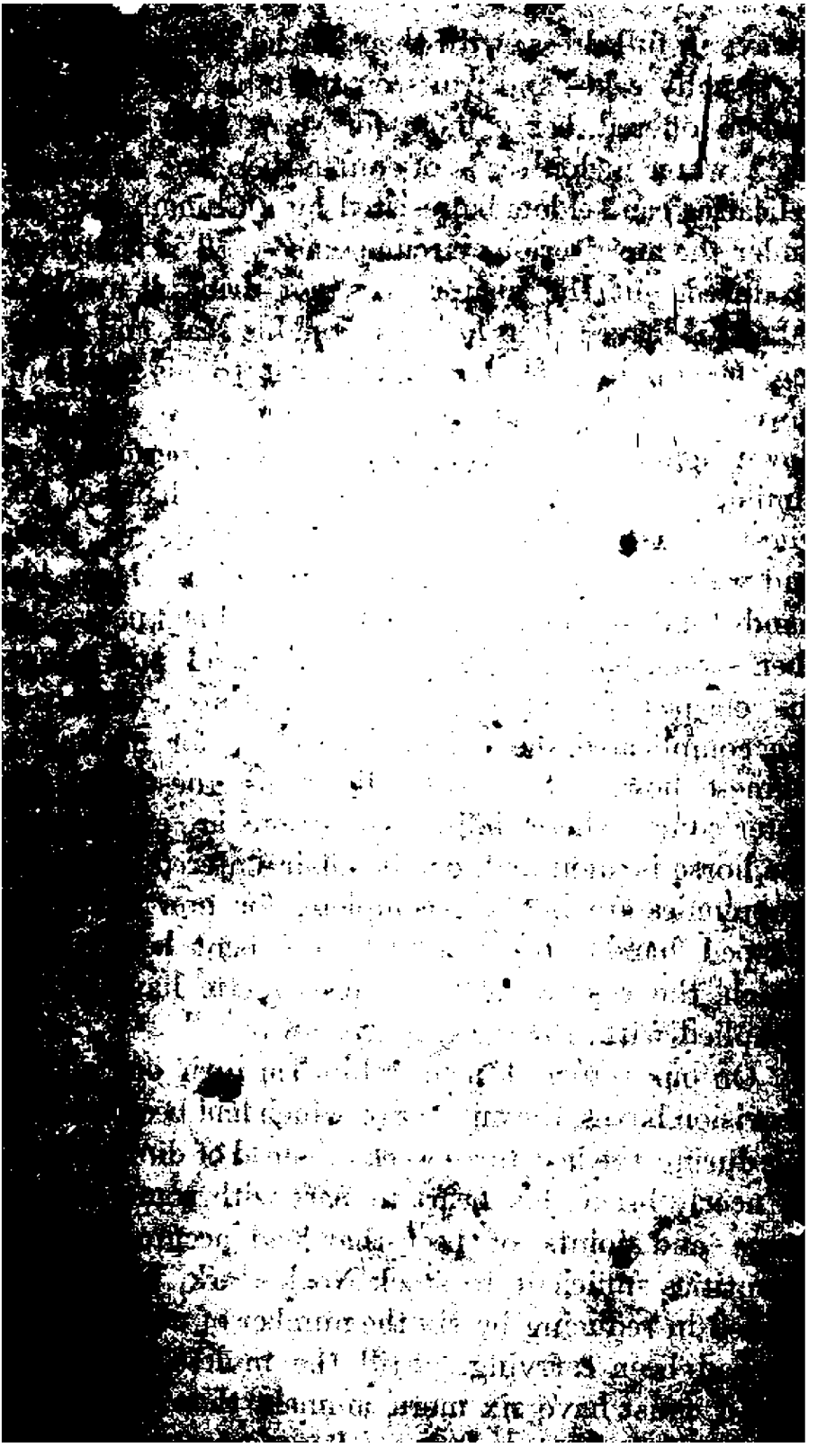
At Bat'ang I had determined to shoe all the horses, but when I gave the order I was told that the animals were not accustomed to shoes, and that some illness would be certain to follow so unusual an operation; much against my better judgment I listened to the advice. The results were disastrous, as half our horses were now lame from their hoofs being worn away. I determined, therefore, that the horses should now be properly shod; unfortunately, however, there was no one to do the work, or else the farrier had gone away somewhere else; as usual, I was consoled with the assurance, the value of which I fully appreciated, that there were plenty of shoeing smiths at the next village.

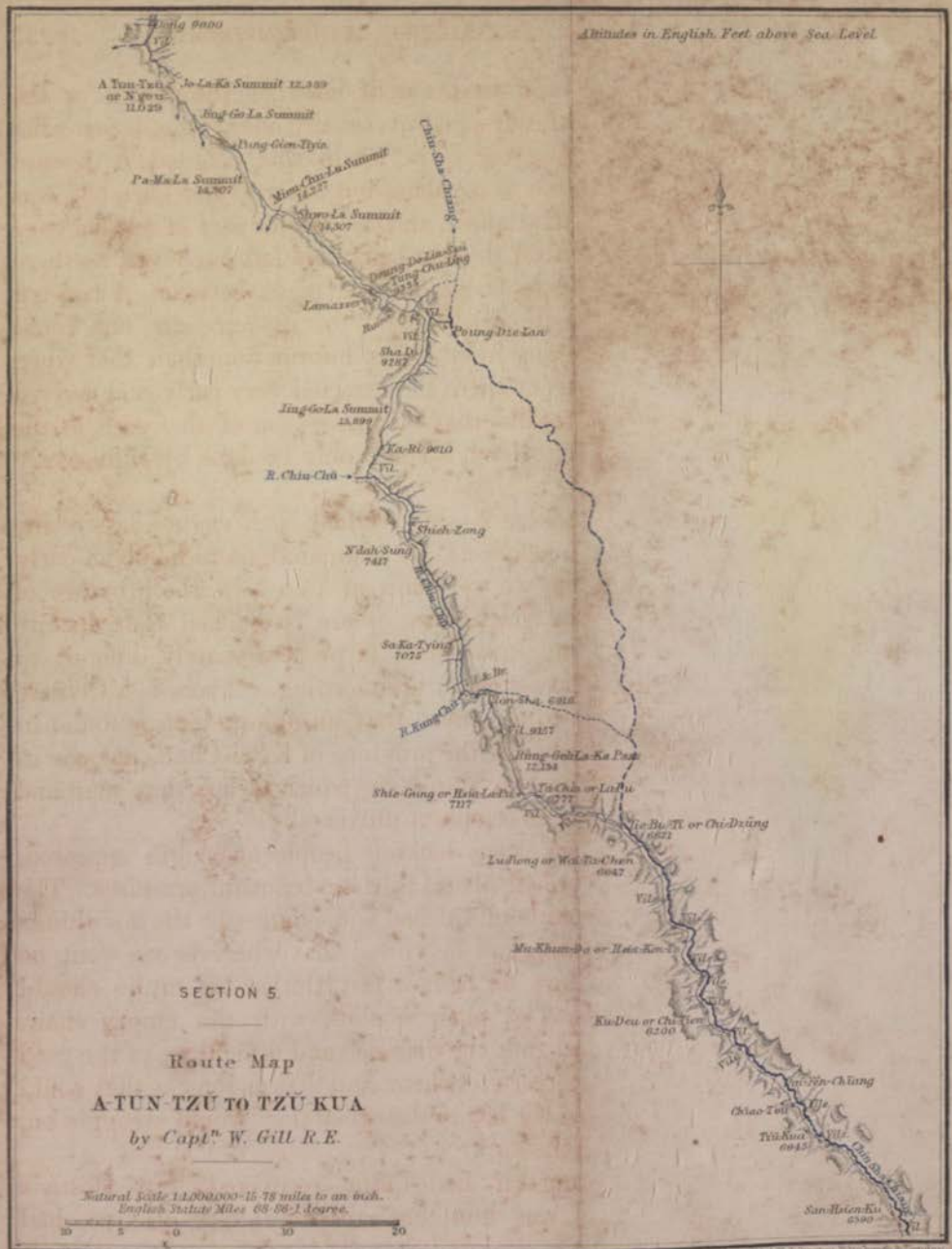
As we were now almost out of Tibet I was very anxious to buy a prayer cylinder, but the people had a superstitious objection to parting with them, and it was difficult to prevail on anyone to sell one. They had a curious superstition also about their wooden bowls; they said that if they sold the bowls from which they had eaten to a foreigner, their country would fall into the hands of the nation whose representative had bought them.

We paid our farewell visits of ceremony to Chao and the native chief, and I was very sorry to say good-bye to the excellent Chinese magistrate, who had taken such good care of us. Our visits were returned with all the rites attendant on so solemn an occasion. At these visits, Chinese officials are

always in full dress, with their official hats on. There are usually cakes and fruits on the table, but they are seldom offered, being more for show than anything else; water-melon seeds of course there are, and these delicacies can seldom be resisted by a Chinaman, even under the most serious circumstances. Tea is always produced, but the visitor does not drink it until he takes his leave; then he rises from his seat, and holding the cup in both hands, raises it to his forehead, lowering his head at the same time. He then sits down again, while the host, who has performed a similar ceremony, calls for the horses or chairs of his guests. After this, the guest sips a little tea, rises, and walks to the door. When there, he clasps his hands, and stooping, brings them to his knees; he then straightens his legs, bows his head, and brings his clasped hands to his forehead, thus completing the complicated movements necessary for making a Chinese bow. The host follows his guest into the outer court, where similar salutations are exchanged, the horse is mounted, or the chair entered; but the ceremonies are not yet complete, for now again the clasped hands are brought to the bent head; after which, the rigours of Chinese etiquette having been complied with, the guest moves away.

On our return I made Chin-Tai turn out all the provision boxes, the number of which had been increasing during the last three weeks instead of diminishing. It nearly broke his heart to part with some ancient hams and joints of beef that had accumulated in quantities sufficient to stock Noah's ark, but I succeeded in reducing by six the number of useless boxes we had been carrying. Still the muleteers declared that I must have six more animals than I ever had employed before, and the talking that ensued at-





London, John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1879.

tracted the attention of most of the people in the town, who dropped in casually one by one, to see what was going on. The chaos that reigned it seemed impossible to regulate, but order if not harmony was at length attained, and the greater part of our baggage was sent off the day before we left ourselves, as there was said to be no halting place between A-tun-tzŭ and Deung-do-lin. Of the distance no one could give us any more exact information than that when people went there they started very early and arrived very late, and that at this season of the year, as the days were short, it could only be done by riding very fast.

September 9.—As we had such vague ideas of the distance before us, we were anxious to make an early start; but we were now in Yün-Nan, the province of China in which more opium is smoked than in any other, and in which it is proportionately difficult to move the people in the morning. There is a Chinese proverb to the effect that an opium pipe is found in every house in the province of Kwei-Chou, but one in every room in Yün-Nan, which means that man and woman smoke opium universally.

When sleepy-looking people at length appeared, they were all liberal in their beautiful promises. The son of our landlord had some mules for the few things left behind, and he vowed that wherever we went, no matter how far or how fast, thither his mules should follow. The chair coolies, with the empty chair, protested that the distance and difficulties of the road had no terrors for them, and that as long as they could drag one leg before the other they would struggle on, even in the dark.

Huang-Fu had quite recovered, but Mesny's servant was now unfortunately very ill; we had

ordered a litter to be prepared, but no one had believed that we should start until two or three days after the appointed time, for that is the Yün-Nan 'take-it-easy' style of doing things, so the litter was not ready. Fortunately the chair coolies were willing fellows, and with their aid a makeshift was improvised. After we had been waiting upwards of an hour a man strolled leisurely into the yard, with the air of one who had all the day before him. He carried a saddle over his arm, and was leading a hungry-looking donkey. He tied the animal up to the wall, put the saddle on its back, and carefully buckled one strap. This severe labour having been satisfactorily accomplished, he produced a lump of tsanba made up into a cake from the omnium gatherum of his bosom, and broke a piece off and gave it to the donkey. He put the remainder back into his coat, and stood placidly watching his animal enjoy this sumptuous repast. When the donkey had quite finished, and signified the same by looking round for more, the man fastened another buckle, rewarded his enduring animal for its remarkable patience with some more cake, and sat quietly down to smoke a pipe. The tsanba and tobacco fortunately held out until the operations were completed; and then there was such an evident air of satisfaction on the man's face, that we could do no less than congratulate him on the rapidity with which he worked, and he clearly thought that his exertions deserved something more than mere congratulation.

At length it was proclaimed that all was finished, and we thought we were really about to start, when someone discovered that the men wanted their breakfast. Who the men were it was impossible to say. I had noticed Huang-Fu for the last hour, alternately behind his pipe and a bowl of food. My Ma-Fu

had been so busy with tsanba that he had left all the horses out in the rain. An enormous pan of rice that had been in the kitchen early in the morning was now all finished, and still the people wanted to eat. 'Everything comes to those who know how to wait,' and we had by this time been sufficiently exercised in the virtue of patience to observe with some amount of philosophy the steady progress of the hands of our watches, although it was with some misgivings that we saw those uncompromising machines indicate the hour of nine, as we emerged from the doorway of the house into the chilly rain. As for the rain and fog, except for five minutes when the sun made believe he was going to 'please again to be himself by breaking through the foul and ugly mist of vapour that did seem to strangle him,' rain fell and fog enveloped us incessantly the whole day; and so let us have done with that subject, as the worthy Marco would say. As the opposite sides of the narrow valleys we travelled amongst were nearly always hidden by the fog, the beauties of the scenery hardly repaid us for the dreariness of the day. The necessity of pushing on rendered note-taking anything but a pleasure, and my note-book soon became in a state of sop. After a steady ascent of 1,271 feet, we reached the summit of Jing-go-La, 12,300 feet above the sea, where the usual pile of stones was sheltered by a cherry tree, and the prayers were gradually distilled by the rain from the holy rags that fluttered in the dank breeze. We did not immediately descend, but merely following a contour along the side of the mountain we presently struck up another valley, and reached a little open grassy space in the dense forest of pines and oaks, where there was an empty hut which had at one time been a guard-house. We then again entered

the forest, and here the trees were all festooned with drooping moss, in threads some three or four feet long, and so thickly were the trees clothed with this garment that it was sometimes difficult to know one kind from another. A march of twelve and a quarter miles brought us to another hut, with a little patch of barley in front of it. It had also been a guard-hut, and was now occupied by a hunchback about four feet high, who appeared to live by himself in this desolate spot.

We had a guide with us, who wore a coat made (he said) of the skin of a wild sheep, but the hair was of a deep sienna colour, and much longer than any I have ever seen. He said we should pass no more habitations of any kind before reaching Deung-do-lin, and as the Ma-Fus said they had some bread for themselves, and there was a fire of sticks inside the shanty, we decided to eat our sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs here.

Up to this point, from the summit of Jing-go-La, our road had been very good, but after another half-mile it became rather stony. We ascended a steep path by the side of a torrent, through a forest of pines, oaks, and rhododendrons, to the top of Pa-ma-La (14,307 feet). Here, the snow on the mountain-tops was not more than five hundred feet above the road; it had fallen the night before, and the thickness of the sprinkling, combined with the icy state in which the rain was dropping, warned us that in another month travelling would be unpleasant in Tibet. We did not yet fairly commence our descent, and some people we met told us, in reply to our usual query about the distance, that we had still another mountain to cross.

The road soon rose over a long spur that divided two streams. This was also called a mountain—Mien-

chu-La—and its height was about 14,227 feet. From this, we again descended a short distance, and at last a gentler ascent over a grassy plain led us to the summit of Shwo-La, 14,307 feet above the sea, the water parting between the basins of the Lan-Ts'ang and Chin-Sha rivers. All these mountains are called collectively in Tibetan N'geu-La-ka, or the mountain of A-tun-tzŭ, and by the Chinese Pai-Na-Shān. The character for *Pai* means 'white,' and that for *Na* 'to bring.' This is probably an attempted translation of some old Tibetan *name*. A very stony and somewhat steep descent amongst rather bare hills brought us to another pine-clad valley. Here we found some traders encamped, who, in answer to our questions, could give us only the stereotyped reply, that it was quite impossible to reach Deung-do-lin before dark. Still we descended, and still, fortunately, the road was good, till at five o'clock some people told us the distance was at most twelve miles. By-and-by an old man with a donkey said it was not far, and soon we came to some cultivation and a house. But we found a veritable pigsty, knee-deep in filth and sludge, and two dirty little children came out, and said that there were houses *just below*. So on we went till we came to a place where the road bifurcated, and it was very doubtful which track we ought to follow. Guides and muleteers had long been left behind, and we had no one with us but a mounted Ma-Fu, who knew no more of the road than we did ourselves. The daylight was fast fading, a mistake would have been fatal, but it was necessary to make a choice, and we chose the lower road, which soon took us to the right bank of the stream. It now became dark in good earnest; anything faster than a careful walk was impossible; and we began to think we had taken the wrong road,

especially as we saw lights and heard the barking of a dog high upon the hill on the opposite side of the stream. Still we went forward ; we could see nothing, but we could hear the torrent roaring sullenly below. The track was narrow and desperately rough ; at times, as far as we could judge by the sound, we seemed to be right over the stream, and at last the Ma-Fu, who was in front, came to a halt, and declared that the path went no farther. Looking behind us, we now saw a light in the valley above, and as, about half an hour before, Mesny had fancied that he had seen houses there, we began to think of turning back. Just at this moment there was a faint glare of light in front, but as fireflies had already been mistaken two or three times for the lights of a house, we took a steady look to assure ourselves, and at last a flare showed definitely, and there was no longer any doubt about it. It was neither firefly nor glow-worm, but it disappeared again soon afterwards, and we bade the Ma-Fu shout ; but he had as much voice as a mouse, so setting our lungs to work we had the pleasure of hearing the hills echo on each side, and re-echo many a lusty British halloo. Soon afterwards a brilliant light appeared, then another and another, and it became evident that people were out looking for us. We remained where we were, the lights gradually approached, and we found that an official sent on from A-tun-tzŭ had already made one expedition in search of us, and had now brought nearly all the villagers with him, and quantities of pine-splinters. Our road was now more brilliantly illuminated than Piccadilly. For a mile in front we could see the torches flaring at short intervals, lighting up some gigantic rock or the trunk of a tree, or showing for a moment the black depths of the valley below. The

smell of the turpentine and the burning wood was very pleasant, and the prospects of something better than the forest for a roof were more pleasant still.

At a quarter-past eight we *joyfully found* ourselves in a capital house surrounded by a number of people, who expended every effort in making us comfortable. A large iron pan was brought; soon the pine splinters were blazing, and we enjoyed the grateful warmth. Villagers brought presents of rice, pork, and food for the horses; bread, butter, cheese, and delicious tea appeared, and subsequently some rice was offered us. Cushions and rugs were laid on the beds, and after a cigar I was able to enjoy a delightful sleep.

September 10.—In the morning the Ma-Fu brought some eggs and cooked them. The people of the place supplied us with unlimited bread, butter, and tea, and we seemed to get on rather better without servants and baggage than with those luxuries. My Ma-Fu on foot, and driving three horses, arrived in the night, but no one else appeared until about ten o'clock, when Chin-Tai and Chung-Erh rode in. They said they had travelled all night, and at daybreak they had found a house where they had had some tea. Huang-Fu and his pipe came next. He reported that in the night he had tumbled over a cliff; that the mule had lain on top of him for an hour, and that he had been unable to extricate himself until it moved. He said the mule was none the better, and himself none the worse, and that he had not broken his pipe. My chair soon followed, and I was able to wash my hands with soap, and do some writing.

Deung-do-lin is a little village situated at one side of a ravine, where, on the opposite side, right on the top of a high hill, is the Lamassery of Deung-do-lin.

Tz'u. The word Lamassery is of European origin, and is formed much as Nunnery is derived from Nun ; it can have no connection with the Arabic word 'Serai.'[4] The Chinese word for a Lamassery is 'Lama-Tz'u,' and 'Deung-do-lin-Tz'u' merely means the Lamassery of Deung-do-Lin.

Monsieur Renou, who was the first missionary in Tibet, came this way and stopped at the Lamassery, where he was well and hospitably received by the chief Lama, a man of very superior learning and intelligence, and the living Buddha to boot. Monsieur Renou possessed a large telescope, to which this Lama took a great fancy, and wanted to buy it, or take it, whether Monsieur Renou would or would not. But the latter would on no account part with it at any price ; at last, however, yielding to importunity, he made a bargain that if the head Lama would teach him to speak Tibetan in ten months, he would make him a present of the telescope. This was at once agreed to, and setting to work in right earnest the extraordinary spectacle was witnessed of a Roman Catholic missionary, the pupil of a living Buddha. Since this time, the inmates of this Lamassery have always been friendly towards foreigners ; and while we were at Deung-do-lin the chief Lama came down to see us, and brought us several little presents, tea, incense sticks, and medicines.

September 10.—In all probability if poor Cooper had taken this road instead of that by Wei-Si, he would have succeeded in his enterprise, but the Chinese authorities at Bat'ang took very good care to

[4] I should not speak quite so confidently. The word *Serai* was adopted by the mediæval Mongols for 'Palace' or 'Edifice' apparently, and became the name of more than one of their royal cities. But I do not know of any use of the word Lamaserie or Lamassery before Abbé Huc's.—*Y.*

keep him in ignorance of it, and to despatch him by the valley of the Lan-Ts'ang, where the physical difficulties were only equalled by those due to the hostility of the Lamas, and the open opposition of the officials.

It was late in the day before the baggage arrived. Instead of having been carried on animals, it had been brought by men, women, and children, utterly unaccustomed to carrying loads; the biggest and heaviest boxes had been carried by the smallest children, or weakest women, while some great strapping fellow had been burdened with no more than a hat-box.

We changed our carriers again here; those from this place could be taken no further than Sha-lu, only nine miles distant, and we sadly missed the excellent Chao, with his careful organisation. The petty officials we had with us were very helpless; our journey henceforth was a great contrast to our march to Bat'ang, and everything seemed to be in a perpetual state of 'east and west.' In these countries there are no regular coolies to be hired, and animals or porters can only be obtained from the officials or petty chiefs. The animals are often away in the mountains grazing, and the people, accustomed to have their services pressed without payment, are always unwilling to do anything, for it is next to impossible to make them realise the idea of distinguished people who pay.

The house we were in, though large, was in an exceedingly bad state of repair; the roof leaked in dozens of places, and the rain came through until there was scarcely a spot in the room clear of the drops, which brought a quantity of mud with them in their passage through the roof. Everything was out of the perpendicular; the roof of another part of

the house had already fallen in, and if the floods have since descended very often on that house, it certainly must have fallen before now.

Everything arrived before night, except Mesny's boy; we were very uneasy about him, and we sent out search parties over and over again; but they never went further than the nearest corner, where they hid themselves for an hour or two, and returned with the favourite Chinese expression 'Li-Ta,' of which the accepted translation is 'coming immediately,' but which, as far as my experience goes, always means 'not coming for hours.'

September 11.—The muleteers had come to us in the evening, begging and praying for an early start; this was something quite new, and we unsuspiciously got up at an uncomfortably early hour. But we soon found that this was a most unnecessary proceeding. The men had no intention of even writing out the agreement until they had talked over matters; they could not be expected to discuss such a grave subject till after breakfast, and it was quite impossible for them to eat before smoking their opium.

When the paper was eventually prepared, they began to think about looking for animals, and they then discovered that there were none. By-and-by a man strolled casually into the place where our luggage was collected, and our officials, whom we had been roundly upbraiding for their dilatoriness, pointed proudly to the fact that a carrier had already arrived. After looking around him for a few minutes, this man took hold of a box to see how heavy it was, and with the perversity of an English railway porter, seized it by a feeble fastening, never intended to bear any weight; he then sat down and deliberately lighted his pipe. While he was thus agreeably employed, an old woman

came, and, after regarding the box attentively some time, did precisely what the man had done before, and then went out. At length, however, five head people arrived, and succeeded, after much hot argument, in dividing the baggage into five portions, an achievement that was immediately celebrated by the consumption of much tobacco. At last, a very small child appeared, the biggest box was put on its back, and it trudged away; then a man went off with something light, and a woman followed with a heavy case; no man, woman, or child took more than one package, even though it weighed only a few ounces; and no box, however heavy, was carried by more than one person; but the heap of baggage grew smaller by degrees, and beautifully less, and at intervals on the narrow path along the hill-side, we could see our property slowly disappearing in the distance.

During the morning Mesny's boy came in declaring he was now quite well, only frightfully weak. The remedy for his illness had certainly been of a kill-or-cure nature. He had been dosed *ad extremis* with pills and chlorodyne, and he had finished up by passing a very rainy night in the open forest. Our people said his illness had been brought on by eating butter. He had been seen to buy half a rupee's worth—about a pound—and melt it down; and the stuff had disappeared immediately afterwards.

When about half our baggage had gone, we were tired of waiting, and started down the valley, the road winding in a serpentine track two to three hundred feet above the stream, generally following one of the contours. The scenery and climate changed very rapidly, for we seemed to get out of the rainy district into a dry and barren one. The wild gooseberries, currants, and oaks had all disappeared; the

high and exceedingly steep hill-side being nearly bare, except at the tops, where pine forests appeared every now and then when the clouds lifted from the summits. The spurs ran down very steeply to the streams, but their tops were level, and well cultivated with barley and buckwheat. There were plenty of houses here and there, with walnuts, pear trees, and wild peaches; the fruit of the last not eatable even by the Chinese.

Soon we caught sight of the valley of the Chin-Sha-Chiang, where the river appeared to run in narrow gorges between high and bare mountains. The village of Poung-dze-lan was on a spur close to us; this place is sometimes called Pong-Sera, and in most maps is wrongly shown on the left bank of the river. We were not yet, however, to rejoin the River of Golden Sand; and two huge mountain passes were still to be crossed before we could follow the banks of the mighty stream. Our road turned abruptly away, and plunging into a narrow valley, we ascended some little distance to the house of the chief, who rules from Deung-do-lin over all the intervening country, and for some distance to the south.

During the day we passed a good many ruins by the road-side and amongst the houses. In all the ruined villages there were the remains of a high square tower, deserted and crumbling away, built exactly like those so invariable in the Sung-P'an-T'ing district. Some of the villages had been partially rebuilt, and inhabited houses and unroofed walls were sheltered by the same walnut or persimmon[5] tree, but

[5] *Persimmon* is the American name of *Diospyros Virginiana* of the United States, and has apparently been applied by Americans and Englishmen in China to the kindred *Diospyros Kaki*, producing the 'date-plum' (or 'keg-fig' of Japan).—*Y.*

in no case had the towers been repaired, and they stood fast decaying monuments of a people rapidly passing away.

Welcome evidences of approaching civilisation were again apparent, as we saw some sloping roofs, and passed over a bridge provided with the luxury of a hand rail.

Outside the house where we stayed, in the village of Sha-lu, a beautiful stream of clear water leaped merrily down towards the river, turning as it went a great prayer cylinder in a small building that stood under a grand old walnut tree; and a string stretched from bank to bank served to carry a number of Mani rags that fluttered in the breeze, and after passing through a fine portico, where there were benches for people to sit on, the guests on ascending the staircase were expected to give a turn to another cylinder that stood at the corner of the steps.

The name of the chief was Wang, and he held the Chinese rank of Chien-Tsung. He remembered the missionary Renou, who used often to come and pay him a visit. His house was very large, and we had a comfortable, though small, room on the ground floor, with a wide verandah, where we could put our table and sit. There was a square open court in front of the verandah, and above the buildings on the opposite side we could again see the parrots flying about amongst the pines and oaks.

The chief had a huge dog, kept in a cage on the top of the wall at the entrance. It was a very heavily built black-and-tan, the tan of a very good colour; his coat was rather long, but smooth; he had a bushy tail, smooth tan legs, and an enormous head that seemed out of proportion to the body, very much like that of a bloodhound in shape with overhang-

ing lips. His bloodshot eyes were very deep-set, and his ears were flat and drooping. He had tan spots over the eyes, and a tan spot on the breast. He measured four feet from the point of the nose to the root of the tail, and two feet ten inches in height at the shoulder. He was three years old, and was of the true Tibetan breed.

CHAPTER VII.

REGION OF THE RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND.

II. Sha-lu to Ta-li fu.

Hazels, Pines, Currants, Rhododendrons—Pass of Jing-go-La—Ka-ri—Houses there—Verdant and Peopled Region—N'doh-sung—Domestic Decoration—Rapacity of the Fu of Wei-si—Chinese Agriculture Reappears—Hospitable Welcome of Ron-sha—Toilsome March in Rain—Reception at La-pu—Our Lodging there—Friendly Activity of our Conductor—Walnut Trees, and Marco Polo's 'Cloves,' *i.e.*, Cassia Trees—Tibet passing into the Background—Village of Jie-bu-ti—The Banks of the Chin-Sha Regained, and Re-appearance of Orange-trees and Parrots—The Mu-su People—March down the Great River—Lamas still seen—Mu-khun-do—The Pu-Erh Tea, and How to Make it—Ku-deu—Fine Position—The Mu-sus—European Aspect of some—Honesty of Carriers—Drunken Escort Officer—Ch'iao-T'ou—Tea-houses Reappear—San-Hsien-Ku—Festive Reception—Shih-Ku, or Stone-Drum Town—Adieu to the River of Golden Sand—Mount Chin-Ku-P'u—Changed Scenery—Dense Population on Rice-plains—Inns begin again—Oppression of the 'Lekin'—City of Chien-Ch'uan-Chou—A Henpecked Warrior—Fair Words of the Chou—Road through Populous Rice-lands—Lake Basins—I-Yang-T'ang—Rudeness of Local Officer at Niu-Chieh—Wretchedness of the People—The Rude Officer Abashed—Position of Niu-Chieh in Lake-basin—Probable Changes in Water-levels—Dilapidated City of Lang-Ch'iung—Civil Landlord—Pu-Erh Tea—Sulphur Spring—Opium-smoking—Damp and Dreary Aspects—The Erh-Hai, or Lake of Ta-Li—Road along the Lake Shore—Arrival at Ta-Li-Fu.

September 12.—The mules were all away feeding in the mountains, and the muleteers only came in late in the afternoon to prepare for the next journey, which, they said, was a long and difficult one; but the day was so pleasant, the house so comfortable, and the people so civil, that we easily put up with the delay.

September 13.—Mesny's boy was now much better; he had been doctored with port wine during the last day or two, which, he had the bad taste to declare, he did not like half so well as pills. He was now set up on a mule, and performed the journey in safety.

We marched up a narrow valley, with very steep and wooded slopes on both sides, the stream at the bottom running through a thick jungle of briars, hazels, small poplars, and currants. I had often seen the hazel-nut tree before, but was never sure about it until now, when I found some nuts nearly ripe. There was a wild currant in this valley, with elliptical berries, as large as two ordinary currants. These were hardly ripe, and rather hard; they had the full flavour of the English red currant, but were very sour. Another small tree had exactly the leaf of the English oak, with long thorns on the branches. There were two kinds of rhododendrons, one just like that common in England, the other had broader and rounder leaves. A march of six and a half miles brought us into a dense forest of pines and magnificent rhododendrons, the latter growing twenty feet high. There were also plenty of wild strawberries.

The road, though steep, was very good, and for the first six miles was not stony. It then became rather rocky for a mile, and ended in a couple of miles of steep zigzag, which brought us to the summit of mount Jing-go-La, 13,699 feet above the sea, and 4,412 feet above Sha-lu. There was a very cold wind at the top, with rain-clouds hanging about, but we escaped with only a very slight shower. This mountain is a spur running east and west from the great range that divides the Lan-Ts'ang from the Chin-Sha-Chiang. I think the general name of this range must be properly Jing-go-La, for one of the

mountains we crossed on the 9th had this name, although they gave a different one for all the mountains collectively. Arrived at the summit we had to descend an exceedingly bad, steep, and stony road, through a forest even thicker than on the northern side, and we could rarely see more than a few yards in any direction. We passed neither house, shed, nor hut, until sixteen and a half miles from Sha-lu, when we came across some woodcutters busily at work cutting down and chopping up the magnificent trees for firewood and splinters, which take the place of candles, and are the only means of lighting adopted here. There was one little hut in this place, but nothing else till we reached the village of Ka-ri, situated in a very small open space, where there were a few fields of buckwheat and cabbages.

The entire population turned out to meet us, and respectfully saluted us, in pure Tibetan style, by putting out their tongues, and afterwards each family (there were only four) brought a present of pork, rice, or wine. We were lodged in the house of the chief man, who at once brought milk and tea for us, and barley for the horses. He fortunately did not bring me any incense-sticks, for I had by this time received enough to set up a High Church establishment in London.

The architecture in this neighbourhood shows that the inhabitants have advanced a stage in civilisation beyond the pure Tibetans of the upper plateau.

When first an uncivilised man builds himself a shelter he is contented with a flat roof of mud; but as he advances he finds the inconvenience of the dirty drops that percolate through the covering of his house, and he casts about for some means to obviate the dis-

comfort. His next idea is to place some sloping planks over the flat roof to shoot off the rain, and on these he puts a few stones to prevent the wind blowing them away.

The device is simple, but effectual, and this is the system on which we found many of the houses roofed that lie hidden amongst the spurs of the ridge on the western bank of the Chin-Sha.

The house at Ka-ri was not built altogether on this principle. The roof of the lower story was flat, and made of mud, but the upper story that covered half the lower was roofed with wooden battens, slightly sloping.

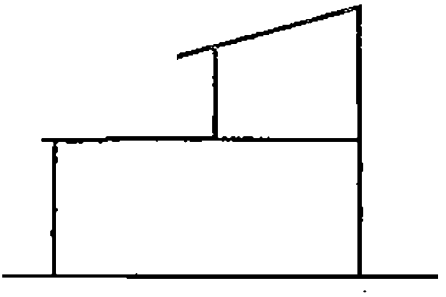


FIG. 3.

The room in which we lodged was the upper one; it had no wall in front, and was open to the flat roof of the room below.

September 14.—The early morning was delicious. I stepped outside, and whilst I was enjoying the lovely view, an old woman came on the roof to perform the devotions for the house. On the top of a wooden post there was a small clay fire-place, the chimney of which was an old black earthenware teapot. Some yew branches were thrust into this fire-place, and lighted, and some other ingredients were poured into the teapot, and the morning prayers were thus complete. Properly speaking, incense should

have been burnt, but either it was too expensive, or else it was thought that the gods would not find out the difference.

From Ka-ri we followed the stream by an excellent and easy road to its junction with Chin-Chŭ, a beautiful clear river sixteen to twenty yards wide, coming from the west, and flowing rapidly through a pretty valley. This was very narrow, cliffs on both sides in many places shutting in the stream; but in the bottom open flats, two to five hundred yards long, and one to two hundred yards broad, were cultivated with buckwheat and a few cabbages. The hill-sides rose on each side very sharply, varying from slopes of thirty degrees to steep and precipitous cliffs, the mountains generally running up about a thousand feet above the stream, and covered everywhere with trees, mostly holly-leaved oak. The road ran by the river-side through a jungle of oaks, like the true English oak, holly-leaved oaks, poplars, thorns, barberries, peaches, wild plums, and magnificent walnut trees. The last only could be called trees, the others being little more than shrubs. Everything was very green, plenty of good grass growing in the open spaces between the trees. The country was more thickly populated. We passed a good many houses and small villages, though the amount of cultivation was still small.

After marching fourteen miles we came to a village of eight families, called Shich-zong, on the opposite side of the river, where there was a bridge, and a quarter of a mile lower down we found a low table in a field, and two stools with cushions. A group of people were collected round a fire under a fine walnut tree, where a big pot was boiling. At our approach they all rose to salute us, headed by the

son of the officer whose house was ready for us at the next village, and as soon as we were seated, tea and eggs were placed before us, and food, that had already been prepared, was given to our horses.

Before the after-breakfast cigar was finished, all the mules came up. Their loads were quickly off their backs, and they enjoyed a good roll, while the mule-drivers, lighting another fire, made their meal of tsanba. An easy march brought us to another bridge, and crossing it, between two rows of people, who respectfully saluted, we rode over the few intervening yards to the village of N'doh-sung (six families), past another line of people drawn up, who bowed and gave us a welcome to their humble home.

We found the son of our host at his door waiting to receive us, and he led us through a spacious court, surrounded by two-storied buildings, to a beautifully clean and new room, about forty feet square, on the upper story. The whole front was open to within two feet of the floor, but provided with shutters to close it. Two rows of wooden pillars, roughly carved at the top into a sort of capital, ran down the length of the room to support the roof. One wall was of plaster, and ornamental paintings had been commenced, but as the house was not yet finished the decorations were not complete. The artist employed had evidently not been a person of much skill, for although the intention was good, the execution was villainous.

There was a hexagonal pattern in black, with a white border, on a grey ground. There was a dull red cross in the centre of each hexagon, on which the imagination of Huc would have discovered proofs of a large Christian community. One row of hexagons was supposed to be equilateral, the next row with two

long sides, but all the lines were crooked and the figures irregular, so that the beauty of the design was lost. A kind of frieze had been attempted along the

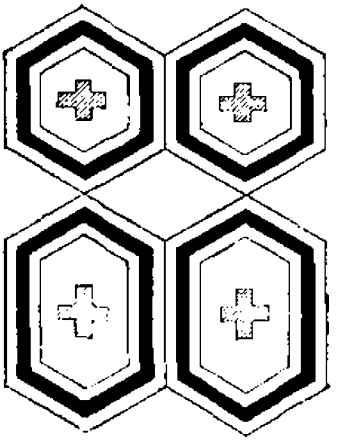


FIG. 4.

top of the wall, but it was so badly done that I utterly failed to evolve the pattern. The general arrangement of the colouring was really excellent. It was interesting to notice this first attempt at mural decoration among an uncivilised people, and the origin of the pattern afforded a wide field for speculation.

The house belonged to the native officer of the place, who held the Chinese rank of a Pa-Tsung. The Chinese magistrate at Wei-si, a Fu, was of a different stamp to Chao, and was notorious for his love of money, and the oppressive 'squeeze' that he extracted from all under him. He had heard that the Pa-Tsung of N'doh-sung was a wealthy man, and had demanded a large sum of money from him on some frivolous pretext; this officer had in consequence made over his house and property to the village, as he was afraid that the Fu of Wei-si would confiscate them; and he had repaired to the prefec-

toral city to try and come to some arrangement with the rapacious magistrate. At the time of our visit he had not returned, and it was his son who had so worthily done the honours of the paternal roof; for although the property had been vested in the village, in reality it remained in the possession of the Pa-Tsung.

September 15.—From N'doh-sung we followed the right bank of the river, and everything pointed to the fact that the highlands with their rich pastures and herds of cattle were rapidly being left behind. The first patch of Indian corn was just outside the village; the chirp of the grasshopper was heard in the fields; the river, instead of being a mountain torrent tumbling headlong downwards, was a smooth, though rapid stream; the sun was shining in a clear sky; and the soft and balmy air had lost the crispness of the mountains. Here men and women were at work in the flat fields by the river; and half a dozen naked urchins suddenly appeared scampering across a bridge to look at the foreigners. Passing through the villages, grown-up people and children ran out in a hurry, and gazed with a stony Chinese stare, though here and there some Tibetans still received us with the respectful salute.

Cairns by the road-side, or rags fluttering from the tops of poles, still reminded us that we were in the land of Buddha; but the ever-increasing amount of buckwheat and Indian corn growing in fields that had already yielded a crop of black barley, showed the presence of the agricultural Chinese.

Steep and high hills, sometimes broken with precipices and cliffs, rose up a thousand feet on both sides; the slopes were well wooded with pines and holly-leaved oaks; and at the bottom of the valley,

which was very narrow, the spurs running out, all ended in flat points about a hundred yards wide, cultivated with Indian corn, and buckwheat, another crop appeared, called by the Chinese Hung-Pai, the grain of which is small and red, very like sago, and is used for making flour. Lower down, a crop for which we could get no Chinese name, was called by the Tibetans M'beh; and at last the hearts of our Chinese followers leapt with joy as, down by the river-side, a field of true rice, in Tibetan M'jeh, was an earnest to them of the good things below.

Houses and villages were scattered about the valley, and an excellent road showed the existence of some traffic, though during the day we met no more than four donkeys; this, however, was something, as for many marches, with the exception of our own long and straggling baggage-train, we had seen neither coolies nor animals.

The road now ran, like some English country lane, through a wood, where the murmuring river, sparkling in the sun, could be seen through a jungle of thorns, barberries, and briars, and where peaches and plums mingled their delicate leaves with the deep foliage of the firs and holly-leaved oaks. A few pears, pomegranates, and persimmon trees grew about the villages, and long groves of splendid walnuts just now were yielding a rich harvest to their proprietors.

Close to the village of Sa-ka-tying (three or four families), our host of N'doh-Sung appeared, and, saluting us as we dismounted, led us to a couple of arbours erected by the road-side, where, sheltered from the rays of the sun by fresh green branches of oaks, chestnuts, and firs, improvised tables and stools had been provided with cushions. Fresh milk and tea were laid before us, and the villagers of Sa-ka-

tying brought gifts, and welcomed their unaccustomed guests.

Our ride to-day was a triumphal march, and as we approached Ron-sha (twelve families), the villagers all turned out, and most of them saluted as we passed. The road to our house, the passage to our room, and the apartment itself had all been decorated with freshly gathered pine branches; and walnut leaves were strewn over the ground, and on our beds. All the good things of the village were placed at our disposal, and our followers revelled in the luxuries of pork and rice; but not to let us forget that there were here some Chinese amongst the population some inquisitive eyes could be seen peering through the thick foliage that embowered our dwelling. Treated with such distinction, and attended to by such thoughtful hosts, it would have been thankless to have grumbled at the swarm of house-flies that pervaded the place—immolating themselves by dozens in our tea directly it was poured out, and half-concealing the food upon our plates—or to have noticed the ping of the mosquitoes, which was heard for the first time for many a long day.

September 16.—Leaving the river Chin-Chŭ, we ascended a stream, the valley of which for the first half-mile was flat, and cultivated with rice, and buckwheat; but beyond this there was no longer any room for cultivation, the steep hill-sides running right down to the stream; and after another mile and a quarter, the road plunged into one of those dense woods of which we had seen so many. The trees here were most puzzling; everything looked like what it was not, first the oaks had been mistaken for hollies, and now the chestnuts looked like oaks.

Before we had gone very far the rain came down. The road was exceedingly bad and steep, and it

seemed as if we would never reach the summit. As we ascended the rain became heavier and the mist thicker, the road grew worse, and still we mounted. Never before, during all our weary travels, had we clambered thus, for hour after hour; and it was not until we were 5,200 feet above Ron-sha, that at length we gained the summit of Rûng-geh-la-ka, 12,134 feet above the sea, where, enveloped in mist and pouring rain, we could see scarcely anything. We then descended five thousand feet, by another steep and slippery road, to the valley of the Kung-Chŭ, where there is the village of Shio-gung, called by the Chinese Hsiao La-pu (or Lesser La-pu). The stream we followed from the summit must at times become a roaring torrent, for near its junction with the Kung-Chŭ, trees covered with mud for a height of five or six feet, and with stones in the lower branches, showed the level to which the water must occasionally rise.

At La-pu, called by the Chinese Ta-Chio, we were taken to the house of the chief man in the place, and were immediately waited on by the nephew of the Fu of Wei-si, in whose district La-pu is situated. He was a very young man, named Sun, and a tremendous talker; but though his tongue wagged incessantly, his conversation was more than usually sensible; he was a very active young fellow, and told us that he had already arranged for coolies to take us a two days' journey, because this district, which extended from Shio-gung, or Hsiao La-pu, to Jie-bu-ti, or Chi-Dzûng, and contained three hundred families, was an agricultural one, in which there were no animals to be procured.

Shio-gung contains twenty-five families, and is the seat of a native hereditary officer, whose title is that of Mu-kwa (or Moquoor of Cooper); at Ta-

Chio itself there were four of these native officers, called Mu-kwa, and thirty families.

The military officer, a Chien-Tsung, also came in to see us; and a dish of woodeny peaches, a plate of beautiful fresh walnuts, and quantities of sunflower seeds were put on the table, the latter in this part of China generally taking the place of the water melon seeds, and as a diet being equally futile and frivolous. Our two guests, however, thoroughly relished them, and no parrot could have been more skilful than these two men in the consumption of these delicacies. The seed was put in at one corner of the mouth, the kernel extracted, and the husk ejected at the other corner, with the rapidity of cartridges from a Martini rifle; saucer after saucer disappeared, and a small mountain of husks was formed at the feet of each of our friends. The people at this part of Yün-Nan seem to divide their time between opium-smoking and eating sunflower seeds.

The Chien-Tsung had a very evil face, but both he and Sun, who was a great dandy, with excessively long nails, were exquisitely polite, never made use of a wrong expression, and talked in the stilted language affected by the Chinese literati. They both visited us again in the evening, and remained a long time, trying to find out something about us, as the despatches they had received had been most contradictory. In reply to an observation that the Margary proclamation was nowhere posted in Yün-Nan, Sun said that a copy had been sent to the head man of every village, but that they had put them away in their boxes for fear of their being spoilt—like the Dutchman, who left his sheet anchor at home, for fear of losing it.

When the Chien-Tsung took his leave, he apolo-

gised for not having done anything more for us, and expressed his hope that on our return to our honourable country we would present his compliments to the Queen.

September 17.—We were lodged, *à la Chinoise*, on the ground floor of the house of the chief of the village, a large building, with a square open court, on one side of which there were stables; at the other side, in front of our room, the court was divided from a long shed by a low wooden partition, with a grating above. A vast number of people were collected here, and peering through the bars with expressionless faces, gazed at the coolies squabbling over the baggage, amongst which little Sun was running about, displaying an activity utterly foreign to the manners of the ordinary Chinaman: leading ponies himself, pushing the people about, and abusing them in a tone that considerably helped to swell the din prevailing in the place. The bearers and horses were so numerous that the yard, large as it was, seemed filled; and the crowd was further swelled by idlers and loafers, of whom, in China, there is always an unlimited number ready to spare a few hours on the smallest provocation.

Little Sun did his work thoroughly well. He found horses and saddles for our servants to ride, and coolies for the baggage; he started them in good time in the morning, and drove them along the road, so that they arrived early enough for all the baggage to be handed over before five o'clock, after a march of nineteen and a half miles. He rode with us to our destination, and altogether took very good care of us.

We were sorry to take leave of our friendly conductors, who had contrived to make the journey thus far very agreeable. They, too, seemed rather sorry that they had not consented to take us further; but

they had doubtless been deterred by the fear of being squeezed by Sun, who, in all probability, kept a goodly proportion of the rupees paid him for the day's work.

We crossed the Kung-Chŭ [1] by a spar bridge, and the road followed the right bank of the river, which was, like a peat stream, of a clear brown colour, another indication of the gradual lowering of the country around, and a remarkable contrast to the Chin-Chŭ, the sources of whose bright blue water are probably in snow.

The river runs *through* a perfectly flat valley, varying from two hundred yards to half a mile in width, and is very similar to many a Tibetan valley in the plateau above: a fine stream winding through a flat plain, bounded by steep and high mountains sloping sharply down to it; but in one case, glorious pasturage cheers the heart of the horseman, as he looses the bridle, and lets his steed with unshod hoofs fly over the elastic turf; but in the other, close cultivation and paddy fields prohibit any attempt to traverse the valley, or deviate from the rocky or muddy path, at the foot of the hills. But this valley supporting three hundred families, would barely suffice in Tibet for ten or twenty; and the numerous villages and houses, all looking prosperous and well, were cheerful sights compared with the miserably sparse and poverty-stricken population of Tibet. The valley was chiefly cultivated with rice, in fields that had already produced a crop of wheat *or* barley. There was a good deal of Indian corn and buckwheat, and late in the day we saw a few patches of tobacco. Magnificent walnut

[1] In Captain Gill's map and minute itinerary, *Kung-Chŭ* is the name of a tributary of the Chiu-Chŭ, passed on the 15th near Ron-sha, whilst the river now mentioned, and followed to its junction with the Chin-Sha, remains anonymous.—*Y.*

trees surrounded the villages, and grew by the road-side in very great numbers. I did not see any of the 'loupes,' so well known in the Caucasus—excrescences that grow on walnut trees, and are so valuable for veneer. There were chestnut trees also, the fruit not yet ripe; and the Kwei-Hua, a tree 'with leaves like the laurel, and with a small white flower, like the clove,' having a delicious, though rather a luscious smell. This was the Cassia, and I can find no words more suitable to describe it than those of Polo which I have just used.

The hills on each side were densely wooded with pines and holly-leaved oaks; but the trees seemed to change in appearance with the climate, and approximate to one another in a very remarkable manner. There was now a rhododendron with leaves which, instead of being as usual hard and shiny, were quite soft, and unless I had found one solitary flower, I should have doubted the identity.

As we proceeded everything looked more and more Chinese: people in turbans standing about in great numbers, and turning out to stare; pomegranate bushes near the doors of the houses; great pumpkins trailing on a trellis in a garden, or over the road; fine garden crops of beans and other vegetables, so dear to the heart of a Chinaman, all proclaimed the fact that Tibet was becoming more and more remote; though still there were a good many Tibetan cairns by the road-side, and prayer-rags floated from poles in the villages, where some of the walls of the houses were of wood, and some of mud, and where the roofs were still of sloping wooden battens.

The road skirted the foot of the hills, and was generally good; though in one or two places the mud was very deep, making our horses flounder about, and

splash the dirt and water in every direction. We followed the Kung-Chŭ [2] to its junction with the Chin-Sha-Chiang, which we found the same muddy river we had left at Bat'ang. The clear stream of water shot itself into the brown fluid, and appeared to be making a vain attempt to retain its purity, but after a few feet gave it up as hopeless, and was lost in the dirty liquid.

The village of Jie-bu-ti, called Chi-Dzûng by the Chinese, and containing twenty-five families, was at this junction, and just as we arrived a salute of three matchlocks was fired by some out of a half-dozen ragged soldiers drawn up in a line, who welcomed us by grovelling on the ground at our approach. Here Sun had ordered an extensive repast to be prepared for us at the house of the chief man, and our host brought some delicious rice-cakes. These are made by steaming (not boiling) rice, until it is almost reduced to a pulp ; it is then thoroughly pounded in a mortar, made into round cakes six inches in diameter, and about an inch thick, and allowed to dry slowly. When eaten the cakes are cut into slices, toasted, and served up hot ; in this manner they are very like the British muffin, but without butter are much better than that homely article of food would be.

The house was a most comfortable one, with excellent upper rooms, and a nice little garden, where there was the first orange tree we had seen since leaving Ssŭ-Ch'uan, and where a good many green parrots were flying about.

The remainder of our journey, though short, was very bad ; a wet stiff clay gave our horses a hard task, and a steep spur that projected into the river, and over which we passed at a height of about four

[2] See Note on last page but one.—*Y.*

hundred feet, by a steep and sticky zigzag, did not make it any easier. A heavy shower came on as we mounted this spur, dignified with the name of Mount Lu-jiong-la-ka, and my note-book fared but badly, as the rain melted the glue in the binding, and threatened to wash out the writing. The shower did not last long, and the sun, bursting out, lit up a double rainbow in a valley opposite, where dense black clouds were helping to increase the already swollen waters of the River of Golden Sand.

At Lu-jiong (fifty families), where we slept, we found a commodious though airy apartment quite open along the front. The roof was, however, water-tight, so, notwithstanding the heavy rain that fell all night, we were comfortable enough. The luggage all arrived in good time, and was counted and handed over by five o'clock. Then little Sun took his leave, and rode back to La-pu.

At Lu-jiong, we found some of the Mu-su people (or Moosoo), whose language our Tibetan Ma-Fus could not understand.

September 18.—The Chin-Sha-Chiang was here about eighty or a hundred yards broad; it was now so full that the bed was partly flooded, and trees were rising out of the water; it was a fine, swift, and muddy river, rushing through flats varying in width from a quarter of a mile to a hundred yards; these were cultivated with rice, where the soil was not too light; and where that favourite crop could not be raised there was Indian corn, small millet, or beans. Forests of pines and holly-leaved oaks clothed the sides of hills, which varied from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, and sloped sharply down, ending abruptly at the edge of the perfectly flat little plain between them and the river. Now and then

they shot down to the water, altogether cutting off the plain; and here and there they ended in rocky and precipitous spurs, where the surging stream swept by at the foot of the cliffs. Numerous villages and houses were passed, and the scenes became more and more Chinese. Here a solitary Lama, in his red coat and yellow girdle, standing by a pile of stones, still reminded us of Tibet; but the numerous vegetable gardens, with their neat crops of turnips and beans, a few gigantic and gaudy sunflowers, a little patch of carefully tended Indian corn, pumpkins trailing over a trellis-work, and straight lines of tall poles covered with fresh green crops of climbing beans, showed us that we were now truly in the land of the careful and vegetable-loving Chinese.

Seven miles from Lu-jiong there was a covered bridge; presently we saw a buffalo standing in a field in the usual stolid manner of these uninteresting animals, and soon after we met a regular Chinese coolie carrying two loads on a pole over his shoulder.

The road was bad all the morning, through deep and stiff clay, which made cruel work for my unfortunate grey. He was far the best horse in our stud, and his performances fully carried out the promise his looks gave me when first I saw him. The bay and the chestnut were both sick and footsore from want of shoes, and were sorely out of condition.

We breakfasted at Mu-khun-do (*Chin.* Hsia-Ken-To) in a Chinese house, where an inquisitive Chinese crowd first peered in at us through every available crack, and then, gradually edging in by degrees, filled the little room and made it unpleasantly hot; for the thermometer was again getting amongst the eighties. There was an old man here who had been to Lassa, but it was long ago; he saw

me smoking a cigar, and said that at Lassa people smoked 'hookahs,' the body made of brass, the long stem made of wood. He said that fire was put in at the top, and that it was handed round from one person to another. In fact, he described the water-pipe exactly, using the word 'hookah.'

Although we were now amongst the Chinese, we found that the people still used milk in one form or another; here it was like Devonshire cream.

In this part of China, nearly everyone drinks the celebrated Pu-Erh tea. This is pressed into annular cakes, and makes a strong black tea, which, according to the Chinese, does *not* affect the nerves. In other provinces it is handed round, after a heavy dinner, to assist in the digestion of the greasy messes that have been consumed, taking the place of the European 'chasse.' To make it properly, however, is a serious undertaking; the people of Yün-Nan first roast it very slightly, and then pour boiling water on it. But the true gourmet lets this stand for a minute or two only, when it is thrown away, and fresh boiling water poured over the leaves. This now stands for half an hour or more in a thick earthen pot over a few glowing sticks of charcoal, which just serve to keep the water from cooling. It was only on great occasions that this elaborate process was carried out by ourselves; but the true connoisseur of the Pu-Erh district never omits an item in the preparation. Cakes of Pu-Erh tea are often given to travellers as presents, and we had accumulated a considerable quantity. When made properly, or, indeed, if simply prepared with boiling water, the tea is delicious.

After we had emptied our last cup we bade adieu to the master of the house, and passing through the yard, where some of the familiar big flat baskets of

Indian corn were put out in the sun to dry, we mounted our horses and rode away through the village, where there were some houses of sun-dried bricks, the first we had seen, and beyond, under a clump of trees, some coolies eating bread instead of the favourite tsanba. This could not now be procured, much to the discontent of the Ma-Fus, who said they were already feeling ill from the change of food and climate, and could go no further than our next halting-place. They changed their minds eventually, and came on to Ta-Li-Fu.

We now marched over an excellent firm road, but men and animals were all tired, and we did not get on very fast. The journey was pleasant: sometimes we rode between hedges, with fine crops at each side; sometimes the road skirted a wood of pines and holly-leaved oaks, and now rising over a little spur that threw itself into the river below, we obtained a fine view of the fertile valley from the summit.

About eleven miles from Mu-khun-do, we saw the first *bonâ fide* Chinese village on the opposite side of the river, with whitewashed walls, gables, and roofs of tiles. Near this the river was a quarter of a mile broad, as it was much swollen, and covered a great deal of the flat low-lying ground bounding it; nevertheless, considering that it runs many thousands of miles before it reaches the sea, the magnificent volume of water is quite astonishing.

We arrived at Ku-deu after a march of twenty-eight and three quarter miles. This town was entirely destroyed during the Mahometan rebellion, and is now quite new, and very poor.

We were first taken to a temple, which was certainly swept and garnished, but there was no place to cook in, nor a room for the servants, nor were there

any bedsteads, tables, or chairs. We were next shown into a room, open along the front, where piles of grain in one corner, baskets in another, and logs of wood in a third, did not leave much room in the middle for furniture, even if there had been any; so we sent cards to the officer of the place, a Wai-Wei, and asked him to find us a lodging. He came immediately, in his official hat, to wait on us; and soon found an upper room in a house close by, where we made ourselves tolerably comfortable.

The situation of Ku-deu, or Chi-Tien, is very fine. The mountains recede on all sides, leaving a circular basin, two to three miles in diameter, rising up steeply, broken with many spurs and ridges, with fertile and well-watered valleys running up between them, and covered with dense pine woods; the hills form a picturesque background. The plain is dotted with numerous villages in fine groves of walnut trees, a thriving population cultivates rice in all the flat ground, and at this distance from Ta-Li-Fu, the traces of the Mahometan rebellion are fast disappearing. The Chinese have not as yet advanced in sufficient numbers up the valley to cultivate the slopes of the hills, which are still covered with virgin forests, but a little lower down the river fresh land was being submitted to the plough.

The river was nearly a mile wide, and had the appearance of a fine lake; this was partly owing to its being in flood, but even in ordinary times the width must be considerable.

September 19.—At Ku-deu we found a good many Mu-su people, and it is possible that what I have called Ku-deu may be the Ku-tung mentioned by Mr. Baber. Referring to the Lamas who came in to write the Tibetan names in our book, I wrote in

my diary, 'These Lamas had not their heads shaved; and one with moustaches looked more like a Frenchman than a Tibetan.' Baber, referring to the Ku-tung men, says, 'I felt in the presence of my own race.' Baber could obtain no information about them, except that Ku-tung was north of Ta-Li-Fu; it seems, therefore, at least possible that his Ku-tung men may have been of the Mu-su (or Mossoo) tribe.

We tried to find someone here to shoe our horses; but the state of the poor animals' feet was pitiable, and one or two of them were in such pain that they could not bear to have their feet touched. It was grievous to watch the poor beasts, and it was evident to us that some of them would not get much further.

September 20.—A fresh lot of coolies and mules struggled with our baggage for an hour or two in the inn-yard, and then went off with it by ones and twos, straggling over the road, and covering about a couple of miles of ground.

It has always remained a mystery to me why I was never robbed, or why some of these carriers did not leave their loads behind them. My money was tolerably safe, because it was always supposed to be in the carefully locked up English-made cartridge-boxes, which were small and heavy; and the two dirty old skin-covered trunks, that were thrown about in the dirt, and apparently never looked after, were not suspected to contain the quantities of silver that I had in them. From Ku-deu to Ta-Li-Fu, the carriers were changed almost every day; sometimes they did not arrive at their destination till late at night, and it was often quite impossible to count up the packages. The end of the journey was so near that a robbery, except of silver, would not have entailed a very severe loss, and I was myself the more

careless in consequence, and yet not the smallest article was lost or stolen during the journey.

The Chinese carry their respect for the dead to an inordinate degree; an unfortunate rencontre with a funeral was mainly the cause of Baron von Richthofen's misadventure near Ch'ing-Ch'i; and we expected that, now we were advancing towards a thoroughly Chinese population, some of the carefully kept graves, so universal in China, would soon be seen. We were not disappointed; the first was not very far from Ku-deu, and then, by the side of one of the last Tibetan cairns, there was a Chinese tablet erected, on which a long inscription was written.

The river was here reduced to a breadth of one hundred and fifty yards, and enclosed by steep sandstone hills, throwing out flats into the water. A level and good road led us, through small woods of oaks, walnuts, and chestnuts, to Pai-Fên-Ch'iang ('white wall'), where we had arranged to breakfast. Ominous rumours had already reached us that Huang-Fu, his pipe, and his attendant soldier had all passed on, and on arrival it was found too true. This was a sad blow for the rice-eating people with us, who had expected to find a meal prepared for them. We did not waste much time, and soon after leaving, the officer with us turned into a friendly house in some village on the way, and got a glass of whisky. He found, apparently, several friends along the road, for by the time he joined us at Ch'iao-T'ou he was in a state of intense alcoholic stupidity.

A large stream empties itself into the river at Ch'iao-T'ou, across which there used to be a bridge; unfortunately for us it had been washed away, and with the tantalising sight of Ch'iao-T'ou not five hundred yards from us, we were obliged to march two

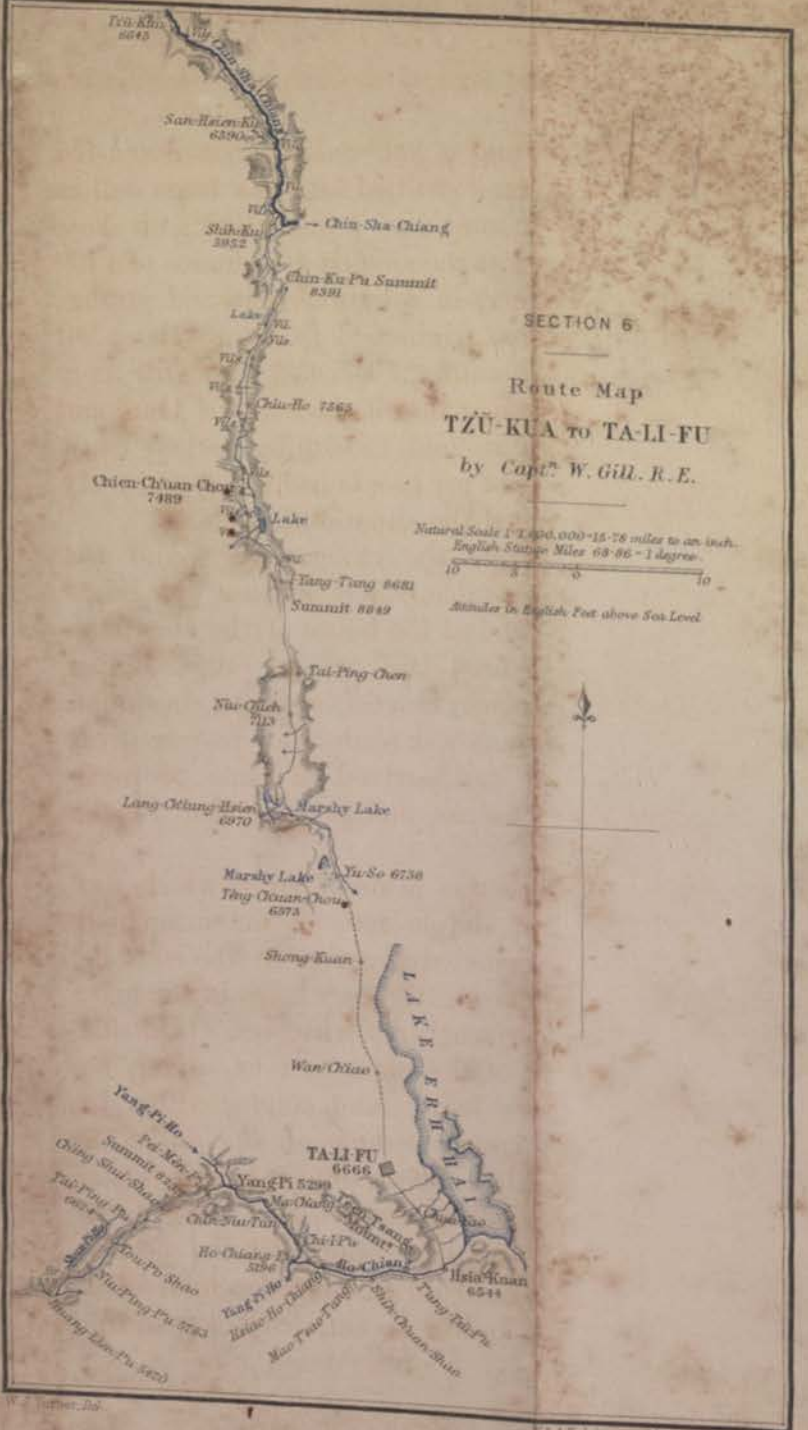
miles up the stream to the next bridge, and then turn our horses back again.

We had arranged to stop at Ch'iao-T'ou, but on arrival we found that Chin-Tai and Huang-Fu had gone on five miles to the next village, where there was a good house. Our officer was not a useful person, he could only incoherently repeat that fifteen li were as good as thirty; and having many times given us the benefit of his opinion on the subject, he presently subsided into a state of melancholy. Notwithstanding his drunkenness, he turned out not very wrong, for it was a march of nearly ten miles to Tz'ŭ-Kua, where we found Huang-Fu, who, in a tone of voice that would have made the deaf adder stop his ears, poured out a torrent of words, all of which meant that at Pai-Fên-Ch'iang he had found a house with nothing in it but an old woman who could not speak; and with somewhat spirituous tears in his eyes he apologised for having found it impossible to prepare rice. Whisky must have been very cheap here, for this was the only occasion on which I saw any signs of drunkenness.

September 21.—Bad news was brought in the morning of our lame horses; one was lying down by the road-side, and absolutely refused to move, and the other could hardly be driven along; we never saw anything more of these unfortunate animals.

The servants, chair coolies, *et hoc genus omne*, came in early by twos and threes, and kneeling down, knocked their heads on the ground, ostensibly wishing peace and prosperity—for this was the third and last great feast in the Chinese year—but in reality expressing their expectation of large presents.

On the road we passed an eating-stall, and for the sake of luck, nearly all our party patronised it, re-


Tzu-Kua
8645
San-Hsien-Kuan
6390
Shih-Kuo
5952
Chin-Sha-Chiang
Chin-Ku-Pu Summit
8391
Chiu-Ho 7265
Chien-Chuan Chou
7489
Lake
Tang-Tang 8681
Summit 8849
Tai-Ping-Chen
Niu-Chieh
7113
Lang-Chiung-Hsien
6970
Marshy Lake
Yu-So 6758
Ting-Chuan-Chou
6573
Shang-Kuan
Wan-Chiao
LAKE ERH HAI
TA-LI-FU
6666
Yang-Pi 5290
Ho-Chiang
5264
Hsia-Kuan
6544
Yang-Pi-Ho
Ho-Chiang
SECTION 6
Route Map
TZU-KUA to TA-LI-FU
by Capt.n W. Gill. R.E.
Natural Scale 1 Inch. 000-15-78 miles to an inch.
English Statute Miles 68-86 = 1 degree.
10 5 0 10
Altitudes in English Feet above Sea Level
London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1879.

joicing in this first sign of the frequent wayside tea-house.

About a mile and a half outside San-Hsien-Ku, an official, whose rank entitled him to a brass ball on his hat, came out to meet us. I was walking on ahead of everybody; and at the sudden appearance of a hot and untidy foreigner, in a curious hat and strange garments, he was too frightened to do anything but open his eyes and mouth. I alarmed him still more by taking the red paper that he had in his hand and pretending to read it, and something serious must have occurred if one of my people had not opportunely arrived, and explained the situation.

On arrival outside the village, we found the people collected at a table, where incense was burning in our honour, and at the house of the chief man we found a great feast laid out, of cakes, Indian corn, bread, pears, pomegranates, walnuts, chestnuts, and the inevitable sunflower seeds, and to our great surprise Huang-Fu had arrived in time to make some excellent tea for us, and prepare rice for the servants.

At Shih-Ku there was a small river, which was crossed on the most simple rafts of the unsquared trunks of five pines, joined together at the ends by two pieces of wood passing through holes in the logs. There was no superstructure whatever. Outside the town the officer of the place met us, saying he had prepared his own house, and conducted us to a tumble-down and empty temple on the top of a hill a hundred feet high. This officer talked better Chinese than any we had lately met, and being more thoroughly Chinese probably oppressed the people more, so that they would *do nothing* for him. He admitted himself that he had no authority over them,

and he abused them for a set of savages. While we were in this place, damp as to our bodies, and discontented as to our spirits, on account of the wretched accommodation, the people brought presents of rice, and a fowl.

The name of this place, Stone Drum, is derived from a disc of stone at the entrance of the town. This disc is about four feet in diameter, by a little less than two in thickness. The people here pretend that it is upwards of two thousand years old, but all the characters on it are quite modern.

After dinner the servants reminded me again that they were blowing the trumpet in the full moon, and I did not depart from the traditions of the occasion.

We found some difficulties in getting coolies. The officer told us that this was owing to our having given the money for the payment of the last to the head men, who had kept the greater part for themselves; and he hinted that if we would give him the wages of the next he would see it fairly distributed. We felt that his large practical experience of the method of applying the squeeze enabled him to speak with some authority, but still we did not avail ourselves of his sticky fingers.

At the time of our visit to Shih-Ku the Chin-Sha-Chiang was so swollen by the constant rain that it was more like an immense sea than a river, and it was impossible to form a just idea of its normal breadth. We finally left it at this place, and crossed into the country drained by the Lan-Ts'ang or Mekong.

September 22.—From Shih-Ku we ascended a small stream running down a narrow valley between hills of red clay and sandstone, closely wooded with pines. There were no large trees; but as a good many gigantic old trunks, blackened by age and the weather,

were lying about, there must at some time have been a wholesale destruction of the fine ones.

Not far from Shih-Ku there was an application of water-power that would be considered simple even in this land of simple appliances. It was a kind of pestle and mortar, probably for husking rice. A long log of wood was scooped out at one end into a trough, and the other end was made into a sort of hammer-head. This log was pivoted about the centre, and the trough was placed so that a stream of water filled it; the extra weight then overbalanced the hammer-head, and the trough end descended; in falling it upset the water, and thereby became less heavy than the hammer-head; the latter then fell on the grain beneath, and lifted the trough end into the stream, and so on.

The coolies here adopt a new arrangement for carrying their loads; they wear a wooden collar, to which a basket is fastened which rests on the back as they stoop forward under the weight; and no matter whether the load be a bed, a portmanteau, a bag, or a box, into the basket it must go. A strap, whose two ends are fastened to the basket, is led through two holes in the collar; the bight is very often, especially by the women, passed over the brow, so that nearly the whole weight is supported by the forehead; others will hold this bight in their hands, or pass it across the chest.

The road, at first fair, led through a dense jungle of briars and small trees, whose branches threatened every minute to scratch our eyes or tear our noses. The ascent was neither difficult nor long, and seven and a half miles brought us to the top of Mount Chin-Ku-P'u, 2,439 feet above Shih-Ku, and 8,391 feet above the level of the sea. This was the water-

parting between the basins of the Chin-Sha and the Lan-Ts'ang, and was another point on the same ridge that we had already crossed, once at Tsaleh (15,788 feet above the sea), and a second time at Shwo-La (14,307 feet above the sea). Here the scenery changed altogether, and was very much like the country to the east of Ya-Chou that we passed through soon after leaving Ch'êng-Tu-Fu. We looked down upon undulating red hills which enclosed a long valley running down to the north; the slopes were chiefly covered with pine woods, but with here and there patches of cultivation. The lower parts were well cultivated with buckwheat and Indian corn, and contained a good many villages and houses. We descended to the head of this valley, where there was a small pond, and another valley running down to the south, at the head of which there was a charming little lake, a mile long. The lake was enclosed by low wooded spurs, the red soil showing through, and in pleasing contrast to the deep green of the trees. There were patches of buckwheat here and there, whose pink flowers amongst the pines and red soil were as usual in full bloom. Below the lake a fine plain commenced between the hills; this was entirely laid out in rice-fields, and was, in places, more than two miles wide. Numerous villages and houses were clustered at the foot of the hills at each side of the plain; all these were quite new, and it is wonderful how soon this district seems to have recovered from the devastations of the Mahometan rebellion.

Nothing can be more striking to the eye of a traveller in Western China, and for aught I know in other parts of the empire, than the dense population of a rice plain, as contrasted with the absence of houses amongst the hills, and with the number of the inhabi-

tants in plains not suitable to the growth of rice. Miles of country may be passed over amongst the mountains where there is scarcely a single habitation. Some spur is crossed, or a corner turned, when suddenly a rice plain is disclosed to view, where the villages are so large, and so numerous, that it seems as if they covered a greater area than was left for cultivation. For one brought up amongst European ideas, it is at first very difficult to realise how small a portion of land will support a man in this country, where two or three crops can be produced in a year. One acre of wheat will, in Europe, support two men; one acre in China will probably support twenty.

All the way down this valley the road was frightful; after a long dry season it would be good enough, but now, after the rain, it was, for the whole eleven miles, deep in the most sticky mud and clay.

Near a temple by the road-side, where a small stream came down from the hills, we noticed the first arched bridge we had seen since leaving Ta-Chien-Lu; and at Chiu-Ho we found the first regular inn we had stayed in since crossing the boundary of Ssŭ-Ch'uan.

September 23.—We had the usual trouble about coolies and horses here; the head men said that there were plenty of coolies, but no horses or mules, and they then sat down to look at us.

'All right,' we answered, with nonchalance equal to their own, 'then we will just ride off to Chien-Ch'uan-Chou, and ask the Chou there to send for our things,' and suiting the action to the word, gave orders at once to saddle our horses. This somewhat frightened them, for if we had carried out our threat, the Chou would certainly have found a means to get our things somehow, and that without the payment of a

single cash, as they knew from long experience. To show that I was in earnest, I ordered the chair coolies off. They at first did not like going without the two ponies they have for riding. I told them they could do as they liked, but that if we saw anything more of them during the day, Mesny would get inside and remain there until he arrived at Chien-Ch'uan-Chou—now Mesny weighed about fourteen stone. Those chair coolies disappeared with most unusual alacrity.

We had succeeded in hiring some little ponies, as our own were nearly all knocked up, and one of the attendants, who came with the hired animals, was a lady, whose sex would have been hard to distinguish, but for the huge earrings she wore. Half our coolies were almost always women or children, and there seemed as little difference between the avocations as there was between the appearance of the gentlemen and ladies of these regions. The people told us that in these districts of Li-Kiang the oppression of the officials was terrible. The Lekin tax levied by these, to fill their own pockets, on all merchandise passing through the district they govern, and which has been abolished in the Chien-Ch'uan and Wei-Si districts, is here still enforced. The people declared that they had neither clothes to wear nor rice to eat, and the poverty was really dreadful. The native Mu-su chief, who should have come to see and assist us, thinking that, like the Chinese officials, we should take animals and coolies without payment, did not visit, or do anything to help us; and the poor fellows accompanying us declared that if it were once known that we always paid, we should never have the least difficulty in procuring any number of men or animals.

Our road for eight miles was as bad as the day before, and the weak, wretched little pony I was riding,

even with my light weight, floundered about amongst the stones, plunged into the mud, and played every awkward trick it was capable of.

We followed down the same valley, laid out everywhere in rice terraces, and bounded by low spurs of red gravel, clay, and sandstone. The hills were covered with grass and small pines; and at a distance of three and a half miles the first pagoda, standing on an outlying spur, indicated the proximity of Chinese cities. At a village about two and a quarter miles short of Chien-Ch'uan-Chou, the house of the officer who, at the time of Margary's murder, was the Chen-Tai of T'êng-Yüeh, was pointed out to us. The governor-general of Yün-Nan, on account of the troubles consequent on the sad affair, frightened this man so much, that he was said to have poisoned himself.

After eight miles the road improved a little, though it was but indifferent up to the very gates of Chien-Ch'uan-Chou, the first walled city we had seen for months.

The walls of the city and the gates were in good repair, and if they suffered much, have been entirely restored since the Mahometan rebellion, but the streets through which we passed were poor and wretched, with miserable houses. Here the old familiar Chinese sights again appeared—fruit-stalls, eating-stalls, with the favourite bean-curd cake; stalls where hats, bits of ribbon, and other little articles, dear to the housewife, were displayed in as tempting a manner as possible, and the usual crowd of inquisitive Chinese that soon gathered around us.

We first went to an inn, the excellencies of which had formed the theme of conversation of a man with us for the greater part of the journey, but it was

altogether a miserable place, and as there was a temple next door more or less prepared for us, we went to it. Here there was neither a cooking place nor any room for servants, so Chin-Tai was sent out to make inquiries.

Our messengers were not long in returning with the news that they had found quite a palace, with admirable culinary arrangements. So we moved into it, and although the palatial part must have been amongst the cooking pots, still we found a room with a strong family likeness to many a one we had already occupied. It was upstairs, and was provided with bedsteads. Chairs and a table were rapidly produced, and we soon made ourselves at home in the usual style.

The house we were in stood all by itself just beyond the east gate of the city, and was the sole remaining building outside the walls on any side.

The Chou of Chin-Ch'uan did not get on with his superior officer, the Fu of Li-Kiang.

He disapproved of the Lekin tax, and that no doubt was one cause of their disagreement. He had been here only one year out of the six for which he was appointed, but had found his position so unpleasant that he had resigned; perhaps partly also on account of the poverty of the people, in whom there was no juice left to squeeze. He said that the misery here was frightful, and that the people groaned beneath the weight of the excessive taxation.

There was a great deal of fighting here during the Mahometan rebellion, and the city was taken and retaken several times. We asked the landlord what he did when the rebels were here.

'Oh,' he said, 'I kept quiet, and did nothing.'

'Don't you believe it,' said his wife, who was

standing at the top of the stairs. 'He went over to the white flag; like a fool, he was always fighting, and got wounded all over his body for his pains.'

Of course there was no contradicting a lady, and the worthy fellow beat a retreat rather sheepishly, like many another brave man, more afraid of his wife's temper than of swords or bullets.

September 24.—Coolies were not wanting, as there was a whole army waiting in the courtyard. When everything had been packed some time, we asked why they did not take their loads and go. They seemed as much amused at the idea as it was possible for such miserable-looking people to be, and replied that they were waiting for the head men, without whom they said they could do nothing. The head men used to indulge in the abominable Yün-Nan habits of opium-smoking all night, and sleeping all the morning. When they eventually arrived, they looked at the luggage in a stupid sort of way, and then seemed to think they had done enough for that day; the coolies in the meanwhile sitting placidly in the mud, in the listless manner of people too oppressed to care for anything.

The Chou came in about half-past seven in the morning to pay us an official visit, and in his conversation piled up compliments on promises, in the elegant language of the Chinese literati. He told us he had sent a circular the night before to the officer at Niu-Chieh, informing him that their two distinguished foreign excellencies, the British Imperial Commissioners, would be at Niu-Chieh in the evening; ordered him to have the Lekin office cleaned out, prepared, and furnished with beds, chairs, and tables; and to have horses and coolies all ready for the next morning, so that there might be no delay; and telling

him that, on the arrival of their excellencies, he was to attend to them, and see that all their wants were at once complied with. The Chou told us that the Lekin office was the best *house* in the place; that there were three rooms in it, besides accommodation for the servants; and before leaving he called two Tinc-Chais, and in our presence ordered one to go on with Huang-Fu, and see that everything was properly done, and told the other to look after our baggage, and remain with it all the way to Niu-Chieh. This was 'beautiful language,' as Joey Ladle would say, but we had too much experience of the meretricious nature of Chinese official speeches, to indulge in dreams of regal splendour in store for us at Niu-Chieh.

We set off through the city, which confirmed our previous impression of poverty and general misery. We saw potatoes in the market for sale, but nothing else that attracted any attention.

Mesny had hired a pony with four white stockings; curiously enough the Chinese have a rhyme about horses with white stockings something similar to the old English one, but although according to our theory one is harmless, two are doubtful, three suspicious, and four certainly bad, the Chinese say that with one or three, the horse is all right, but that if he has two or four white stockings, he is sure to be weak.

Our road to-day was a most irritating one; it was over a perfectly flat plain, but twisted and zigzagged about amongst the paddy fields, first one way, then another, and it was impossible to say where it was going to for ten yards ahead.

It had at one time been paved with blocks of stone, which, now all displaced, were lying about in a sea

of mud and slush, in a state of frightful confusion. But if the road was irritating, the ponies were far more so; they floundered about, and put their feet into every possible hole; just when they were wanted to move a little faster, on a bit of comparatively good road, they would almost stop; whenever I took out my note-book, mine invariably began to trot, would jump, put its foot with a splash into a mud hole, rush into the hedge, if there was one, threaten to tear out my eyes with the thorns, and play any and every trick whereby it could spoil my writing, or bring my note-book to a greater state of decay than had already been caused by rough usage and the weather.

We marched for eight miles over the plain, which supports an enormous population, for we passed villages at almost every quarter of a mile, many of them very large. The crop was nearly altogether rice, but besides this there was a good deal of buck-wheat, some beans, and a grain called by the Chinese *Paidza*; it is something like rice, and, like it, grows in water.

At the eastern side of the plain there is an extensive lake, into which the river runs. The geographical notions of the people were somewhat vague: they said that one stream that had a name came into the lake, and that another without a name flowed out, and they would not for a moment admit that they were the same river.

September 24.—The plain of Chien-Ch'uan-Chou is similar in structure to the Ch'êng-Tu basin, and the plains of Ta-Li-Fu, and Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien. Surrounded on all sides by high hills, the central basin is fed by numerous streams, and drained by one river that rushes out through a narrow gorge. The city is now some distance from the shores of the lake,

but as the geological formation is entirely a soft sandstone, it is evident that the outflowing river must continually deepen its channel, that the lake must formerly have stood at a much higher level, and that it will in course of time be altogether dry.

It is quite possible that the outflowing river makes a sweep to the west round the spur of I-Yang-T'ang, and eventually flows into the plain of Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien ; otherwise it would be rather difficult to account for the large inflowing stream at the latter place. The difference of levels between Chien-Ch'uan-Chou and Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien, which amounts to 519 feet, favours this theory.

After eight miles we left the plain, and we were thankful to escape from its road of nubbly stones. We ascended a valley through a broken country, where the streams had cut deep channels through the soft clay and sandstone, which imparted their red colour to the roads, the houses, and the water ; even the people wading through the mud, carrying huge baskets of pears to the market at Chien-Ch'uan-Chou, seemed in some degree to partake of the ruddy tint of the soil.

The ascent of a spur, though not a steep one, was frightful work for the ponies in the pouring rain : now in a soft place a fore-foot would sink beyond the knee in sticky clay ; now the hind-legs of the unfortunate animals would slip from under them, and in the struggle to regain a footing the mud would be splashed in showers over our heads and faces, disfiguring the leaves of my note-book, and covering the flanks of the ponies with sufficient soil to grow a crop of cabbages.

A halt at I-Yang-T'ang was a welcome relief to the panting steeds, and bowls of rice and hot maca-

roni in the restaurant, which was almost the only building in the place, were appreciated by their riders after the cheerless journey.

From I-Yang-T'ang we again ascended slightly to the summit of a spur flung out from the Shwo-La range, and then descended by a road which, in the evil qualities of slipperiness and muddiness, transcended that by which we reached our breakfast place. I tried to walk, but my European boots had no hold whatever on the greasy clay, and I was forced again to mount my unfortunate pony, if the term *to mount* can be considered in any way appropriate to the act of gaining the back of an animal so small that when in the saddle the rider's feet are nearly in the puddles below.

We gained at length the plain of Lan-Ch'iung-Hsien, in its aspect and formation similar to the plain of Chien-Ch'uan-Chou. The road was, like the latitude and longitude of the amateur sailor, 'as before,' and remained so until we reached Niu-Chieh, where we found Huang-Fu smoking his pipe in the doorway of a deserted and tumble-down-looking place, which proved to be the Lekin office of which the Chou had spoken at Chien-Ch'uan. He said that the Tinc-Chai sent with him had disappeared at the first convenient house. Just then the officer of Niu-Chieh came up; he treated our arrival and appearance as an excellent joke, declared that no circular had been received by him from Chien-Ch'uan-Chou, hinted that we were base impostors, and getting a light for his pipe from Huang-Fu, sat down and declined to notice us except by a supercilious stare.

We did not ask his permission to take possession of the Lekin office, but mounted by a rickety staircase from the shed below to the upper floor, which

our friend the Chou of Chien-Ch'uan had described as containing three sumptuous apartments.

One long room, where a couple of wooden pillars indicated the imaginary lines that divided it into three equal portions, was furnished with a crazy bedstead, and ornamented with some big stones that were lying casually about amongst the usual dirt and filth. Here we took up our quarters, as the inhabitants of the only eligible house declined to admit us.

It was no wonder, poor creatures; they were accustomed to the visits of hungry officials, who take up their quarters uninvited, eat their food, destroy their furniture, and enforce their labour without payment; and it was only natural for them to think that we should come and do likewise.

Some of our baggage arrived in good time, and as the head men had a favourite trick of driving away the unfortunate carriers directly they had deposited their loads, in order that they might the more easily retain the whole of the wages of these miserable people, we ordered two or three of the coolies to remain in our room with the things they had brought.

The people below us now formed numerous little camps, where they lighted fires on the ground, and our room was soon filled with the pungent smoke of the damp wood that came up in dense volumes through the yawning cracks between the floor boards.

The officer of the place suddenly appeared at about nine o'clock, saying that the circular had just arrived, he had read it and sent it on; and now his manner towards us was as servile as before it had been insolent.

Later in the evening, when I walked to the other end of the room, I discovered that the two or three coolies we had ordered to remain had now become

about fifty; they were crowded together, lying in heaps one on top of the other, and when the time came to make a clearance, it was with amazement that I watched them disentangle themselves and file off one by one. Amongst others there was a woman with a baby on her back which she had been carrying all day besides the load allotted to her.

Descending into the place beneath was a matter of no small difficulty; people were all huddled together, even on the stairs, and for a moment I could not help thinking of a London ball—but what a piteous travesty! on the ground, men, women, children, and babies in arms, were so numerous that it was almost impossible to walk without treading on them. Some were sleeping; others smoking or trying to dry their soaking clothes over the wood fires. The occasional flare of some dry splinter in the reeking atmosphere served but to make darkness visible, for the walls and ceiling were black with dirt and the smoke of years. It was one of the saddest scenes I ever saw. The poverty and misery of the people, and the hopeless state of almost brutishness in which they live, were painfully visible in the listless, expressionless faces, which were now and then lit up by some fitful flash that burst for a moment through the heavy smoke. I returned again to the upper room, and the trifling discomforts to myself were forgotten in the recollection of the grievous scene below.

September 25.—The officer called in the morning and asked for a present, saying that if he had received the circular in proper time he would have prepared a house, and treated us in a more worthy manner.

To which we replied that our honourable countrymen always paid for everything, and made presents besides when they were deserved, and that although

they could support indifference, they knew how to resent insolent behaviour.

Much abashed, he bowed to the ground, and went away.

Some of our luggage did not arrive till the morning; and from the window of the Lekin office we watched the lazy Yün-Nan people coming into market, for this was market day in Niu-Chieh.

The people bring all the materials necessary for erecting their booths with them—four pegs to drive into the ground, four upright bamboos, to which four others are attached round the top, a light bamboo mat for the roof, and small bamboos strung together for the table on which their wares are exposed. All this weighs scarcely a pound, and the shed is complete in a very few minutes. We were told that out of the ten thousand families living in the plain, ten thousand people came to the market here; and although, as is usual in dealing with Chinese estimates, a divisor is certainly necessary, yet the very great number of large villages we passed on the road, and saw on the plain, the people met at every step with baskets of pears, small red chilies, vegetables, and other things, showed that the population was enormous.

The unfortunate officer of the place either had not given up all hopes that we should relent and bestow *largesse*, or else he was afraid of being reported to the Chou of Chien-Ch'uan, for as we marched out a salute of three guns was fired, and he was waiting outside the gate in official clothes to pay his final respects.

The town of Niu-Chieh stands at the head or northern end of a magnificent rice plain, about three miles wide, and nine miles long, running north and south, and bounded by gentle rounded grassy hills of red clay and sandstone. At the south it is divided

into two, by a spur from the mountains that close it at that end; and on the western side, a third plain runs back to the north-west, at the back of the western hills. This third part is almost entirely occupied by a large lake, or swamp, which extends across the road leading to Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien, a city lying at the foot of the western slopes. This road is a causeway through a swamp, which forms the southern end of the lake; here a good deal of cormorant fishing goes on, and we saw many people punting about, with cormorants perched on the side of their boats.

The lake is fed partly by the stream we had followed from the summit above I-Yang-T'ang, but mainly by a considerable river that flows in at its southern end, and which, as I have remarked (page 283) may quite possibly be the stream that is fed from the lakelet above Chiu-Ho, and which we had crossed just south of Chien-Ch'uan-Chou.

Near Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien this stream is embanked, and its level is some feet above the plain. The river escapes, at the extreme south-eastern corner of the plain, through a very narrow defile in the soft sandstone, where the water rushes down a foaming torrent, falling two hundred feet in two and three quarter miles.

From the nature of things it is obvious that a river of this kind must rapidly cut away the bottom of its bed; and in course of time this plain will be drained without any artificial aid; the lakes and swamps will disappear, the causeway will cease to exist, and some traveller coming here in 2379 will perhaps wonder how the historian of 1879 could have spoken of causeways in a plain that he finds quite dry, just as we have wondered at old Marco, the Venetian, speaking of a bridge full half a mile long in the city of Sindafu.

Five and a half miles from Niu-Chieh the stream was spanned by an elegant arched bridge; and hence one road led to Têng-Ch'uan-Chou, and another to Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien, lying some miles off our road.

But as the distance to Têng-Ch'uan-Chou was variously estimated at from seventeen to twenty-five miles, as much of the baggage had not started when we had left Niu-Chieh, and as heavy rain, which had not troubled us as yet, could be seen all round, holding out prospects of another wet afternoon, it became doubtful whether we should be wise in attempting to reach Têng-Ch'uan-Chou.

'Where is Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien?' I asked; 'and how far is it?'

'Oh!' replied all the people with one voice, 'we have arrived there.'

'Show us, then, the city,' I said, and one man who professed great local knowledge, by way of pointing out its exact position, waved his hand with a circular sweep round his head.

There were some houses nearly hidden amongst trees, a couple of miles away; I concluded that this must be the city, and as all the people said that we should find excellent accommodation, we then decided for Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien.

The houses among the trees turned out only a small village; we passed through it, and mile after mile of road was left behind us, still there was no indication of the proximity of a city, and it was not until we had marched altogether thirteen miles that the gate was reached. Before we arrived a little light rain was falling, and no sooner had we a good roof over our heads than it came down heavily with a thunderstorm that lasted all the afternoon.

The wretched city was miserably poor, and had

suffered much from the attacks and ravages of both parties during the rebellion. It had been taken and retaken many times; its walls were level with the ground; and the population, which had formerly numbered six hundred, was now reduced to two or three hundred. The gate was gone; and the arched gateway alone was left to remind the visitor that it ranked as a Hsien. The road still passed underneath from mere force of habit, but it might just as well have gone anywhere else.

The best house in this dilapidated city was a Chinese inn, that did not at first hold out much hopes of comfort. The only room was on the ground floor, and was very low and small; it opened directly on to the main street, and one half of it formed a passage for men, animals, horses, dogs, cats, pigs, fowls, and ducks from the road to the back yard and stables. Tables or chairs there were none. The planks on trestles, which formed our bedsteads, were higher than an ordinary table, and turning-in was very much like going to bed in a bunk on board ship.

The Hsien was a man of high literary attainments, and was at Ta-Li-Fu, assisting at the examinations; but his representative sent his card, with presents of a lean duck and an old hen, and what was much more to the point, a table and two chairs. About a thousand candidates from this neighbourhood present themselves annually at the examinations at Ta-Li-Fu; and as each man on an average takes three animals, one to ride, and two for his servant and baggage, when we came into the district, nearly all the horses and mules in the country were already engaged, and we found great difficulties in hiring transport.

The landlord of the hotel was a most civil old fellow, and was much interested in all our things;

he looked at my candles, declared he had never seen anything like them before, and held up both thumbs as a sign of the very highest approbation. My mosquito curtains were pronounced extraordinary, but my tub was, as usual, the greatest marvel. He took my two barometers for a pair of spectacles, and gently hinted that an empty wine bottle would be a real prize.

We were not much incommoded by the people; a dozen or two crowded round the door, and one or two, more venturesome than the rest, came into the room, but heavy rain kept away all but the most inquisitive.

The coolies who had brought our things from Niu-Chieh were paid in the evening; and a mighty dispute arose, each man declaring that if the money was given to any other than himself, it would not be fairly divided. Eventually, after a noisy quarrel that lasted about half an hour, I gave the silver to one man whom the others appeared to distrust less than the rest; and the people departed, though hardly in peace.

Our old host must have been a rare connoisseur in tea; there was a little bit of charcoal burning on a small hearth, and here he kept a pot of the most delicate Pu-Erh tea. He was up all night, continually making a fresh brew; and from the moment of our arrival to that of our departure he carefully watched our cups, and always kept them filled with hot and delicious tea; and in the evening, when the last inquisitive idler had gone, when the last sounds of day had died away in the street, and nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain, when the doors were shut and barred, and the candles were lighted, and when the eyes of our good old host were beaming

with the pleasure he felt in anticipating our wants, there was something comfortable and homely in our surroundings, and, notwithstanding the meanness of the apartment, I carried away a more favourable impression of this queer little place than I have of many a pretentious European caravanserai.

September 26.—There is a spring near Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien impregnated with what the inhabitants call natural sulphur. The water that evaporates leaves a yellow sediment, which is collected twice a year with the greatest care; and it is held in such high estimation as a cure for many diseases that it sells for its weight in silver.

The hotel-master made us a present of a considerable quantity wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which was written a list of all the sicknesses for which the mineral was a specific. To judge from its length, no Dr. Dulcamara in Europe ever possessed such a panacea.

As we penetrated further into Yün-Nan, we did not find the lazy habits of the opium-smoking people improve, and the long and weary watching for coolies became a part of the day's proceedings. Then when the last odds and ends had been packed up in the last box, when even the cooking pots had been finally stowed away, and when the servants, all ready, were sitting listlessly cracking sunflower seeds or gazing vacantly into space, I used to find the hours very tedious; but here I was much diverted by our host, who, standing on his doorstep, discoursed to an admiring audience on all the wonderful things the foreigners had and did. Amongst other things, he told the people that each of us had a pen that we could carry in our pockets, and that we also had knives by which we filled them with ink. This was

his way of describing the simple operation of cutting a lead-pencil.

After paying our hotel bill, I made a present to the old man of silver equal to the value of the sulphur; and, finally, as a parting gift, I presented him with an empty wine bottle. I really think that of all I gave him he liked the empty bottle best; he looked at it as fondly as a blue-china-maniac would at an old bit of his crockery; he handed it round, took out the cork, examined the label, and even held it up to his baby for admiration; and the last that I saw of him, as I went out at the door, he was still toying with this precious gift.

The only two fine hours during the day came to an end as we marched out at the gate of the city, and the rain recommenced and did not cease the whole day.

In the vicinity of Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien the plain is little better than a marsh, across which the road, in an unaccountably good state of preservation, follows the river through a narrow defile, and debouches into another circular and similar basin, and, were it not for the high embankments on both sides, it would again be lost in the swamps, fens, and small lakes which cover the plain.

The rainfall this year had been unusually great, the country was frightfully wet, and the landscape as we splashed over the wet roads was dull and cheerless: villages standing in the swamps, or surrounded by water, with two or three ruined houses in the outskirts; people poling about in punts, or cormorant fishing; a huge pelican flapping its great wings or floating motionless on the water; the hills all shrouded in mists and rain clouds; the road by the river-side bordered with trees, and stretching out straight to

the front across the marsh until lost to view in the distant haze; and the continual drop-drop of the rain from a leaden sky, all combined to make the scene a very dreary one.

In the upper parts of all these plains a good many trees of different kinds grow at the foot of the hills; but the plains themselves, and the villages, are nearly altogether bare. Here the only trees were growing by the edge of the river, and marked its course amongst the rice fields that covered the flat surface. Rice is the only crop, and this is grown wherever the water is not too deep.

We were now in the country of the prickly pear; for several days we had seen a little of it, but it was not until we reached the plain of Têng-Ch'uan-Chou that we noticed it in considerable quantities.

September 27.—The road, as well as the country, was nearly altogether under water, but the mud was less, and we could get on a little faster than usual; and, passing over the lower end of a spur, the lake of Ta-Li lay spread before us. In fine weather it may be very beautiful, but its beauties were not apparent through the mists that shrouded everything.

The lake of Ta-Li, or Erh-Hai, is about thirty miles long, and varies in width from about four to twelve miles; its eastern shores seemed to be bounded by mountains, which run straight down to the edge of the water. On the western side, down which we marched, a wide and very flat plain extends from the margin of the lake to the foot of the western mountains; this plain is almost entirely covered with rice, but, owing to the late continual rains, the crop was entirely lost, and I subsequently saw the young rice, on which the ear had hardly formed, being sold in the streets of Ta-Li as fodder for cattle. It was sad,

indeed, in this frightfully poverty-stricken land, to think that so large a population would lose nearly all they had to depend upon until the next crop. The poverty was awful, the result of the terrible ravages during the Mahometan rebellion. At almost every step the ruins of some cottage were passed, where, in the place of a peaceful family happily living under a comfortable roof, wild thorns, briars, and huge rank weeds flourished between the remains of the walls, on the tops of which great prickly pears flung up their spiny foliage. What a contrast to smiling Ssŭ-Ch'uan, where, as Richthofen remarks, everything betokens peace!

At this northern end of the lake stands Shang-Kuan (The Upper Barrier), a small village, but being in a strong military position, fortified with a double wall.[3]

The direct road to Ta-Li-Fu runs along, or very near, the borders of the lake; but as this was altogether under water, we were obliged to follow an upper road. As I looked again upon the familiar junk, I could not help wishing for a comfortable steam launch, in which the journey to the other end could be done in little more than a couple of hours. The day will come, no doubt, not only for steamers, but also for railways; and judging from the crowds of coolies, mules, and horses travelling in both directions, there can be little question that either one or the other would be a paying concern.

Numbers of military students were flocking to the examinations at Ta-Li-Fu, and I laughed to myself

[3] This is the Hiang-Kouan of Lieut. Garnier's narrative; passing which, with notable boldness and adroitness, he escaped from the grasp of the Mahometan King of Ta-Li.—(See *Voyage d'Exploration, &c.*, i. 515-516.)—*Y.*

as I passed them by twos and threes, all carrying bows and arrows. The highest military officers have no more difficult subject than the stretching of a bow, or the lifting of a heavy weight, on which to satisfy the stern examiner. This in the days of breech-loaders, hundred-ton guns, and staff colleges!

Round some of the villages a good many of the people, men, women, and children, were engaged in stretching the cotton before weaving it. Two strong pegs are driven into the ground, about fifty feet apart; between these, a double row of thin sticks, two or two and a half feet long, are driven upright into the ground, about three feet apart, the rows being separated by about a foot. In each hand the operator carries a stick about two feet long; at the lower end of each of these is a reel of cotton. He or she walks up and down quickly, passing both reels inside two of the sticks, outside the two next, inside the next, and so on to the end, where the cotton on both reels is passed round the strong peg. In all this process the hands are never crossed; and, at a little distance, ten or twenty people, all walking backwards and forwards, separating and bringing together what look like little white balls, have a most comical appearance.

In one village the people were preparing indigo, but I saw none growing in the fields. I saw also here the first large bamboo; there was but one growing by itself, and it was only large in comparison with the little wild bamboo of the mountains, which is hardly larger than grass.

The great pagoda that stands on a projecting spur outside the city of Ta-Li-Fu is visible from a great distance, and long before the city is gained its height deceives the traveller into the belief that he has reached his journey's end. The longest lane,

however, has a turning, and dreary as were the last few miles of march in the pouring rain, over the poverty-stricken and half-ruined country, we at length rode up to the north gate of Ta-Li-Fu.

It was closely barred, for the spirit of the waters is supposed to flee at the sight of the north gate shut against him.

We entered at the east gate, and the interior of the city presented a sadder scene of desolation than the country round. The streets were wide, but half in ruins, and bore the same aspect of poverty that was everywhere apparent.

The city was full of candidates for the examinations; it was difficult to find a suitable lodging, and we were obliged to content ourselves for the night in an exceedingly small room in a very dirty inn.

The Hsien sent to apologise for the poorness of the place, and begged us to excuse it on account of the examinations.

The people of this inn had at first refused to prepare a room for us; the Hsien had made every effort to find us a lodging elsewhere, but not succeeding had brought pressure to bear on the innkeeper, and had even gone so far as to imprison the unfortunate man, who then had consented to clear out a room for us. A seal had afterwards been set on the door, to prevent anyone else attempting to take possession.

The Hsien promised that he would try and find us better accommodation the next day. This was almost a necessity, as the continual rain penetrated into nearly all our boxes, and we wanted if possible to dry our things, an impossibility in the wretched apartment we were in.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MARCO POLO AND OF AUGUSTUS MARGARY.

I. 'The Land of the Gold Teeth.'

Ta-Li-Fu Province, the Carajan of Marco Polo—The Lake and Environs—Père Leguilcher—The Plain of Ta-Li—The (so-called) Panthés, and the Name—The Mahometan Rebellion—The Mahometans of the Province—Presents of Local Delicacies—Occupations at Ta-Li—The Tao-Tai—The Ti-Tai, General Yang, a Remarkable Personage—The Old Troubles about Carriage—Illustration of the 'Squeeze'—Departure from Ta-Li—Adieu to P. Leguilcher—Yang and Yang—Marco Polo's Cakes of Salt—Paucity of Present Traffic on Road—Devastated Country—Diminution of Population—Yang-P'i River—Imaginary Bifurcation in Maps—Chain Suspension Bridge—Perversities of the Path—T'ai-P'ing-P'u—Lofty Hamlet of Tou-P'o-Shao—The Shun-P'i-Ho—A Treat of Bread at Huang-Lien-P'u—Mr. McCarthy's Servants—Dearth of Population—Traces of War—Chestnut and Oak Woods—Descent to Plain of Yung-P'ing-Hsien—The Town Destroyed—We Lodge at Ch'ü-Tung—Topographical Elucidation—Inn at Sha-Yung—Unendurable Smoke—View of the Mekong or Lan-T'sang River—Chain Bridge Across it—Desperate Ascent—Buckwheat Porridge—Ta-Li-Shao—Pan-Ch'iao—Rice Macaroni—Polo's Salt Loaves Again—His 'Vochan' and the 'Parlous Fight' there—Yung-Chang-Fu—Difficulties about Transport—The 'Squeeze' again—A General on the March—A Quarrel Imminent, but the General is Drawn Off—Stones and Beads Brought for Sale—The Yung-Ch'ang Market—Difficulties of Marco Polo's Itinerary from Carajan to Mien—Mr. Baber's Solution—Recent Plague on the Road.

Ta-Li-Fu is an ancient city, and was formerly a place of great importance, though now it is little better than a ruin. It is the Carajan of Marco Polo.

It stands at the southern end of a basin, about thirty miles long, entirely enclosed by high mountains. This basin is similar in structure to the plains

of Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien and Chien-Ch'uan-Chou, and, like them, is nearly altogether occupied by an extensive lake.

Marco's description of the lake of Yün-Nan may be perfectly well applied to the lake of Ta-Li: 'There is a lake in this country of a good hundred miles in compass, in which are found great quantities of the best fish in the world.'

The fish were particularly commended to our notice, though we were told that there were no oysters in this lake, as there are said to be in that of Yün-Nan; if the latter statement be true, it would illustrate Polo's account of another lake somewhere in these regions 'in which are found pearls (which are white but not round).'

Before the Mahometan rebellion the plain used to be well wooded, the villages were embowered amongst noble trees, and the landscape must have been as beautiful as any in China; but now there is not a tree left standing in the length and breadth of the plain.

The lake of Ta-Li is called Erh-Hai, and the city stands about two miles from its edge; in former days the level of the water must have been much higher; and it seems possible that when the city was founded it stood on the shore of the lake.

One source of the river that feeds Erh-Hai is near I-Yang-Tang, whence we had followed it to Ta-Li-Fu, and it is possible that the stream that takes its rise in the little lake near Chiu-Ho (see p. 276) is also a feeder of Erh-Hai.

The gorge through which the river enters the northern end of the plain of Ta-Li is not a narrow one, but that by which it escapes is similar in all its characteristics to the gorge of Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien;

and below Hsia-Kuan the river rushes and boils, with here and there a waterfall, over a rocky bed, falling twelve hundred feet in fifteen miles, in a way that would disabuse the most credulous mind of any belief in the ascent of boats from the Lan-Ts'ang-Chiang.

The appellation of 'Snowy Mountains' has popularly been given to the summits around Ta-Li-Fu, but snow lies on them for only six or seven months in the year, and the altitude of the highest peak is in all probability not more than twelve or thirteen thousand feet.

The line of perpetual snow in this latitude cannot be lower than between eighteen and nineteen thousand feet.

Ta-Li-Fu lies at an altitude of 6,666 feet above the sea, and the climate is always pleasant; but at the time of our visit, a most unusual amount of rain had fallen, so much that that irrepressible person the oldest inhabitant had never recollected so wet a season. In the city we constantly heard the sound of falling houses, and Monsieur Leguilcher, the Provicaire, living at Ta-Li-Fu,[1] told us that a fortnight previously, in the plain of Têng-Ch'uan-Chou, he had been going about in a boat over roads on which he had always previously travelled on horseback.

The people and officials were now all praying for fine weather; and one morning during our stay the Tao-Tai, in all the glory of official robes, headed a procession, which proceeded solemnly to the city walls, where they fired a gun at the sky, as a sign of anger and displeasure, by which they seriously believed

[1] It was Père Leguilcher who joined the late Lieut. Garnier on his daring journey to Ta-Li-Fu in 1868.—*Y.*

they would frighten the rain god into a more kindly frame of mind.

It was rather a remarkable fact that at the city of Yun-Nan-Fu, only twelve days distant, there was a severe drought; a fast was proclaimed, the south gates shut, and all the solemn rites, such as we had seen as we were leaving Ssŭ-Ch'uan, were being performed to obtain that rain which here had produced such disastrous effects.

There are some quarries in the neighbourhood of Ta-Li-Fu, where very beautiful marbles are found, so curiously marked, and stained by nature with such diverse colours that, when cut into flat slabs, a landscape of mountains and trees appears on the face. Monsieur Leguilcher made me a present of a very rare specimen, framed, and when hung up, it might at a little distance, easily be mistaken for a painting.

There are said to be very rich gold and silver mines within a few days' journey of the city. Marco Polo, speaking of this neighbourhood, observes: 'Gold dust is found in great quantities, that is to say, in the rivers and lakes; whilst in the mountains gold is also found in pieces of larger size.'

There are now about three hundred villages in the plain of Ta-Li-Fu, the largest of which does not contain more than two or three hundred families; while before the rebellion the population of the villages averaged seven or eight hundred families. In Ta-Li-Fu itself there are from two thousand five hundred to three thousand Chinese families, and one thousand five hundred to two thousand native families, for the Chinese are strangers here, though they outnumber the natives; the latter have a great dislike to foreigners, amongst whom they include the Chinese.

There are now no suburbs to the city, but outside the south gate the ruins of an old suburb extends for more than a mile by the roadside. Baber states that a suburb was said to have stretched as far as Hsia-Kuan; I never heard the report myself, but join with Baber in doubting its veracity.

Over all the neighbourhood the ruin of the country occasioned by the rebellion of the Hui-Hui, or, as Europeans call them, Mahometans, is grievously apparent. This rebellion lasted over many years, during which the most desperate fighting took place in almost every town within fifty miles of Ta-Li-Fu, the great centre of the movement, and the seat of Tu-Wên-Hsiu, the so-called Sultan Suliman.[2]

Towns and cities were taken and retaken by each side alternately, acts of frightful cruelty were perpetrated, and retaliations still more cruel followed.

During all these scenes of war and bloodshed M. Leguilcher remained in the province, and his life during this time would form a thrilling narrative of hardship and adventure. Once he took refuge in a wood, when he built himself a hut of small trees; after a time he discovered they were cinnamon trees, and he used to vary his diet by eating his house.

[2] 'The word Panthay has received such complete recognition as the national name of the Mahometan revolutionaries in Yün-Nan that I fear it will be almost useless to *assert* that the term is utterly unknown in the country which was temporarily under the domination of Sultan Suliman, otherwise Tu-Wên-Hsiu. The rebels were and are known to themselves and to the Imperialists by the name of the Hui-Hui, or Hui-Tzu (Mahometans), the latter expression being slightly derogatory.

'The name of "Sultan," utterly foreign to the ordinary Chinese, was never applied to their ruler, except perhaps by the two or three hajis among them.

'The name "Suliman" is equally unknown. The Mahometans of Yün-Nan are precisely the same race as their Confucian or Buddhist countrymen; and it is even doubtful if they were Mahometans, except so far as they professed an abhorrence for pork. They did not practise

At another time he had taken refuge in the mountains, with fifty or sixty Christian families. After a battle, a band of the defeated party came his way, and would have robbed or murdered them, but he bought the good-will of the chief with an old pistol and ten percussion caps.

The Chinese always maintained that there were a number of Europeans with the rebels, but M. Leguilcher told us that beyond a few people who came from Rangoon, and knew no words of any European language save *Padre* and *Capitan*, there were no foreigners whatever with them.

During the rebellion a horrible epidemic like the plague appeared, that first of all attacked the rats. These animals used to die about the houses for a few days, and then they would migrate in vast numbers from the towns into the fields. After this, the disease seized upon the miserable population, and carried off an enormous proportion of the people.

Another fact worth recording noticed by M. Le-

circumcision, though I am not sure if that rite is indispensable; they did not observe the Sabbath, were unacquainted with the language of Islam, did not turn to Mecca in prayer, and professed none of the fire and sword spirit of propagandism.

'That they were intelligent, courageous, honest, and liberal to strangers, is as certain as their ignorance of the law and the prophets. All honour to their good qualities, but let us cease to cite their short-lived rule as an instance of the "Great Mahometan Revival."'—*Mr. Baber's Report—China*, No. 3—1878.

The term *Panthé* is that recently applied by the *Burmese* to the Yün-Nan Mahometans. No one interested in the subject ever supposed it to be 'a national name' in use by the people themselves. Its origin is very uncertain; Sir A. Phayre thinks it has nothing to do with *Pa-thi*, the old Burmese word for Mahometans, which is probably a corruption of *Parsi*, Persian. The name *Suliman* was probably merely a formal style known only to the hajjis; but it is used in the Arabic proclamation which was circulated in neighbouring states, and is mentioned by Dr. Anderson, who appears to have heard it at Momien.—(*Report on Expedition to Western Yunan*, 1871, p. 150.)—*Y.*

guilcher was that, during the rebellion, when everyone was in a state of anxiety, never knowing at any moment whether he might not have to fly for his life, the births amongst the Christians were not more than four or five per annum amongst one hundred and twenty families, the normal number being fifty or sixty.

The Mahometan rebellion has been crushed, but large numbers of Mahometans, who may be known by the white turbans which they wear, but who are as ignorant of the Koran as they are of the Talmud, still remain in the province. They are not less discontented than they were before the rebellion; all the elements of discord still exist, and a very small spark might rekindle a flame that would again cast its ghastly glare over all the horrors of a civil war.

We had scarcely established ourselves after our dreary march at the wretched inn in Ta-Li-Fu, when M. Leguilcher sent us a present of some beef. This was very acceptable, for the magistrates forbade beef to be killed, partly because the number of oxen in the district was so small that it barely sufficed for the agricultural necessities, and partly because there is almost universally amongst the Chinese a superstitious dislike to killing this animal. But in Ta-Li-Fu the pork-hating Mahometans found a way to provide themselves with meat, and M. Leguilcher was able now and then to obtain some portion of a slaughtered ox. Soon afterwards he came himself to welcome us to Ta-Li-Fu, and his friendliness and geniality were more like those of an old friend than the first words of a stranger.

The next day we moved into our new abode, a sumptuous apartment in an upper story, with a good

reception-room on the ground floor, where we could receive official visits.

The Hsien sent his card soon after, with an army of soldiers and Tine-Chais to wait on us; these were followed in rapid succession by ducks, fowls, sheep, geese, tea, pears, and pomegranates, presents from officials or from anyone who thought he could frame an excuse for sending one. The tea was invariably the tea of Pu-Erh, the pomegranates of Ta-Li-Fu are celebrated, and the geese deserve at least as high a reputation.

The hardened cream of the country was an invariable item of the gift, for in China it is not correct to send only one article; to do so is considered mean; three is the usual number, each object tied up with a piece of red paper, neatly arranged on a red tray, and brought in by an upper servant.

A day or two afterwards I sent a return present to the Tao-Tai, who fortunately had a weakness for cigars, the only things I now could give him. These were duly arranged with their red paper, and Chung-Erh was told to take them. He was, of course, much pleased at the idea of the large present he would receive from so exalted a functionary as the Tao-Tai, and went away to clean himself up for the occasion. But the simple fellow left the cigars in some room down below, and while he was adorning himself, one of the servants of the Hsien whipped them up, took them to the Tao-Tai, and received the silver to which Chung-Erh was looking forward.

When we were fairly settled down in our new hotel, we opened all our baggage, some of which had been shut for many days. The sight was awful; some of the boxes were absolutely rotting, and the things inside them wet and mouldy. We set pans

of charcoal about, and soon gave our room the appearance of a laundry, *with all* our clothes hanging *from strings* stretched from the walls. The state of confusion became chaotic, and when Monsieur Leguilcher came in to visit us, he had to pick his way amongst the damp clothes, boxes, and masses of wet and mouldering paper that were scattered pell-mell over the floor, and on the tables, beds, and chairs.

During our stay in Ta-Li-Fu it rained incessantly night and day, and we scarcely left the house, except to pay the necessary official visits. We found that, notwithstanding the crowds brought into the city for the examinations, we excited but little curiosity, scarcely anyone following us in the streets. These, though wide, are very miserable in appearance, and the shops wretched; but the city is very interesting, for people of every type are seen, and the women certainly are better looking than the generality of Chinese and aboriginal women. Some of those walking about in the mud in Ta-Li-Fu were quite fair, a great contrast to the very dark mountaineers amongst whom we had been travelling.

We had omitted to study the Chinese almanac before starting on our round of calls, and found on arrival at the yamên of the Tao-Tai that it was one of those remarkable festivals on which the front gates are kept shut, and visitors are only received by the side door, and in unofficial costume; we therefore deferred our visits until a more auspicious occasion, when we were received by his excellency in all the dignity of full dress; we were regaled with cakes and sweets, wine that tasted like vinegar, and Havannah cigars.

This man was not here at the time of Margary's visit, but it was his predecessor who refused Margary

the seat of honour. This was an insult, for thereby Margary had not equal rank with the Tao-Tai. According to Chinese etiquette, a visitor, unless a very inferior person, should be invited to sit on the kang. When the Tao-Tai visited us I gave him some champagne, over which he smacked his lips; but the glory of the thing was spoiled through Chung-Erh, who, afraid of frightening his excellency, opened the bottle outside; thus we lost the 'pop,' and the pleasure of witnessing the astonishment of the assembled satellites and miscellaneous crowd.

This was one of the few bottles of wine I had been carrying about as medicine, for which we fortunately never had any necessity.

General Yang, the Ti-T'ai, is perhaps one of the most remarkable men in China. He is almost a hunchback, but so active that the people call him 'The Monkey.' In the war, unlike most Chinese generals, who sit in their chairs in the rear, he was always on horseback under fire at the head of his men.

One day when he came to visit us he walked over from his yamên, a course of action that would shock the sensitive minds of most Chinese officials.

He has made himself so powerful and rich that he keeps two hundred soldiers at his own expense, and is more dreaded than loved by the Chinese Government, to whom, nevertheless, he is an excellent servant.

Baber credits him with the reputation of a Barabbas and a Bluebeard.

He is, undoubtedly, a man of a very violent temper, but his faults have probably been exaggerated, for those who knew him best used to say that they did not think he would be likely to chop off the head of a legitimate wife, if he could get one. At the time

of our visit to Ta-Li-Fu he was very anxious to get a well-educated wife from a good family; he had a great mass of correspondence to conduct, and, afraid of treachery on the part of private secretaries, thought that a wife who could write his confidential despatches would be very useful. The good families, however, did not quite see it in the same light, and, notwithstanding the attractions of rank and fortune, Yang had not succeeded in forming a matrimonial alliance.

We sent all our servants home from Ta-Li-Fu, except the Peking boys. Ting-Ko, who had followed us unasked, was very sorry to leave, and begged to be taken on; but there would have been no possibility of sending him back to Ta-Chien-Lu from Bhamo, and so he went with Huang-Fu and his pipe to Ch'êng-Tu. The Ma-Fus returned to Bat'ang, and I had the satisfaction of hearing many months afterwards that all had arrived in safety.

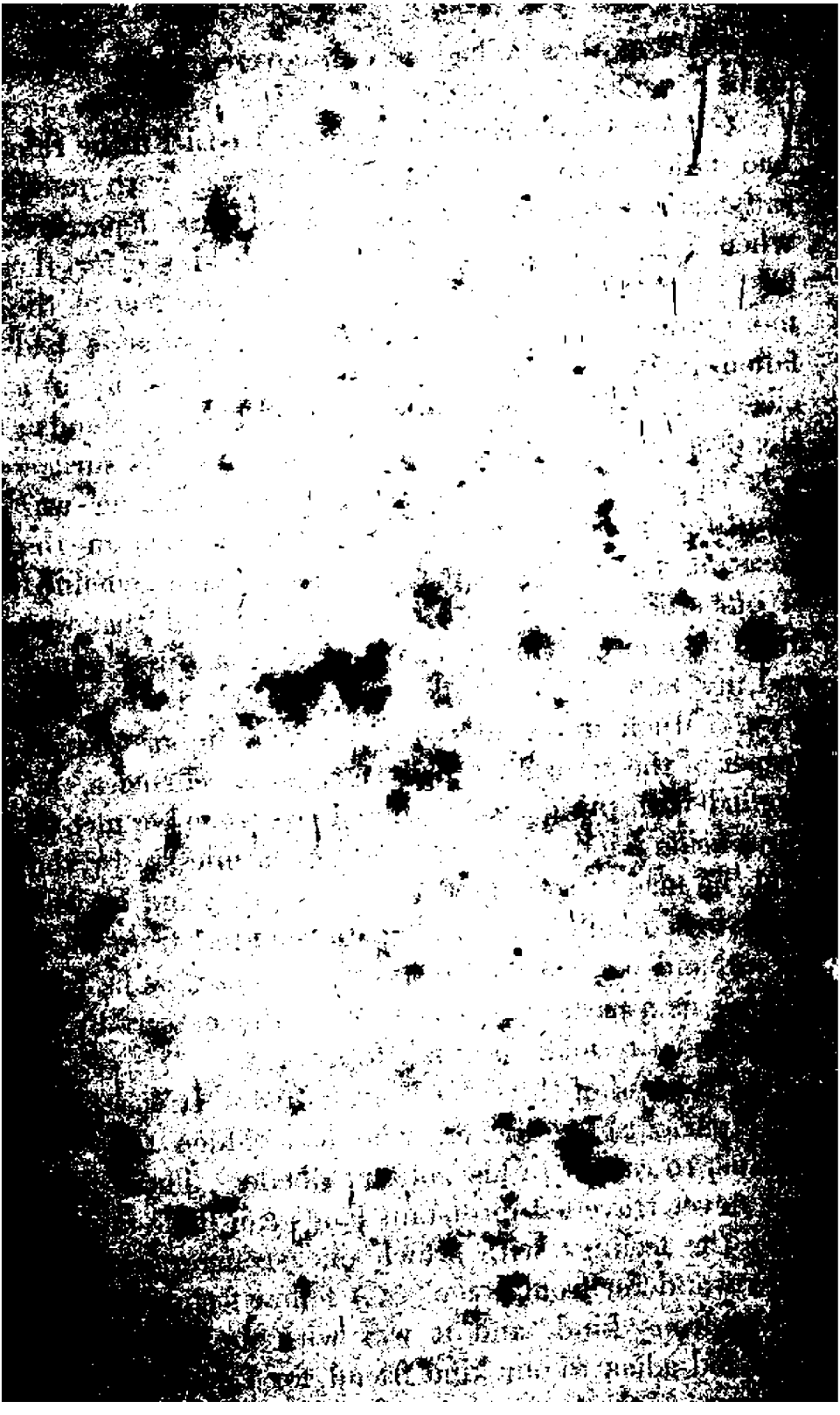
We had of course the usual amount of difficulty in hiring animals, and it was not until our small stock of patience was nearly exhausted that we succeeded in making an engagement with a muleteer; and we were not even yet out of troubles, for shortly afterwards the Hsien sent to say that we had been imposed on; that the man who had agreed with us had neither money nor animals, and that if we advanced him any silver he would disappear, and we should see no more of him. From this we understood that the muleteer had refused to pay the Hsien a sufficient squeeze, and that the latter had therefore determined *that we should* employ another more amenable party.

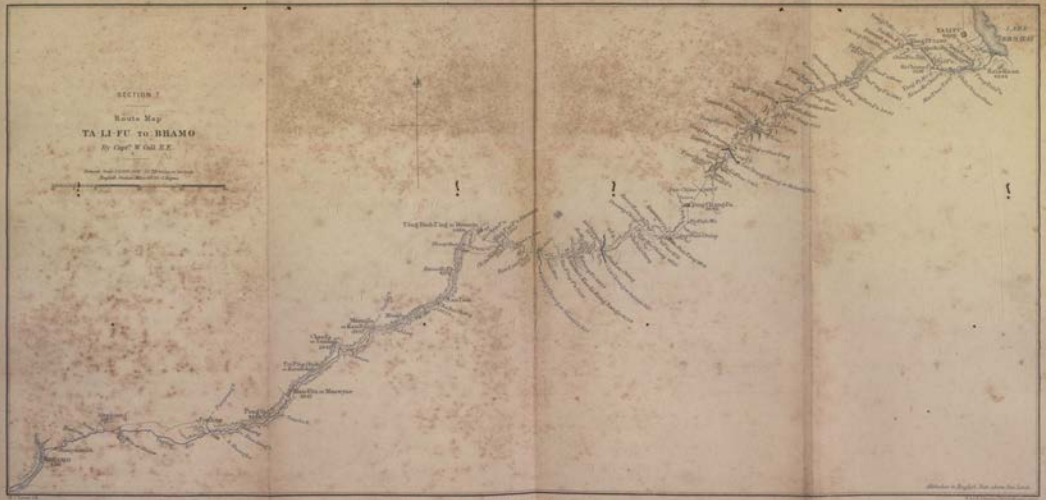
We could, however, do nothing but submit to the dictum of the Hsien, who, by this means, brought his man to terms; and then was not in the least ashamed

to assure us that he had now discovered the muleteer to be a model of virtue.

October 4.—During our stay at Ta-Li-Fu the rain had fallen without ceasing, and it was with much satisfaction that on the morning of our departure, when I looked out of window, I could see for the first time the lake of Ta-Li lying at the feet of the mountains, on which the first sprinkling of snow had fallen during the last few days. The *sun* shone in a clear sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds; the deep blue water *of* the lake sparkled as *its surface* was rippled by a gentle breeze; the morning was beautiful, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the pleasant change of weather. Out of all that remained of our stud, my grey was the only animal that was fit to take any farther; I at first rode a hired pony, and my new Ma-Fu walked on in front leading the grey. Much impressed with his own importance as keeper of the stables to their 'foreign excellencies,' he swelled with pride as he ordered everyone we met to move aside; if people were sitting harmlessly by the road, he made them stand up and salute; and he was not satisfied unless all riders dismounted *from* their horses, and paid proper respects. At last, as he was making us a perfect nuisance to all the passers-by, I was obliged to make him fall to the rear.

At the end of the suburb we halted. It was time for Monsieur Leguilcher, who had ridden thus far with us, to return to his solitary abode. Those who have never travelled in distant lands can little understand the feelings with which one stranger meets a fellow wanderer from home. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and it was with no light heart that I bid adieu to our kind friend, for I could hardly venture to say '*Au revoir!*'




SECTION I
Route Map
TA LI FU to BHAMO
By Capt.n W. Gill R.E.
Scale one inch to 30 Miles or 1 Degree
English Statute Miles = 1 Degree
Ting Hsieh T'ang to Manwyne
Manwyne or Kwanyin
Yangtze River
Tsi Tsi Ho
Kiu Kiang
Yunnan
Tali Fu
Yangtze
Lake Erhai
Yangtze
Lake Erhai
Tali Fu
Yunnan
Kiu Kiang
Tsi Tsi Ho
Yangtze River
Manwyne or Kwanyin
Ting Hsieh T'ang to Manwyne
Attributed to English Text where Not Given.

The lake at Ta-Li lies to the left, a couple of miles away; on the eastern side rounded hills sloped down to the water, leaving numerous little bays and inlets on the margin; and an inundated rice plain, in which many of the villages were quite cut off from the shore, stretched between us and the lake.

The first building on the road to Hsia-Kuan is a temple, the body of which was built by General Yang, and the former governor-general of Yün Nan, who was deposed on account of the Margary outrage. Two wings have since been added by the people of the neighbourhood in honour of the founders. Its walls enclose a spring, to which some virtues attach, bridges have been thrown across the water, and though there is nothing imposing about the building, it is refreshing to find at last something that is not absolutely a ruin.

Hsia-Kuan is situated at the southern end of the lake, at the entrance to the gorge through which the river escapes, and through which the road from Burmah reaches Ta-Li-Fu. It is a poor place, half in ruins. The arch and brickwork of the southern gate had tumbled down with a good portion of the wall. These, however, formed a rather rough ramp, over which we rode to our inn, where we dined off some mutton given us by General Yang, which was so good that we both declared the General's name should be Mutton, and not Willow. The sound of the Chinese word Yang, which means Willow, is the same as the sound of another word Yang, meaning Sheep, though the written characters are quite different.

Before turning into bed we saw, as we believed, all the animals in the inn-yard, and comforted ourselves with the thoughts of an early start; but even yet we had not fathomed the depth of the cunning of

these wily people, for when it became light we discovered that though all the baggage mules were safely in the place there was not a single riding animal, and we came to the conclusion that even if we should lock them up with us in our room they would somehow disappear before the morning.

The morning was beautifully fine, and as we stood at the window watching the sleepy people turn out and gradually open their shops, I remarked to Mesny that the salt, instead of being in the usual great flat cakes about two or two and a half feet in diameter, was made in cylinders eight inches in diameter and nine inches high.

'Yes,' he said, 'they make them here in a sort of loaves,' unconsciously using almost the words of old Polo, who said the salt in Yün-Nan was in pieces 'as big as a twopenny loaf.'[3]

We followed the left bank of the river which drains the lake of Ta-Li, and after little more than a mile it entered a defile like that from the plain of Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien. On the right bank a wall extended from the town of Hsia-Kuan to the entrance of the defile, where it ended in a blockhouse; but the interior of the work, as well as the greater part of the length of the wall, is so thoroughly exposed to enfilade and plunging fire from the road on the opposite side, that it would be of very little use against a force led by a commander possessed of the average amount of common sense.

It was market day in Hsia-Kuan, and we met great numbers of coolies and people coming in, nearly all laden with walnuts and sticks for firewood. The people met during the hour from ten to eleven, were counted, and out of a hundred and sixty-five foot

[3] Ramusio's version; see Yule's *Marco Polo*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 48.

passengers, seventy-three were loaded with walnuts, forty-four carried sticks, and fourteen were bringing sacks, the contents of which were unknown, but which were probably walnuts. This hour was the most active, for afterwards we met but few people, and not more than fifty or sixty mules laden with opium and cotton. These last may be considered as representing the through traffic, and they came from Yung-Ch'ang.

Most of the trade comes from Ava. One of our muleteers, a black-moustached and whiskered Mahometan, had often traded thither, but had only once been to Bhamo. He said that there were forty marches from Ta-Li to Ava. Judging from what we saw, the through traffic on the road must be very small; but good government at Ta-Li, and the abolition of all Lekin and other oppressive taxation, would no doubt open up the trade.

The road generally was from a hundred to two hundred feet above the river, and very bad to boot. The river was a roaring, rushing torrent, falling one thousand four hundred feet in ten miles, with here and there a waterfall about ten or twelve feet high. The valley of the stream was very narrow, the hills generally running sheer down to the water; but the lower slopes were well cultivated with buckwheat, rice, and a crop noticed before, called paidza. The valley in its palmy days must have been well populated; but the towns and villages were now nearly all in ruins, and could contain but few inhabitants. A little below the very small village of Shih-Ch'uan-P'u, a very unpleasant descent began, ending in a bridge made by laying long slabs of stone from the banks to a rock in the middle; whilst, just below, the opening of a narrow glen gave a passing glimpse of a fine cas-

cade, brimful after the recent rains. Here the walnut trees again appeared, but they now looked very autumnal; the leaves were very brown, and the nuts all plucked; there were a few persimmon trees with fruit nearly ripe. Much of the rice was nearly ready for cutting, and there were a few very fine large bamboos.

The road was very bad, in one place altogether washed away, and we were obliged to make a cross-country expedition over a field of buckwheat. Here, though the whole of the traffic was diverted through this field, scarcely any damage was done, all the animals following exactly in the same track. The Chinese, whether boys or men, never do wanton mischief, and in enlightened England a road suddenly taken through a field of corn would hardly leave the farmer so unscathed as here. At this point we overtook Chin-Tai, who had been sent on ahead, and who had been taken down the other side of the river to a bridge, now washed away, and we went on together to the little village of Ho-Chiang-P'u, where we found comfortable, though rather rough accommodation.

October 6.—We changed our baggage animals again at Ho-Chiang-P'u, but it gave us no trouble, for having made an engagement with our head muleteer to take us to Yung-Ch'ang, it was his affair, and for a wonder all the fresh mules were in the yard and ready for a start at a decently early hour. Our new bell mule was a beautiful sight, for the leader of a train of mules here not only has a bell round its neck, but is, in addition, adorned with an astonishing amount of finery. He has lovely waving feathers and all kinds of ornaments on his head, almost always inclusive of a bit of looking-glass.

We followed the right bank of the river, but gradually left it, cutting off the end of a spur that runs down between it and the Yang-Pi river, to which it is a tributary. For the first few miles the road was not very good; we then entered a fine plain, quite flat, and almost entirely cultivated with rice; but the evidences of wreck and ruin were painfully apparent in the large extent of ground laid out in terraces, but now uncultivated. These terraces had formerly been rice-fields, but the diminution of the population since the rebellion is so great that there are not enough hands to cultivate them. In Ssŭ-Ch'uan there are more people than that province can support, though there is not a square yard of cultivable ground untilled; the people are too poor to emigrate to this province, where there is room enough and to spare for the surplus population of Ssŭ-Ch'uan. An enlightened government would assist the people to come here, and it would well repay that of Yün-Nan to do so, but of course it would take time to recoup the outlay; officials are constantly changing, and no one cares for anything but the immediate present.

At Yang-Pi the civil official is a frightful tyrant, and puts the head men of the villages under his government into prison once a month, unless they pay him a good sum of money. Poor Yün-Nan! what with rebellions, opium-smoking, and bad government, the people have a hard time of it.

The road across the plain was very good, and ran between hedges, where several new kinds of plants appeared. There was a creeper, with a fruit like a melon, growing wild, which they said was good to eat when ripe. I picked also a wild lemon, the first I had seen in China; and many varieties of magnificent grass, some ten or twelve feet high, with

stalks three quarters of an inch in diameter, and most graceful heads, were growing everywhere in great profusion. There is a peculiar kind of grass which invariably grows in the disused rice-fields; and, standing on the top of a mountain or a spur, miles and miles of now uncultivated terraces can be recognised by the white heads of this species of grass.

The little plain is bounded by well-wooded hills of red sandstone covered with beautiful green herbage; these are backed up by fine snowy-topped mountains, which, people say, are covered with snow all the year round; if this be true, the peaks must be at least twenty thousand feet high.

Baber says that 'the Yang-Pi river is represented in all maps as a bifurcation of the Mekong; but in so mountainous a country one is loth to believe that rivers can divide in this way.'

On the maps that I have examined, except Keith Johnston's,[4] I do not find this to be the case; but the source of a stream flowing north is shown on one or two maps so close to the source of the Yang-Pi river flowing south, that they can hardly be distinguished with a magnifying glass; some careless cartographer has probably joined them, and has thus given rise to Baber's remark. In any case, it may be taken as certain that there is no bifurcation of the Mekong (the Lan-Ts'ang).

Just outside Yang-Pi, an officer and some soldiers, who were drawn up waiting to receive us, fired three guns or crackers at our approach.

[4] An old German map, after D'Anville and Klaproth, 1843, is still the best map of Western China; both the Yang-Pi and the Shun-Pi rivers are clearly shown, with the range of mountains between them, although it must be admitted that it is very faulty beyond the boundaries of China Proper. The imaginary bifurcation is not shown on Garnier's map, nor on the map of Western China prepared by the Indian Topographical Department, nor on the German map above alluded to.

The mules came up after we had been here half an hour, and the muleteers declared that they could not finish the next stage, to which we replied by ordering our horses to be saddled at once. The military officer who had met us on arrival was waiting outside with three more crackers as we rode away, but the civil official was still in bed, and declined to be disturbed at that early hour.

We now crossed the river by an iron chain suspension bridge, of about forty yards' span, with nine chains, which was remarkably stiff and steady for one of these constructions, and, leaving the river, we at once commenced a very steep and rather difficult ascent of about two thousand feet; the road then improved. Another thousand feet brought us to the summit of Ch'ing-Shui-Shao, eight thousand two hundred and thirty-three feet above the sea, and we then descended one of the very worst bits of road we had encountered in our journey. It had once been paved with very large stones, now all misplaced, and the interstices filled with deep, *stiff*, *sticky mud*. Slippery banks at the sides and holes hidden by mud and slush made walking necessary for about a couple of miles from the top, after which a certain amount of improvement became apparent, and for the next few miles it was possible to ride. The morning had been very fine, with clear sky and bright sun, but very heavy clouds were gathering over the mountain tops as we ascended from Yang-Pi; these cleared off in the evening, and a brilliant planet shone out before we arrived, a star of hope that our mules might turn up some time during the night. Without their aid, however, a huge vessel of rice was cooked for soldiers and servants; walnuts and pears, poached eggs and wheaten cakes made us an excellent dinner, and,

much to Chin-Tai's sorrow, when the mules arrived, at half-past nine, we declined the proffered dinner of several courses that he was anxious to prepare.

October 7.—There was no mountain on our way from T'ai-P'ing-P'u (The Peaceful Village), but the road, apparently out of very wantonness, went up about nine hundred feet.

The stream of T'ai-P'ing-Pu, which is bounded on its right bank by a spur from the mountain Ch'ing-Shui-Shao, runs into the Shun-Pi river at a distance of about eight miles from T'ai-P'ing-P'u, and the Shun-Pi river is crossed about a quarter of a mile above the junction of the streams.

Any ordinary person would imagine that the road would be taken somewhere near the edge of the water, but he would be quite wrong. This eccentric path rises steadily nine hundred feet to the crest of the spur, and then by a very nasty zigzag goes back to the stream.

At first we were unable to suggest any other reason for this monstrous behaviour than that the road-makers were afraid that, by leaving a few level miles, men and animals travelling would get out of training for the succession of mountain ranges that must be crossed. At the top, however, we discovered an unexpected village, Tou-P'o-Shao, and it is for the sake of the two or three huts that compose it that all travellers have to march up the hill and down again. The morning was beautifully bright, and the scenery charming: fine rolling mountains in every direction, whose sides, by no means steep, were well wooded with small pines; there were many open spaces, some cultivated and some covered with rich fine grass, which, after the recent rains, was of the brightest green, and a huge range of mountains

ahead promised us a hard day's work for the morrow. The sides of the valley were little cultivated, and we did not pass a single hut until we reached the very crest of the ridge where Tou-P'o-Shao is perched. Whence the half-dozen people inhabiting it draw their supply of water it is difficult to say; but there it is, situated in as lovely a spot as can well be conceived, and from a point a short distance beyond the Shun-Pi river can be seen flowing from the north.

The next village of three or four houses amongst the ruins of thirty or forty others is three miles further on, at the bottom of a heartbreaking zigzag, and here a couple of caravans were resting, one before undertaking the arduous ascent, and the other after having reached the level ground. The former was a train of fifty-six mules bringing cotton from Yung-Ch'ang, and the latter consisted of twenty-six mules taking salt thither from a place called Chao-Ho-Ching,* somewhere east of Ta-Li-Fu. Besides these we met no one on the road, except one travelling official and ten or a dozen other people, although this was one of the favourable seasons for travelling on the great high road from Bhamo to Ta-Li.

The country is scarcely inhabited. Besides the two miserable villages already mentioned, there are but two solitary huts between T'ai-P'ing-P'u and Huang-Lien-P'u, a distance of ten miles, and these two villages themselves contain but few inhabitants.

The Shun-Pi river is crossed by a suspension bridge of eight chains, six below and two at the

* Chao-Ho-Ching. I cannot find this name on Baber's itinerary from Yun-Nan-Fu; though he left scarcely a hut unnamed. It may be meant for Chao-Chou, a large and well-to-do town, fifty miles to the north of which, Mr. Davenport says, are the famous salt wells known as Pai-Yen-Ching (White Salt Wells).

sides. This is thirty yards long, and has been an excellent construction ; but the pier supporting one of the upper chains is broken down, and the bridge is consequently lop-sided, and something worse than rickety. The river runs, in a southerly direction, between beautifully green and uncultivated slopes that shoot down straight to the edge of the water, leaving no flat ground at the bottom ; the water, like that of all the other rivers seen lately, is of a very reddish-brown, from the red clay and sandstone of which the country they drain is formed.

The road winds along about a couple of hundred feet above it, and is very good from the bridge to Huang-Lien-P'u. It was, just at the time of our visit, being repaired on account of the examinations which were shortly to take place at Yung-Ch'ang, whither some exalted functionary from Ta-Li-Fu would shortly go.

Huang-Lien-P'u is situated about a quarter of a mile up a small stream tributary to the Shun-Pi river. Here an unexpected treat awaited us, for one of our men-servants, whose permanent employment was that of chief baker to Monsieur Leguilcher, said that he could buy some leaven, and that if we liked he could bake us some bread. We did like very much ; but even the thoughts of this luxury in store for us were not sufficient to reconcile us to the smoky atmosphere of the room, which was not rendered more pleasant by the fumes that came in at the window from a house next door, where the family were roasting their annual supply of chilies. Savages have been smoked out of caves with a few grains of red pepper on a fire, and our experience of the chilies led us to sympathize with the savages. Even the Chinese cannot stand this, and they can

stand most things ; in fact, it was so impossible, that our request to our next-door neighbours to desist was considered by no means an unreasonable one.

At about five o'clock in the evening we received a visit from a Christian who had been in the service of the missionary Mr. McCarthy, whom I had met at I-Ch'ang. This man and two others had accompanied Mr. McCarthy from Ch'ung-Ch'ing to Bhamo, and they were now returning to the former place. They had been twenty-four days on the journey from Bhamo ; until the last three it had rained heavily every day, and now the two companions of our visitor were very ill, one of *them* having been twice already given up for dead ; he was naturally very anxious about them, for if either should have died before they reached their homes, the foreigner, it would have been said, had killed them. We gave our guest some chlorodyne, and, as both his invalids seemed better the next morning, we advised him to wait a day or so in the healthy mountain air of Huang-Lien-P'u, and recruit his folk before proceeding on his journey.

October 8.—The road now led us across the range of mountains that divides the basin of the Shun-Pi river from that of the river of Yung-P'ing. Both these streams and the range of mountains between them run nearly north and south.

We ascended a very remarkable spur thrown out from this range some seven miles long, and scarcely a mile in breadth, with a deep gully on either side, in each of which a torrent was rushing down to the river of Shun-P'i. The formation was still the same red clay and sandstone, but after the dry weather the road was good enough, except just at the end of the ascent of Mount T'ien-Ching-P'u, where there was

the usual stiff zigzag. It is worthy of remark that in the sandstone districts the roads generally follow the crests of the ridges, while in those countries where the geological formation is of the harder, limestone or granite the roads invariably clamber up the bed of some torrent. The reason is obvious. In the sandstone the tops of the spurs are always more or less level, and offer an easy route, though the ascent to them is often very difficult. But amongst the limestone mountains the crests are torn into wild and ragged pinnacles; they are sometimes almost as sharp as the edge of a knife, and, as routes, are utterly impracticable.

The country was still almost uninhabited, and bore on its face sad traces of devastation. Long extents of slopes, laid out in terraces, once used for rice cultivation, but where now grasses and reeds were the only crops; and ruined villages, where rank weeds and prickly pears usurped the place of smiling vegetable gardens, bore pitiful witness to the havoc of the 'dogs of war.' At a distance of two miles from Huang-Lien-P'u a single hut with a patch of cultivation was the only sign of inhabitants, until a ruined village, Pai-T'u-P'u, was reached after another two and a half miles. Here, in the ruins that marked the site of a once flourishing village, where coarse grass and weeds grew amongst the few stones which indicated the positions of the houses burnt or sacked by one if not both parties during the rebellion, two or three huts had been rebuilt, and the busy Chinese occupants were hard at work reclaiming the soil from the weeds that overran it.

The hill-sides were mostly covered with long but rather coarse grass, and woods of pines, oaks, and chestnuts, where pheasants were heard calling. In

these regions where the oaks and chestnuts grow close to and amongst one another, they seem to run into one another, and all sorts of varieties are seen that appear as if they were a cross between the two trees. First, there is the *bonâ fide* and unmistakable chestnut with the real chestnut leaf, and the nut encased in a thick husk covered with prickles; then we see trees with a leaf almost the same but slightly approaching that of the oak, and with some few leaves more like an oak than a chestnut, till we arrive at the real and true oak with an acorn and cup without any prickles. The fruit also varies from the chestnut to the acorn, some of the varieties being almost like the chestnut covered with prickles, and with only a little bit of the fruit appearing through the husk, while others bear fruit nearly like the acorn.

The next hut was two miles further on, by a temple where there had at one time been two presiding deities or dignitaries, one at each side of the entrance; one of these, however, had shared the fate of Dagon, and its place now knew it no more.

After a long but not difficult ascent of eight miles, we found ourselves at length on the summit of the T'ien-Ching range, eight thousand one hundred and forty feet above the sea, where a few wretched huts boast themselves a village, and glory in the name of T'ien-Ching-P'u.

Here a man joined our party, who told us that some time ago both his father and mother had died, and that, finding himself without money to bury them with, he had sold himself to a firm of traders at Ava, for to a Chinaman there could hardly happen a more fearful evil than to be unable to give father or mother a proper interment. He had been to Ava

once, but as the firm had now given up business, or become bankrupt, he was free, and he offered himself to us as a travelling companion.

We passed a village of a few huts two miles further, but nothing else until we reached the fine plain of Yung-P'ing. The city of Yung-P'ing-Hsien was, we had understood, to have been our halting place, but now the muleteers said that it was a little off the road, so we did not go there.

We descended another spur from the western side of the same range, and soon the plain lay extended at our feet.

We asked a man with us if the city was on a river, or a little off it. His reply was eminently characteristic of a Chinaman: 'Oh,' he said, 'the city wall is destroyed, and now there are only houses.'

After a long conversation we prevailed upon him to say that the city was not on the river. Under these circumstances we were not surprised to see it built on both banks of the stream.

The road down-hill was very fair, but when we reached the plain it was awful; in fact, there was no road at all, and in rainy weather it would hardly be possible to cross either river or plain. There is little cultivation but rice, and here we saw the first rice harvest, but again there were wide spaces of terraces which had not yet been recovered. The carcass of an old buffalo cow with a good many wounds in her body lay by the road-side, and near her were the remains of a calf; and as Chin-Tai had seen a panther near the temple we had passed in the morning, there were probably a good many wild beasts about.

Ch'ü-Tung, a market town situated on the right

or western bank, was our destination, and we reached it after much floundering about in bogs and mud, where some of us had a fall or two, and where we all got wet in fording the river, which, now tolerably deep, would with very little more rain become impassable. The bed was now in several channels, but these evidently join together during heavy rains and form one large river. We met but little traffic during the day: a few people moving about from one house or village to another, a travelling official with his wife, and besides these nothing *but* a train of seventy-six unladen bullocks going to fetch salt from Chao-Ho-Ching. The fact that there are no loads for bullocks to carry shows what trade is worth at this season at all events. These were very fine animals, and looked fat, sleek, and clean. Some of them, instead of wearing their bells in the usual manner round their necks, had bells suspended from a kind of U-shaped bow, upside down, one end resting on each side of the pack-saddle.

The city of Yung-P'ing was entirely destroyed by the Mahometans during the rebellion, and not a single house was left standing. Now, although it still remains the prefectoral city, Ch'ü-Tung, which is on the high road, seems gradually to be ousting it from its position of commercial importance. There are already about two hundred families in Ch'ü-Tung, while Yung-P'ing itself can now boast of no more than three hundred. There are a great number of Mahometans at Ch'ü-Tung, as, indeed, there are all over the country; they are easily recognised by their white turbans. They certainly seem sufficiently numerous to render possible another outbreak of the deplorable rebellion that desolated this province. It would be a wise policy on this account for the

Chinese Government to assist emigration from Ssŭ-Ch'uan to Yün-Nan. It would not only relieve the already over-populated province, and supply labour for the now waste lands in Yün-Nan which cry out for hands to till them, but by gradually increasing the number of orthodox Chinese, the population of the so-called Mahometans would be lessened, and the fear of future outbreaks be by degrees reduced to a minimum.

We were lodged in a fine house at Ch'ü-Tung; it belonged to some general, and we enjoyed an unwonted immunity from smoke. The civil official of Yung-P'ing (a Hsien) came in to see us in the evening. He was from Chin-Kiang, and, of course, had seen foreigners before. He said that he had prepared a vast army of coolies and caravans of ponies for us; but he probably made this statement after having satisfied himself that we had already engaged transport as far as Yung-Ch'ang.

From Ch'ü-Tung we ascended two thousand seven hundred feet to the summit of another mountain called T'ien-Ching-P'u; and the fact that we went up three thousand feet and down again the other side, was becoming almost as monotonous to write about as the perpetual ascents and descents were wearisome to perform.

Baber remarks:—

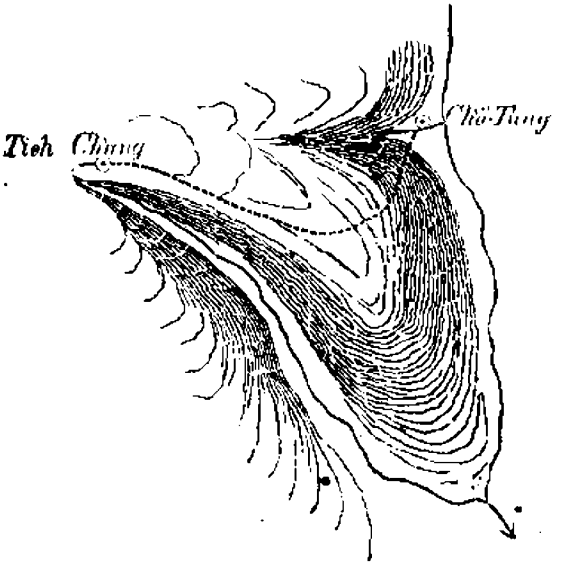
'On the morrow, the inevitable climb awaited us. A winding track leads through a wooded glen to the foot of a steep ridge, which we only surmounted to find a most formidable range still barring our advance.

'Descending to T'ieh-Ch'ang, which means *Iron-works*, but contains neither works nor iron, being nothing but a squalid gathering of half a dozen huts, we found ourselves near the centre of a cultivated

hollow ; the stream which drains it seems to flow inexplicably into a bay of hills without any exit.'

He adds in a foot-note : —

'On referring to the route chart, it seems probable that the stream in question finds exit through a gap



which was not visible from the road, and is the same brook that runs through Ch'ü-Tung. We failed, however, to detect any appearance of such a break from Hua-Ch'iao, or a little before it, where we rested for some minutes.'

The spur that is ascended from Ch'ü-Tung, is a spur from the western mountain of T'ieh-Ching-P'u, or the Hua-Ch'iao range ; for it seems to be called by both names. The stream from Hsiao-Hua-Ch'iao (The Lesser Flowery Bridge) is not the brook that runs through Ch'ü-Tung, but it finds its way a little lower into the Yang-Pi river.

It is possible that the track we followed over the spur alluded to, is a little to the south of that followed by Baber, and so the features were more visible to us.

From Hua-Ch'iao, or Ta-Hua-Ch'iao (The Greater Flowery Bridge), a very steep descent led us to the plain of Sha-Yang. The road, beyond its steepness, was not altogether bad this dry weather, though it would become disagreeably slippery after rain; but, even as it was, it was almost impossible to walk down, and it was a case of either running or standing still. I found Chin-Tai at a poor inn, where he repeated his favourite phrase '*all have got nothing*,' by which he meant that the kitchen arrangements were defective. So while he went to find a better place, I sat down, and was able to note how the inquisitive Chinese were being gradually left behind. Here, in a large market town, although a good many people collected at the entrance to the inn, no one, not even a boy, passed the threshold, though I was sitting in a room some ten or fifteen yards back; and as I walked to the next place I seemed to excite but little curiosity. There are so many foreigners here, border tribes, wandering Burmese, &c., that as we all, including Englishmen, pass current under the one term, *barbarian*, little notice is taken of a fresh specimen of the genus.

We did not find the mansion that Chin-Tai discovered any great improvement on the one that we had left. The houses here are generally built with two wings to the main building, in the upper story of which is usually the best room. The gables of the wings are always left open on the side towards the main building, the latter being provided with windows, in a suitable position for the entrance of smoke from the kitchen, which is in one of the wings. As nothing but damp wood is ever burnt, and there is no exit but the open gables for the kitchen smoke, it pours into the upper room and there remains; for at the

back there is neither window nor door, and on one or two occasions even our Chinese servants found the atmosphere unendurable.

The officials who visited us here were fairly driven away by it; but the magistrate came back in the evening after the fires were out. He was a really intelligent man, and instead of discussing the usual trivialities he asked questions about railways and steamboats, and seemed desirous of gaining information about foreign countries.

The people here called us foreign Mahometans, as we never touched pork. The presence of a large Mahometan population always rendered it comparatively easy to buy beef; and there were plenty of fat geese, so that we were never in any difficulty about food.

The traffic on the road from Ch'ü-Tung to Sha-Yang consisted of no more than twenty-five salt mules, bound for Yung-Ch'ang.

October 10.—As the muleteers had visited us in the evening with the respectful prayer that we would make an extraordinarily early start, it caused us no surprise to find that even after Chin-Tai had packed all his cooking things the muleteers had not finished smoking their opium. The first time we sent for them they were sleeping, the second time they were eating, and the third time they said that one of the animals had strayed and could not be found. The fourth missive, after some time, produced Chin-Tai's mule and our ponies; after which the men came and declared that they could not reach Pan-Ch'iao that night; which, considering the hour, was quite true. It had rained during the night and early morning; and although after we started the showers were very light, they made the road almost worse than a good downpour

would have done, for that would have washed the round and slippery stones clean; now they were as if they had been carefully greased for our benefit.

We were now in the basin of the Lan-Ts'ang-Chiang, known lower down as the Mekong river; but before reaching it we crossed a ridge about three hundred feet above Sha-Yang. The ascent was not very steep, but it was greasy enough to give our animals hard work. Here we met a train of forty-six mules carrying calico made in Yung-Chang. When the summit was gained, we at length saw the much-thought-of and long-talked-about Lan-Ts'ang-Chiang rolling at our feet; for the river seems to maintain the character Cooper gives of it higher up, and though there is not here another 'Hogg's Gorge,' yet the stream flows through desperately steep hills; and down the side of one of these a zigzag led to the river, 1,400 feet below the crest; it was a frightful bit of road, and had this been written at the bottom it would have been apostrophised in no measured terms; but what followed was so much worse that there is no bad language to spare for this descent.

The river, the bed of which is here 3,953 feet above the sea, is crossed by an excellent iron chain suspension bridge, in very good repair, and very steady. The bridge from the edge of one pier to that of the opposite one is about fifty yards long, supported on twelve chains below, and two above for handrails. The links are about one foot long of three-quarter inch iron, and the chains are fastened at the ends with shackles.

Near the end of the bridge a tablet was set up, on which there was some writing. One of our soldiers told us that he had escorted Mr. Margary to T'eng-

Yüeh, and he spoke warmly of the kindness he had received at his hands; in this he was like everyone who had met him; for Mr. Margary seems to have left a deeply favourable impression wherever he went.

The soldier told us that Mr. Margary had shot with a thing like a wine-bottle at the inscription on the tablet; as far as we were able to gather, he meant a pair of field-glasses.

Now commenced our day's work, and a hard one it was. The road at first led along the side of the hill; it had once been paved with great round stones, which now, half misplaced, lay about, leaving great muddy chasms. At the end of this was a village, and here the path left the river and went straight up a gorge, which, with a little poetic licence, might be said to be like the wall of a house. The muleteers had told us that we could never conceive the badness of the road, and they can hardly be accused of exaggeration. It was enough to break the heart of a millstone, not to speak of the unfortunate little ponies that carried our baggage or ourselves. We had to face it somehow, zigzag after zigzag, mile after mile of steps, sometimes a foot high, of round and slippery stones, and muddy bogs, into which the feet of the unfortunate animals would slip with a bang and splash the mire in all directions. But still, right overhead, the interminable track appeared; and when at length an ascent of two thousand three hundred feet brought us to the end of this desperate gorge, men and animals 'knocked their heads' each after his own fashion.

Here was the temple of Shui-Yin-Ssu, and a little tea-house, where all the men with us—two servants, two soldiers, a Ma-Fu, and a muleteer—had a good meal of buckwheat-porridge; each had two bowls,

besides tea, rice, and cakes, and 100 cash (about sixpence) just covered the expense. This porridge is simply made by pouring boiling water over buckwheat flour, and mixing it up well with an enormous quantity of coarse brown sugar into a paste. The Chinese make a similar porridge of bean-flour; indeed it is hard to say what they do not make of beans; and how they would get on without this useful vegetable it is impossible to say. From this point the country seemed no longer to bear on its face the signs of the war which has worked such ruin in this province.

From here the road ascended easily in a valley well cultivated with rice, which at this altitude, 6,270 feet, was not yet ready for harvesting. In itself the track was still tolerably bad, but as the gradient was easy, and there were none of those abominable staircases, it seemed like Macadam compared with what we had passed, and after a march of about four hours Chin-Tai's mule at the door of a house was a pleasant sight to men and animals; and notwithstanding the porridge, soldiers, servants, and Ma-Fu did full justice to sundry bowls of rice all ready for them. After this everyone was in a good humour, and although our muleteers had made up their minds to stop here, as the people told us of a village five miles further on, we determined to take that bit off the morrow's journey.

The country now improved in appearance very much. There was much more cultivation on the slopes, chiefly Indian corn and buckwheat. The valleys between the hill-sides were covered where possible with rice; there were no traces of former cultivation fallen into disuse, there were not the same number of ruins about the country, and the villages were

far more numerous not only in the valleys but on the mountains. The ranges of mountains that we had marched across had hitherto been almost unpopulated and uncultivated, and it was only in the valleys of the rivers that people, villages, and crops had been seen. But now it was a pleasant sight to see some snug houses nestled on the hill-side, or to watch a wreath of smoke curling up from the midst of some small wood high up above the road, showing that here at last everything was not given over to nature and wild beasts.

On our way to Ta-Li-Shao, we passed a train of forty-seven animals laden with salt for Yung-Ch'ang; the ascent was gradual, and the road very fair. We found Ta-Li-Shao, a group of about half a dozen cottages, to be 7,412 feet above the sea. A loft in one of them was free from smoke, and civil and obliging people did their best to make us comfortable, after one of the most severe marches on this road of difficult ascents.

October 11.—It was raining again in the morning, and the appearance of the clouds promised us a wet day. Before starting, a man from whom we were endeavouring to extract some scraps of information, told us that the road to Pan-Ch'iao was 'a good and level one down hill,' a remark that made us inclined to ask if he had any relations in Ireland.

We continued our ascent of the mountain, which was now very easy, only rising about four hundred feet in the couple of miles that took us to the final summit (7,795 feet above the sea), whence we overlooked the fine plain of Yung-Ch'ang. The road was amongst fine, rolling, wooded mountains, with open cultivated spaces, and a fair sprinkling of villages, and then commenced the descent of '*the level road down hill.*'

The first part was rather bad and steep over exceedingly slippery stones, but after about two miles from the top it became really very good, descending easily, and not being particularly sticky.

Pan-Ch'iao, where we halted for breakfast, is a large market town 5,692 feet above the sea, situated in the plain of Yung-Ch'ang, about a mile beyond the edge of the mountains. It seemed rather a wretched place; there was no hotel in it, nor did there appear to be a single house where we could have slept if we had been unfortunate enough to have wished it; there was a hovel that did well enough for breakfast, where rice was all ready for the people with us.

The inhabitants displayed a good deal of the Chinese curiosity, and during the hour and a half that we spent here, there was, notwithstanding the rain which fell steadily all the time, a good-sized crowd at the door, who stood staring in their usual vacant manner, but did not attempt to come into the room.

A new dish was set before us at this place, macaroni made of rice instead of wheaten flower; it was round, and looked very much like our European macaroni, but thinner, and instead of being tubular was solid. The salt here was in moulds about six inches high, for which there can be no better simile than old Polo's of twopenny loaves. The shape was something like the figure 8. Each was stamped, though in this case it was not the 'Prince's mark' that 'was printed,'[6] but a very ancient character, of which the signification is '*happiness*,' a way of wishing welfare to the purchaser. This salt comes from Min-Ching, in the magistracy of Yu-Lung-Chou.

[6] See *ante*, p. 311.

There is another shape that comes from Pai-Yen-Ching, a place mentioned before; for each locality appears to have its own shape and size. Here we found some large pears; we weighed one, it was a pound and a half (English weight), with a fragrance and slight flavour of a pine-apple; it was sweet and juicy, but a little hard.

This town is close to the left bank of the Pan-Ch'iao river, which waters the valley of Yung-Ch'ang, a perfectly flat plain, about five or six miles wide, entirely devoted to rice cultivation. Here again we came across the traces of the war: ruins around the villages and towns, remains of fortified towers, and on the lower slopes of the mountains some terraces fallen into disuse. This part of the country, however, seems to be recovering itself rapidly, for all the small valleys where the streams ran into the plain were well cultivated. The position of this river was contested for three years by the two parties. The Mahometan rebels on the right bank, and the Imperialists on the other being all this time separated only by the width of the stream—about twenty or twenty-five yards. The Mahometans built strong towers on their bank of the river, and with the aid of these prevented the Imperial troops from crossing. It is very interesting to find that this plain, the scene of that 'great medley' and 'dire and parlous fight,'[7] described by Polo, should in recent years again have been a position so hotly contested. But how the

[7] The old Venetian tells us that in this dire and parlous fight, the King of Mien, like a wise king as he was, caused all the castles that were on the elephants to be ordered for battle, and that the horses of the Tartars took such fright at the sight of the elephants that they could not be got to face the foe. Herodotus mentions that Cyrus in one of his battles used his camels to terrify the cavalry of the enemy, but with better fortune than waited on the wise King of Mien (*Herod.* i. 80).

valiant Nescradin ever managed to get two hundred elephants into China, unless there was some much better road than the one we had followed, must remain a mystery.

The soldier in whom we fancied we had discovered some Celtic blood was a wag in his way, for he volunteered the information that the next bit of road to Yung-Ch'ang was a '*twenty cash bit*'; for he said it was so bad that it wore out two pairs of straw sandals, each of which costs ten cash, and is supposed to see the wearer through the worst day's march. The same man told us that, in the year 1873, eight or nine foreigners had visited T'êng-Yüeh. He said that they bought all kinds of things, birds, insects, no matter what, and were in the habit of giving one rupee for a single specimen. The Chen-Tai of T'êng-Yüeh, hearing of this, imagined that they were simple folk being imposed upon by his wily countrymen, and he forbade his people to sell any more birds. No doubt the naturalists, whoever they may have been, would now be much amused if they could know why the supply suddenly stopped.

The city of Yung-Ch'ang is a sad spectacle of ruin and desolation. It appeared as if the greater part of the space within the walls had once been well covered with buildings, but now three quarters of it were vacant or under cultivation; for in many places crops of Indian corn were growing where there had formerly been houses. Notwithstanding this, the portion that had been rebuilt seemed very prosperous, and there was an amount of elegance, if such a word may be applied, about the shops that had not been seen since leaving Ssŭ-Ch'uan; the streets were very wide, and were full of well-dressed people, looking comfortable and well-to-do. Stalls at the side of the

road were apparently driving a thriving business, and altogether there was an air of prosperity about it that was quite surprising. The restored portion was very small, but what there was in appearance far surpassed Ta-Li-Fu.

We were lodged in a real and very good hotel, where we had a comfortable upper room free from smoke. The landlord said that it cost him 3,000 taels to build; and the fact that a man could find it worth while to lay out so large a sum shows that the place must be reviving. Indeed we found traders here from nearly every province.

The Fu, on receiving our cards, told the servant that the examinations were going on, and regretted that he could not see us; for high officials who attend these examinations are strictly forbidden to receive or pay visits of any kind. He asked us to apply to the Hsien for anything we wanted. We had already sent cards to him; he promised to visit us the next morning, and in the meantime offered to supply all our wants.

October 12.—The mutton of the plain of Yung-Ch'ang enjoys a higher reputation than it deserves; and the Fu sent us specimens of it, and of the geese, which were better entitled to the praise bestowed on the sheep. The Hsien also sent the customary gifts, and three men to look after our luggage, for the examinations always cause a large influx of bad characters into a Chinese city.

When we asked the landlord if he could find us muleteers to take us to T'êng-Yüeh, he promised to get them within a very short time, but, as of course it was his interest to keep us in his house, we soon found it necessary to send Chin-Tai to look after mules for himself. This, however, was difficult, as it was

only prudent to obtain a security for the honesty of the muleteers before entrusting our property to their mercy. When, as at Ch'ung-Ch'ing, Peking, or other great trading places, mules are engaged at a regular forwarding establishment, the house, which is well known, is responsible for them, and if anything is lost or stolen the firm makes it good. The first lot of muleteers that Chin-Tai discovered fell out with the landlord of the hotel, who probably demanded too high a squeeze; for a man in the position of the hotel-keeper has considerable power over these people. Merchants requiring transport naturally stop at the best inn, and the landlord can always make or mar the reputation of a set of muleteers. The next people that Chin-Tai found were reasonable in their terms; they appeared very respectable men, and as it was so difficult to arrange matters we agreed to dispense with the security, and, as it turned out, with no bad results. The abominable system of the squeeze upsets nearly all arrangements in China; but it is hopeless to try and alter such an ancient custom; even at the British Legation at Peking the porter has his squeeze on every article that passes the gate, unless it is brought in by some member of the Legation; for if the servants carry anything, the porter finds out the shop at which it was bought, and demands and gets his squeeze. No sooner were our affairs settled, than another set of muleteers offered their services, and were so anxious to come with us that they would not believe Chin-Tai when he told them that we had already made arrangements. They insisted on seeing us, and their crestfallen look, when they learned from our lips that they were too late, plainly showed that there was no lack of animals or muleteers, and that our difficulties were caused by

the desire to extract just a little more out of the foreign mine of wealth so unexpectedly opened.

Some general on the march arrived in the town in the morning. One of his officers in advance came to the hotel we occupied, and, finding us in the best rooms, cursed the landlord in a tone of voice that reverberated through our apartment. Not daring to attempt any ejection of ourselves, he made great but unsuccessful efforts to take possession of the rooms occupied by our servants and baggage. The general had by this time arrived himself, and sat in the yard of the inn in his sedan chair.

The news of the turmoil soon reached the ears of the Hsien, who sent a polite message to the general, asking him to find a lodging for himself elsewhere; to which he gruffly made reply, that the Hsien had better find him a place if he expected him to leave the hotel where he was; and his minions thereupon commenced to turn out the occupants of all the minor apartments.

This was not very pleasant for us, for his soldiers, sharing the wrath of their commander, would in all probability have picked some quarrel with our servants, or have contrived to rob us of something. Our apprehensions were shared by the Hsien, who reminded the general that he would be responsible if anything of the sort occurred.

The general paid little heed to this warning, and ordered his goods to be unpacked, sitting, nevertheless, all the while in his sedan chair, as he no doubt anticipated that the officials of the place would arrange matters somehow without the loss of dignity which he would have suffered by consenting to move to another hotel.

In the meantime he sent for the landlord, who

came into our room, shut the door and barred it, and hid himself under the table in a great fright. He said that the general had been here the previous year, had broken his furniture, and nearly killed his cook; that some of his soldiers or people had stolen four pieces of silk from one of the people staying in the house; that he (the hotel-keeper) had been obliged to pay for this, and that his loss and annoyance from the great man had been almost insupportable.

The anticipations of the general were, fortunately, shortly realized, for the second military officer of Yung-Ch'ang, dressed in full uniform, rode into the yard, alighted from his horse, and, with many profound salutations, invited his great excellency to come and stay in his yamên.

The general was able to accept this invitation without any harm to his feelings; he graciously did so, and went off, much to the delight of the landlord, who declared that there could be no measure of the gratitude he entertained towards us for having saved him from this visit. He said that without our assistance he could have done nothing, and that besides the disagreeables consequent on the presence of the general, his staff, and riffraff following, he would have lost the custom of a civil official whom he expected, and for whom arrangements had already been made. Poor man! he was trembling with fright in our room, and it seemed likely that as one hotel-keeper had been put in prison at Ta-Li because he would not take us in, here another would be beaten because he had not refused to shut us out.

This sort of occurrence is by no means uncommon, for the officials, especially military ones, are most arrogant and oppressive.

October 13.—Many varieties of precious stones

are found in the mountains in the neighbourhood of Yung-Ch'ang, and besides this the sacking of Ta-Li-Fu had thrown great quantities of jewellery into the hands of all sorts of people, some of whom had not the faintest idea of their value; and continual visits were paid to us, and stones of every description offered for sale. A great deal of jade was brought in, some of it probably native; this stone is very highly prized among Chinese of all classes, and officials usually wear a great thumb-ring made of it. One man brought a pair of earrings made of malachite, for which he asked a price that would have bought a table in Russia, where that stone is plentiful.

Another brought some necklaces made of amber, something like the Roumanian black amber, but more opaque, and of a lighter colour; it looked something like brown agate, and we were offered one hundred and eight beads for 40*l.* We offered 13*l.*, and if we had remained a few more days would doubtless have compounded for 20*l.*, but in China no satisfactory bargain can be struck in a short time. This was a good necklace; all the beads were more or less similarly marked, and it would have been worth about 40*l.* or perhaps more in Peking, where officials give high prices for good necklaces. One hundred and eight is the regulation number, no one venturing to wear a necklace with one bead more or less.[5]

A man brought in a stone about the size of a small nut, perfectly clear, without a flaw, and of a faint amethyst tinge; this, no doubt, was crystal, or something even more valuable, and the man said that he had another much larger and better. We bade him fetch it, which he did; he returned with a stopper of an old scent-bottle, and the drop from a

[5] See *Marco Polo*, 2nd ed. ii., 330-331.

European chandelier, both of which were valued at comparatively high prices. Our ventures in stones were not very extensive, for as the Chinese, like all orientals, leave their gems uncut, it is impossible for anyone but an expert to judge of their value.

The market of Yung-Ch'ang was very well supplied; there was plenty of beef, and almost every kind of vegetable, including potatoes, and a root something like a Jerusalem artichoke; and the brilliant red of persimmons, the deep purple of brinjalls, and the brilliant green of chilies, contrasted picturesquely in the baskets of the sellers. The people said that the persimmons were sure to give fever to strangers, but that the pears were not only wholesome, but beneficial; one of the latter was found by Chin-Tai weighing three pounds. This was an enormous pear, but quite eclipsed in size by the pears of Kinsay, mentioned by Polo as weighing ten pounds, and those of Shan-Tung, quoted by Colonel Yule from Williams as reaching the same astonishing weight.[9]

October 14.—The itinerary of Marco Polo from Ta-Li-Fu is, as Colonel Yule states, full of difficulty:

'When you have left Carajan, and have travelled five days westward, you find a province called Zardandan.[1] The people are idolaters, and subject to the great Kaan. The capital city is Vochan.' . . . . 'The country is wild and hard of access, full of great woods and mountains, which 'tis impossible to pass; the air in summer is so impure and bad, and any foreigners attempting it would die for certain. . . . After leaving the province of which I have been speaking you come to a great descent; in fact, you

[9] Yule's *Marco Polo*, 2nd ed. vol. ii. pp. 184–192.

[1] *I.e.* 'The Gold-Teeth.'

ride for two days and a half continually down hill. . . . . After you have ridden those two days and a half down hill you find yourself in a province towards the south which is pretty near to India. You travel therein for fifteen days through a very unfrequented country, and through great woods abounding in elephants and unicorns and numbers of other wild beasts. There are no dwellings and no people, so we need say no more of this wild country, for in sooth there is nothing to tell . . . and when you have travelled those fifteen days through such a difficult country as I have described, in which travellers have to carry provisions for the road because there are no inhabitants, then you arrive at the capital city of this province of Mien,[2] and it is also called Amien, and is a very great and noble city.'[3]

Colonel Yule assumes that the five days of Marco are from Ta-Li-Fu to Yung-Ch'ang-Fu, though the marches would be very long ones. Our journey was eight days, but it might easily have been done in seven, as the first march to Hsia-Kuan was not worthy of the name. The Grosvenor expedition made eleven marches with one day's halt—twelve days altogether—and Mr. Margary was nine or ten days on the journey. It is true that, by camping out every night, the marches might be longer; and, as Polo refers to the crackling of the bamboos in the fires, it is highly probable that he found no '*fine hostelries*' on this route. This is the way the traders still travel in Tibet; they march until they are tired, or until they find a nice grassy spot; they then off saddles, turn their animals loose, light a fire under some adjacent tree, and halt for the night; thus the

[2] *I.e.* Burmah.

[3] *Marco Polo*, 2nd ed. vol. ii. p. 91.

longest possible distance can be performed every day, and the five days from Ta-Li to Yung-Ch'ang would not be by any means an impossibility. After this five days came two and a half days down hill, and, as Colonel Yule points out, the itinerary is a continuous one. Dr. Anderson thinks that the descent of the river of T'êng-Yüeh is meant. The chief objection to this lies in the fact that there would be a very serious break of continuity, for Polo could hardly have overlooked the ascent from the Lu-Chiang or Salwen river, an ascent of five thousand feet above the bed of the stream, 'and one that is exceedingly wild and hard of access.'

From the Lung-Chiang or Shuay-Li also there is a steep ascent of three thousand feet, and the '*great descent*' could therefore not commence until the summit of Urh-T'ai-P'o was gained, on the third or fourth day from Yung-Ch'ang. From this place half a day's ride would have brought Polo to T'êng-Yüeh; but, unless his next two days ended at Man-Yün (Manwyne), the two and a half days down hill would have no meaning, for the river is followed to that place, after which the road takes to the hills, and is carried through woods and forests; it is therefore evidently at Man-Yün that the two and a half days ought to end. The two marches from T'êng-Yüeh would be desperately long ones, but perhaps not impossible.

Colonel Yule doubtfully suggests the valley of the Shwé-li, but this would not relieve us from the break of continuity, for between Vochan and this river there is the ridge of mountains above mentioned.

It seems reasonable to assume that the two and a half days should commence from Yung-Ch'ang; and Baber states that there is a road from Yung-Ch'ang,

which is 5,600 feet above the sea, down the Yung-Ch'ang valley to the Lu-Chiang, 2,600 feet above the sea. From the nature of the ground the descent by this road must be gradual and continuous, and as the distance is forty-five miles it would seem to justify the expression of a '*great descent.*'

Baber also observes :

'The fifteen days' subsequent journey need not present much difficulty. The distance from the junction of the Nan-Tien[4] with the Salwen to the capital of Burmah (Pagan) would be something over three hundred miles. Fifteen days seems a fair estimate for the distance, seeing that a great part of the journey would doubtless be by boat.'

An objection may be raised that no such route as this is known to exist ; but it must be remembered that the Burmese capital changes its position every now and then, and it is obvious that the trade routes would be directed to the capital, and would change with it.

Altogether, with the knowledge at present available, this certainly seems the most satisfactory interpretation of the old traveller's story.

There are two roads from Yung-Ch'ang to Fang-Ma-Ch'ang. The main road, which does not pass over a mountain, is better than the other, but some miles longer. The main road, we were told, passes through the plain of Fu-Piau (P'u-P'iao of Baber ?), which had been entirely depopulated by an extraordinary disease, of which the symptoms were like those of the plague, and which had, during the months of August and September, carried off upwards of a thousand people. Our informant added that now there was no one left except a few poverty-stricken

[4] The Yung-Ch'ang river.

wretches, who could not afford to move. A traveller who was stopping at the same inn with us at Yung-Ch'ang, and who left with us for T'êng-Yüeh, said that he had passed through the place in July; that at that time there were scarcely any inhabitants left, and that the dead bodies were lying about unburied. Now he said that the disease had ceased at that place, and had moved in a southerly direction to Niu-Wa, where it was raging. To a Chinaman, the idea of leaving a body unburied is very dreadful, and it would only be the most dire necessity that would permit such an atrocity. This disease is said to attack people passing through the country as well as the residents.

In describing the symptoms, the people said that a lump like a boil, about the size of half a small walnut, suddenly appeared on almost any part of the body; there was absolutely no attendant pain, and twenty-four hours was the outside that a person could live after the appearance of this lump.

Boccaccio thus describes some of the symptoms of the plague at Florence in 1348:

'Here there appeared certain tumours in the groin or under the arm-pits, some as big as a small apple, others as an egg; but they generally died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, without a fever or other bad circumstance attending.'

From Defoe also may be gathered that the plague of London was somewhat similar; but he was not himself an eye-witness of this terrible calamity, nor does he anywhere give a distinct account of the symptoms.

The city of Yung-Ch'ang itself, about 5,645 feet above the sea, is healthy enough, although there is at certain times a little fever.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MARCO POLO AND OF AUGUSTUS MARGARY.

II. The Marches of the Kingdom of Mien.

Departure from Yung-Ch'ang—Graves of Aborigines—Hun Shui-Tang—Fine Ponies and Mules—Fang-Ma-Ch'ang—Pestiferous Valley of the Lu-Ch'iang or Salwen River—Passage by Chain-Bridge—Steep Ascent to Ho-Mu-Shu—Greedy Host—Needless Difficulties of Road—Old Custom of 'Wappenshaw' and Military Tests—The Lung-Chiang or Shwé-li River—Salutes by the Way—A Celt for Sale—Ch'in-T'sai-T'ang—The City of Têng-Yüeh or Momein—Things better managed in Ssŭ-Ch'uan—The Chi-Fu Convention—Mule-chaffering—H'siao-Ho-Ti—Nan-Tien—Reception by a Shan Lady—Her Costume—First Burmese Priests—Change of Scenery—Kan-Nai, or Muang-la—The Chief—Passage of the Ta-ping River—First Burmese Pagoda—Lovely Scene near Chan-Ta—Chan-Ta (Sanda) and the Chief there—Oppressions of Chinese—Festival at Chan-Ta—Shan Pictures by the Way—Shan and Kakyen Figures—Road-side Scenes in Ta-ping Valley—Bamboos and Birds by the Way—Lying Litigants—T'ai-P'ing-Ch'ieh or Kara-hokah—Reach Chinese Frontier Town of Man-Yün ('Manwyne')—Visit from Notorious Li-Sieh-Tai—Treatment at Man-Yün—The Pa-I People—English Goods in Bazar—Letter of Welcome from Mr. Cooper—Scene of the Murder of Augustus Margary—The Kakyen Country—A Shot at the Party; only Tentative—Kakyen Huts—Meddling with the Spirits' Corner—Fire got by Air-compression—Buffalo Beef—Grand Forest Scenery—Bamboos and Potatoes—An Imprudent Halt to Cook—A Venture in the Forest—Perils from Ants and from Bullies—Would-be Leviers of Blackmail—Benighted—A Welcome Rencontre—Cooper's Messengers and Stores—A Burmese *Po-é* or Ballet—Embark on Bhamo River—The Irawadi Disappointing—Kindly Welcome from English Agent at Bhamo—Alas, poor Cooper!—Bhamo to Dover—The Journey Ended.

Before leaving Yung-Ch'ang all the civil officials sent us their cards, but the military men, evidently with *malice prepense* and aforethought, omitted the usual

act of courtesy. This was the only occasion, during the whole time I spent in China, on which I was not treated with civility, if not distinction.

We followed the main road for a little more than a mile, and then plunged into a valley amongst the mountains, and followed up a stream between rounded hills covered with very fine grass. There was not a tree to be seen, and few shrubs. We met scarcely anyone, although it was market-day in Yung-Ch'ang. The stillness that reigned was not disturbed either by the flutter of a bird, or the hum of an insect, and walking on by myself in front of the other people I could not hear a sound of any kind.

The summit of the mountain was 7,733 feet above the sea, and a descent of nine hundred feet brought us to Hun Shui-T'ang (Troubled Water Station), a village of about six houses.

The practice of interment distinguishes the aborigines of this country from the Tibetan races in the north. On the road we passed a great many of their graves. These are circular towers, of sun-dried bricks, about six feet high and six feet in diameter, covered at the top with a mound of earth, on which there are usually some tufts of long grass. This shape of grave was now being largely adopted by the Chinese, but there were still a great many of the ordinary Chinese form.

A quaint little inn at Hun-Shui-T'ang produced an unlimited supply of well-boiled white rice, which made our people very happy; some eggs for ourselves, and some native pickled onions that would not have disgraced Crosse and Blackwell.

Our mules passed us before we left; they were a goodly array, for none were heavily laden, and there were about twenty spare animals. The examinations

had brought hundreds of people into Yung-Ch'ang who could not afford to keep their animals there, and were glad enough to get anyone to take them home.

The mules and ponies were really first-rate animals. Though the mules were small, the ponies were larger than any we had seen since leaving Tibet; they were plentiful enough, and coming from Yün-Nan or Lower Ssŭ-Ch'uan, they might fairly be called either large or numerous, whichever reading may be adopted of Polo's words. As for the *riding long*, of which he speaks, all Chinese ride so short that it would be impossible to ride shorter. They put two or three thick felt things under the saddle, which itself is very high; on top of it they pile all their bedding, blankets, saddle-bags, &c., and as often as not their heels are in the stirrups instead of their toes; compared with a Chinaman, therefore, almost anyone would seem to *ride long*.

The muleteers were all tattooed about the legs, and most of them carried a small musical instrument like a miniature guitar.

The harness was admirable, made of plaited raw hide, very strong and durable, and in appearance smart and workmanlike; the breechings of the pack animals were exceedingly neat and well-made, and the breast-straps were often covered with small bells.

From Hun-Shui-T'ang we continued our descent, by an excellent road, through an undulating country of rounded green hills, with a big range of cloud-capped mountains in the background. Crossing a stream about three thousand feet below the crest of the mountain we had passed, we ascended a short distance to the little market town of Fang-Ma-Ch'ang, surrounded by a broken-down wall, which was built

during the rebellion, and with a new inn that may be commended to the notice of future travellers.

October 15.—The muleteers were anxious to cross the dreaded Lu-Chiang before the sun was hot; and everyone was, for once, ready at an early hour. We started amongst rounded, undulating hills, but soon entered a valley, which we descended by an easy gradient until we could see the mysterious river at our feet. A few low clouds hung over the valley, and as we stayed a few moments we could not but be impressed with a scene connected with so many weird associations.

Centuries had rolled by since Marco Polo spoke of the country 'impossible to pass, the air in summer is so impure and bad; and any foreigner attempting it would die for certain.' Already at Ta-Chien-Lu Monseigneur Chauveau, who had passed many years of his life in Yün-Nan, had warned us of this pestiferous place, and had told us that before the rebellion had destroyed every organisation in the province, it had been customary to keep a guard at certain places on the road to prevent anyone from attempting the passage during the unhealthy season. As we approached nearer and nearer, though the warnings were more frequent, the details of the story varied but little, and, incomprehensible though they appeared, we could not but give credence to the tales so oft repeated of the 'valley of the shadow of death.'

As it lay at our feet all nature seemed to smile, and invite the tired traveller to stay and rest. But it was the smile of the siren, for should a stranger venture there to pass the night, it would be with fever-stricken limbs that, when the morning broke, he would attempt the escalade of the surrounding heights.

Even in autumn, the most healthy season, it is with bated breath that passengers hurry across at a favourable moment; and when the fiery rays of summer are darted on that low-lying valley, even the acclimatised inhabitants flee the 'infections that the sun sucks up,' and for months no living thing may venture there.

It is during an alternation of rain and sun that the poison is most rife, and then they say a lurid copper-coloured vapour gradually folds the valley in its deadly embrace.

But as we looked the sun rose higher, and gradually dispersed the clouds, and we were assured that the moment could not be more favourable for crossing.

The reasons for the extraordinary unhealthiness of the valley are not apparent; for although it is 1,300 feet lower than the Lan-Ts'ang, and nearly 2,000 feet lower than the Lung-Chiang or Shwé-li river, yet it is still 2,600 feet above the sea.

It was the finest-looking valley we had passed; instead of being perfectly flat, like so many others, the ground slopes gently on both sides from the foot of the hills.

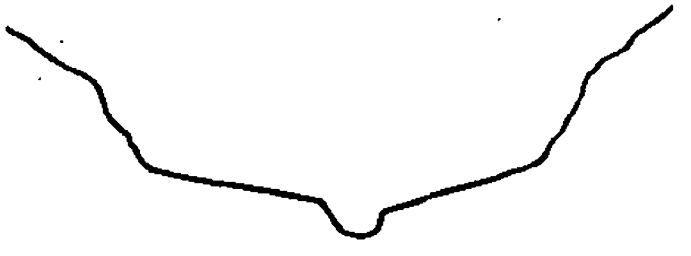


FIG. 6.

This formation is very favourable for the terrace cultivation, and here the rice harvest was well forward.

There are a few small undulating hills in the bottom of the valley, which is bounded by mountains well wooded or covered with long grass. There are plenty of villages, with a good many trees round them, and the landscape is more varied than any we had seen for some time.

From the rapidity of the river, and the undulating nature of the ground, it might have been supposed that this district would be healthy enough; but the secrets of the red miasma must remain hidden yet awhile in the recesses of the beautiful, but deadly vale.

The river is crossed by a chain suspension bridge of two spans, the second span in a line parallel to the continuation of the first, but about four yards from it on the same level. This system is probably adopted for the greater facility given for tightening up the chains; but it makes a mis-shapen affair of what would otherwise be a well-constructed bridge. The eastern span was about seventy-three and the western fifty-two yards long; each span is supported on twelve or fourteen chains underneath, and two above, the links being of three-quarter-inch iron, one foot long. At the time of our visit it was in excellent repair, but the eastern span, destroyed by the Mahometans during the rebellion, had only recently been rebuilt. At the time of Baber's visit it was 'in a dangerous state of dilapidation.' The stream was running rapidly below the eastern span, but the western was quite dry.

We halted at Lu-Chiang-Pa, a little village about a quarter of a mile beyond the end of the bridge, and here at 10.30 a.m. the thermometer marked 80° Fahr. Baber noticed the sultriness of this place, for on April 29 his thermometer registered 96° Fahr.

On leaving this we went straight up the mountain by a very fairly-paved, but exceedingly steep, road to Ho-Mu-Shu, 2,800 feet above the river, and 5,486 above the sea.

Our lodging was a shed made of split bamboos, over which mud had been thrown in some places to fill up the interstices, and so exclude the wind and rain sufficiently to enable people to smoke their opium pipes, without having their lamps put out by either one element or the other. There was a good thatched roof, and the hut was divided into three compartments by partitions of split bamboos, reaching not more than half-way up. My pony was lodged in one, we occupied the other two, and as it was easy to see through the partitions, I could watch over my animal whilst sitting writing. The weather, fortunately, was fine, sunshiny and without wind, so we did not find our airy apartment in any way uncomfortable.

The little village of Ho-Mu-Shu was more than crowded when we arrived. We occupied as much room as twenty or thirty Chinamen, and it appeared as if our fellow-travellers were obliged to take it in turns to go to bed, and cook their provisions for the morrow; for we were kept awake all night by their lively conversations and culinary operations; everything that was going on being seen and heard quite plainly through the wicker-work partitions of the rooms. The other guests were mostly candidates on their way to the examinations at Yung-Ch'ang, but besides these there were a good many traders and private travellers.

The landlord of the inn was a very greedy person. I wanted some cash, and told Chin-Tai to change some of my silver, which was the best to be found in China, in fact, nearly pure, whilst the stuff generally

in use about this part of the country was dirty rubbish, full of alloy and impurities. At the same time, on account of the travelling officials passing backwards and forwards, who generally use tolerably pure silver, the people here were *not one whit* behind the rest of the Chinese in the remarkable power of judging silver by its appearance, and it is really wonderful how a Chinaman, out of a number of pieces of all shapes and sizes, will pick out a good or a bad bit without a moment's hesitation.

The landlord, however, thinking to make a few extra cash, declared that although my silver might be very good, yet that, as he only understood the particular kind in general use here, he *could* only give me 1,500 cash for a tael. We were, however, equal to the emergency, and produced some very inferior stuff; but our landlord now, with bold effrontery, said he had never seen silver so worthless, and could not think of accepting it at any price. Our negotiations then dropped through for a time, but when we were leaving we paid our bill in copper cash borrowed from one of the chair-coolies. We gave the landlord about twice as much as he deserved, but still he was *not* satisfied, and so we expressed our sorrow that all our cash was used up, and that it was no use offering him silver, as he had already pronounced all ours to be worthless.

October 16.—The road from Ho-Mu-Shu was a vexatious one for man and beast. We continued the ascent of the valley we had followed from the Lu-Chiang, and having at length attained a point on the summit of the great range that divides the Lu and Lung rivers, instead of at once commencing the descent into the plain on the other side, or following a contour along the face of the hill, the road ran for a long distance along the crest of the ridge, now going up four

hundred feet, then down by a paved road in ruins; next there would be a short ascent by a kind of staircase, followed by a descending zigzag—all quite unnecessary if the smallest engineering skill had been employed.

On the road we met a train of two hundred mules bringing cotton to Yung-Ch'ang, but most of the animals were returning unladen. There were on the road great numbers of men on their way to the military examinations, all gaily dressed as well as their ponies, whose headstalls and breast-straps were neatly covered with red cloth; their saddles and saddle-cloths were also gaily decked with bits of red here and there; and parties of them winding about amongst trees and rocks formed many a pretty picture. Upwards of one thousand present themselves for examination every year from the T'êng-Yüeh district; if they pass they gain a certain social position in their town or village, and are eligible to serve in the capacity of petty municipal officers. Few of them have any idea of becoming soldiers, but pass the examination for the sake of the importance they thereby obtain. It seems at first somewhat inconsistent that the Chinese, who usually hold all military officers more or less in contempt, should offer advantages to the men who pass military examinations, which are tests of physical strength only. But it is the old custom handed down from generations. In days of yore and of much hard fighting, when the sword, bow and arrow, and the spear were the ordinary weapons, it required stout, skilful, lusty fellows to wield them well; so the Government established these athletic sports, as they might well be called, at which the prizes were social positions amongst the people, and were well worth striving for. So everywhere

military exercises became common, nearly everyone practised them, and thus the State had always ready-made soldiers that they could call on when required. The old custom still survives, though the reason, in its full force, no longer exists.

The manes were hogged and the tails cropped of a great many of the ponies these men were riding; but there were none of the docked tails mentioned by Marco Polo.[1]

As we ascended from Ho-Mu-Shu there was many a charming view down the well-wooded valleys that ran down from the ridge; and the Lu-Chiang was nearly always visible below us. Early in the morning a vapour was hanging over the river and the ground immediately on its banks; as the morning advanced this gradually rose, but low clouds seemed to shroud the valley all day, while we, high up above it, were enjoying a pure, delicious mountain air.

There were some wild raspberries growing amongst the woods, but the leaf of the bush was, as usual, quite unlike its European congeners, and almost exactly like that of a currant; and had it not been for the fruit, which was very good, this plant would certainly have been noted as a wild currant.

From the final summit, 2,643 feet above Ho-Mu-Shu, and 8,129 feet above the sea, a tolerable road took us through a thick wood to Tai-P'ing-P'u (Peaceful Village), where we stopped for breakfast. As we descended we rode through a very thick wood, and could see little until we reached the limit of the trees, and then the Lung-Chiang was winding below; not in a plain, nor yet in a gorge, as nearly all the rivers we had seen or crossed hitherto had been, but the mountains bounding it on both sides ended in

[1] *Marco Polo*, Bk. ii. chap. xlix.

very gentle slopes that ran down to the water. These were well cultivated with rice, but there was again a great extent of ground where cultivation had been discontinued.

The Lung-Chiang[2] is crossed by another very good iron chain suspension bridge in one span of about fifty yards, supported on eleven chains below, with two more above. Both this river and the Lu-Chiang were very low, but when they are full a vast body of water must flow down them; the Lung-Chiang is the more rapid of the two, but its bed is much higher above the sea level—four thousand five hundred and two feet.

The road from the bridge ascended gently through rice-fields to Kan-Lan-Chan, where we were saluted for the third time by three soldiers in charge of a Pah-Tsung, who sent and apologised for not heading his army, as he did not expect us so soon, and was not dressed. The number of times that we were saluted during the day must have been a serious expense to his Celestial Majesty, who pays for the powder. At Tai-P'ing-P'u I was some distance ahead, and as I approached the village three soldiers fired off a musket apiece, went down on their knees to the 'Imperial Commissioners,' as they were pleased to call us, and repeated the formula usual on these occasions:

'Welcome, Great Excellency! The men of Tai-P'ing-P'u have come out to salute you.'

This they did in a droning, chanting way that sounded like the 'responses' in a church where the parson is short of a congregation.

Mesny arrived about half an hour afterwards,

[2] Lung-Chiang is the Chinese name of the Irawadi's tributary, called by the Burmese Shwé-li.—*Y.*

but his salute was reduced by one gun, for one of the dirty old matchlocks spluttered for a minute or so, like an indifferent squib of amateur manufacture, and gradually burnt itself out without any report. But in these parts a few guns more or less in a salute are not of much moment.

In the afternoon some soldiers at a village, and some more at the Lung-Chiang Bridge, burnt gunpowder for us. One lot were rather put out because a little boy who had brought up a matchlock from the last place arrived too late to have it loaded ready, and there was an awkward pause between the second and third gups. As far as I was concerned, the dignity of the thing was quite spoiled by the behaviour of the 'pony I was riding, who always shied away from the soldiers at the critical moment. My other mischievous grey, too, would insist on contributing to my discomfiture by intruding himself between me and the army; rushing up against me, and knocking me completely out of time, or breaking through the ranks (a single rank of three), with a snort and a toss of the heels. The white pony was always in mischief, if he could find any to get into. If he could leave the road and wander away into the forest, he would; especially if he saw another horse or two likely to follow him. Nothing pleased him better than to jump violently into a mud-hole just when someone was in a position to be splashed all over. If he saw the pony I was riding balancing itself on some narrow or slippery stone, where there was barely room for one foot, that was the moment of all others that he chose for running me down and knocking me, with perhaps a drop of a couple of feet or so, into the bog; and the pranks that pony played were worthy of an English schoolboy.

A man came up in the evening with a 'celt,' which may or may not have been genuine. It looked to me quite new, though we wondered who the antiquarians could be who made it worth while for anyone in these parts to fabricate relics of the stone age;[3] but since a certain occasion on which I was astonished by the offer of sham Roman coins near Damghan in Persia, I have always been prepared to find false antiquities in the most unlikely spots.

October 17.—The road was very good for a change, and there was a generally easy ascent amongst undulating hills with but little wood on them. Now and then we passed through a deep lane cut in the soft sandstone, the banks at each side covered with ferns, grass, creepers, and shrubs or small trees, that brought to mind many a lane in Surrey or Kent. Then the road would emerge into a downy country, where in a hollow the margin of some small pond would be lined with rushes, reeds, and ferns, now turning yellow and red—the very place for a duck, if the whole country had not been disturbed by a train of eighty or a hundred mules laden with salt, which had passed just before, on their way, like ourselves, to T'êng-Yüeh.

We wound along, now up and now down, but steadily rising, till we reached Ch'in-T'sai-T'ang, where soldiers turned out as usual to salute. I was walking on ahead, alone, but just at this moment Chung-Erh galloped up and passed me, anxious to

[3] Baber explains the discovery of a copper knife and a 'celt' at the fair in Ta-Li-Fu. He says, 'The knife is undoubtedly genuine; the celt—called locally, and, indeed, all the world over, "thunder stone" (lei-ta-shih)—bears traces of sharpening on the axe-edge, and is well adapted for use; but as these objects are now employed as charms, on account of their supposed supernatural origin and properties, and as there is a brisk demand for them, it is difficult to satisfy oneself of their authenticity.'—(*F. O. Report, China*, No. 3, 1878.)

be ready to receive me in proper style at the door of the hut. The soldiers never for a moment imagining that either of their excellencies would be on foot, mistook Chung-Erh for one of them, and as he passed bent one knee, and, much to our diversion, gravely informed him that 'the men of Ch'in-Ts'ai-T'ang had come out to salute him.'

We had already mounted about two thousand feet from Kan-Lan-Chan, and another five hundred feet brought us to the summit of Mount Urh-T'ai-P'o, whence we descended two thousand feet by a very fair road to the city of T'êng-Yüeh, or Momein, situated at the head waters of the Ta-Ying river, in a perfectly flat and treeless plain, some five miles broad and long. This was entirely covered with rice-fields, where the crop was being harvested, and was bounded on all sides by uncultivated grassy slopes, from which every trace of trees had disappeared.

We found roomy quarters in an excellent inn outside the south gate.

Two soldiers had escorted us from Kan-Lan-Chan, who on arrival at this place received the usual gift; but presently Chin-Tai came in, saying that there had been four men with us; no one had seen the other two, but their word was taken, and a present was made to them; soon afterwards the number increased to seven, and as some guns had been exploded in our honour just outside the city, the extra three were after *some* deliberation duly veiled; but when someone else came in to say that the number had been truly ten, our incredulity surpassed our generosity, and we declined to remunerate these buckram men.

October 18.—The Chen-Tai paid us a visit in the morning, apparently for the purpose of frightening us.

He told us that in the year 1876 the king of Burmah had asked the Chinese Government to send some troops across the frontier, and put down some tribes who were giving trouble. Our visitor had been in command, and had not succeeded in his mission without much hard fighting and a great deal of sickness; for the campaign had been carried out during the unhealthy season. The king of Burmah had paid the whole expenses of the expedition, and had asked for and obtained the loan of three hundred soldiers after the main body had returned to China.

The Chen-Tai told us that this body of men had just been disbanded, on the demand of the British Government[4]; that they were roving over the country in lawless bands, that travelling was very dangerous, and that he could not be responsible for our safety unless we would give him time to recall these men, and get them out of the way. He also said that the governor-general of Yün-Nan intended to raise three million taels to work the mines in the province, under the superintendence of Europeans.

The mines of Yün-Nan no doubt are exceedingly rich; but before they can be made to pay, communications must be improved, and the country better governed. It struck us very forcibly that the government of Ssŭ-Ch'uan was far better than that of Yün-Nan. In Ssŭ-Ch'uan the officials were invariably more than attentive, and it was easy to see that their orders were promptly and efficiently carried out. The difference was apparent the very day we crossed the boundary into Yün-Nan. The Margary proclamation, which had been universally posted in Ssŭ-Ch'uan, was rarely seen; and although the officials

[4] The British Government, of course, had had nothing to do with the matter.

were almost always civil and polite, there was a marked difference in our treatment in the two provinces. It must be said that the higher magistrates seemed to pay us most attention, but their orders were not carried out by the petty officials with the alacrity and regularity always observed in Ssŭ-Ch'uan. It happened on more than one occasion that despatches sent on from the prefectoral city before our departure did not reach their *destination* until after our arrival; and although these are trivial matters they serve to compare the government of the two provinces.

On the whole, there can be little doubt that the central Government of Peking wields a potent sway even in these distant provinces; it is due to the Chi-Fu Convention that Englishmen may travel in comfort throughout the vast empire; and this one fact alone will stamp the term of office of Sir Thomas Wade as one memorable in the annals of our dealings with the Chinese Government; and it is to be hoped and expected that it will do much to bring about that intercourse with foreigners which is the one and only means by which cordial and comprehensible relations can be established between the Chinese and European nations.

October 19.—Chin-Tai told us in the morning that he had found some muleteers who were willing to take us to Chiu-Ch'êng (Old Town), for seven and a half tenths of a tael per mule, and wanted to know if we would agree to that price. Although it was much too high, we readily consented, and bade him go and strike the bargain and have the paper written; but when the muleteers unexpectedly found their offer accepted without *any attempt* at reduction, they naturally regretted that they had not asked a larger sum at first,

and casting about for an excuse said that when they had made their offer they had not understood that they were to provide any riding animals, and under these circumstances they must have eight-tenths of a tael. 'Anything for a quiet life,' we said, as the nearness to our journey's end was making us reckless; but a soothing cigar had scarcely been lighted when Chin-Tai returned afresh, and said that although the muleteers had come to terms about the riding animals, yet they would not let us have two riding saddles unless we paid eight and a half tenths of a tael for every animal.

The hatred of being imposed upon, which is innate in the human breast, now began to assert itself; and we told Chin-Tai that we would not give that sum; but he had not reached the door when we repented of our rashness, and inwardly ashamed of our weakness consented to the amount demanded; but when they declared that they had now changed their minds, and would not go for less than a tael, our spirit of independence made us say that we had now changed our minds, and would not pay more than the seven and a half tenths of a tael originally offered. They refused this, and went away, no doubt intending to reopen negotiations later; but in the meanwhile the price was sufficiently good to induce another set of muleteers to accept the offer, and the paper was at length written and delivered.

In the afternoon we discovered that the civil official of Man-Yün was also staying in the hotel; he paid us a visit, and told us the Chen-Tai's story with considerable variations. He said that thirty soldiers, not three hundred, had been lent to the king of Burmah, but that the officer in command was of so bad a character that the king had disbanded the com-

pany; that the officer had been disgraced by the Chinese Government, that he now did not dare to return to Chinese territory, and was roving the country, committing depredations, and robbing whomsoever fell in his way.

The Man-Yün magistrate and another military officer came again in the evening to endeavour to induce us to wait a few days; and now the former said that the disbanded soldiers numbered one hundred, that they were very dangerous, that in any case we should be compelled to wait at Man-Yün until he could join us, and that we had much better remain at T'êng-Yüeh-T'ing, where the quarters were comfortable. To all these blandishments we lent a deaf ear; and, ultimately, the magistrate sent his steward and a lot of people with us, amongst them two Cantonese, to help us on the road, and placed his residence at Man-Yün at our disposal.

October 20.—There are two roads from T'êng-Yüeh-T'ing to Hsiao-Ho-Ti, both roads cut across the spur, round which the river of T'êng-Yüeh, or the Ta-Ying-Ho, makes a long sweep.

The road led us over grassy hills almost without a tree, though there were patches of scrub here and there, amongst which Chin-Tai discovered a pheasant.

We met little traffic, and passed scarcely a house. The road wound about, sometimes up and sometimes down, but it was unpaved, quite firm, and fairly level, until we commenced our descent into the valley of the Ta-Ying. The little village of Hsiao-Ho-Ti lay beside the stream fifteen hundred feet below the crest of the spur, and here we found a shanty which did duty for a restaurant, and was the finest place for the servants that we had been in for a long time. The number of dainties quite brought to mind a Ssŭ-

Ch'uan tea-house; and the face of my Ma-Fu, as he made short work of innumerable dishes of pork, onions, chilies, bean-curds, and good bowls of rice, was a sight well worth paying for.

The road beyond Hsiao-Ho-Ti was excellent, winding along the edge of the perfectly flat plain, which was entirely devoted to rice cultivation, although there was a considerable area of uncultivated ground. There was a fair sprinkling of villages in the plain, with a few trees about them, and one or two ruins. It was bounded by gently sloping grassy hills, on which there was little wood, and where there was still a large extent of disused terraces, but where the traces of the Mahometan rebellion were fast disappearing.

The road was good and level, but the inhabitants have a most eccentric custom of using it not only as an aqueduct but as a reservoir.

The numerous streams that flow out from the mountains are turned on to the road wherever it is hollowed out between banks; little dams about a foot or eighteen inches high are made across the track to keep in the water; and thus the adjacent rice-fields can be flooded when required.

We met thirty loads of cotton, but, besides these, there were few people about; we saw some men thrashing with flails made of bamboo, one in each hand, but everything was still thoroughly Chinese, and there were no signs of the manners and customs of the Burmese, or of the wild mountain tribes between Man-Yün and Bhamo, except the turbans of the women, which were built up like towers on their heads.

We passed through the walled town of Nan-Tien, and about two miles further found the house of the

native chief, or Tu-Sze, in the small village of Che-Tao-Ch'êng. There appeared not to be enough soldiers to fire a salute with matchlocks, but, instead of this, three iron guns about eight inches long, and with a calibre of about an inch, were planted upright in the ground, and were touched off by a man with a bit of lighted paper at the end of a bamboo, quite in the style of a professed pyrotechnist; and what they wanted in dignity was made up for by the loudness of the report.

The native chief has the rank of a Yu-Chi, and wears the clear blue button, as the English always call it, though a more inappropriate term could hardly have been devised. The French call it *globule*, just what it is: a globule a little more than an inch in diameter, which is worn on the official hat. Strangely enough, there is no regulation size for this, though for almost every part of a Chinaman's dress there are stern rules and regulations; and every man, official or non-official, must shave his head and wear a plait, for if he leaves his hair it is a sign that he is a rebel.

The 'Ugly Chief of Homely Virtues,' who entertained Margary, had died of grief for the loss of all his fortune during the rebellion; the boy of whom Margary speaks was not yet of age, and the honours of the house were done by an old relative holding the Chinese rank of Pa-Tsung.

The circular about us sent from T'êng-Yüeh-T'ing five days before, arrived about an hour after us; but it was not wanted, as the family of the chief were quite ready to dispense their hospitality without it. The way in which these despatches used always to arrive just in time to be too late, was both amusing and instructive; and I thought with the 'Sentimental

Traveller' that 'they manage these things better in' Ssŭ-Ch'uan.

The mother of the former chief, and the grandmother of the children (two sons, the eldest fifteen, and three girls), looked after the house, and invited us into her rooms after dinner to drink tea.

She wore a white jacket, with sleeves turned up, and a good deal of embroidery in gold on the cuffs; this was fastened at the throat by a brooch with twelve (or fifteen, I am not certain which) different coloured stones, set in three rows, like the pictures of the breast-plate of the Jewish high priests. Silver bracelets adorned her wrists, and she wore white trousers with some red stripes; but the room was so dark it was impossible to make out the details of her costume. A majestic turban rose to a height of eighteen inches above her head, and bulged out about half-way up, as though swelling with honest pride at its exalted position.

She introduced her two sons, and told us that their territory stretched for a length of thirty miles by the river-side, and extended back from it for a distance of sixty miles.

She evidently entertained a sincere regard for Margary, and told us that he had given a sword and a microscope to the late chief, but she did not mention the 'fine pair of scissors' which he gave to the 'amiable spouse.' What has become of her we did not learn. The language of these people is alphabetic with nineteen letters, and they write as we do from left to right.

October 21.—As we rode out of the gates, where a couple of Burmese priests were standing about in their yellow garments—the first signs of a change of country—three more terrific explosions startled our

animals. The old Pa-Tsung had promised us sixty soldiers as a guard of honour, but only two sorry-looking fellows turned up. The morning was fine, but it came on to rain at about nine o'clock, and rained all day; a perfect deluge falling in the afternoon.

As we advanced the scenery changed; hitherto the hills had been grass-covered, now trees appeared, many of them of a kind not seen before, and the vegetation was almost tropical in appearance; creepers with huge leaves trailing up the trees, plantains growing here and there, and an occasional banyan, all indicated a change of climate.

The road again was bad: sometimes at the river level, and strewn with huge stones, then it went up a ravine and down again, here it was feet deep in mud, or as before turned into a series of reservoirs. We found some sheds of matting by the road-side, where we sat down to discuss our sandwiches; but presently some people from a neighbouring village appeared and took possession. These proved to be the proprietors; they had brought with them great baskets of hot cooked rice, and some of the little dishes that always accompany it, and soon they were doing a fine trade. Their shanties are midway between Chin-Ch'êng and Nan-Tien, and there is hardly any other halting-place on the road. People going backwards and forwards generally start much about the same time, so the owners of these huts know pretty well when to expect the 'up and down trains,' and come from their village to feed the hungry passengers. The natives here are very fond of tattooing their legs with all sorts of figures, and they wear on each leg, just below the knee, a number of very fine rings of rattan cane painted black. They chew a mixture of lime and very coarse tobacco, as well as

betel-nut. In this they are unlike the Chinese, who never chew tobacco or lime, though they sometimes make use of the betel.

We stayed here about an hour, to let somebody get ahead; both my Peking boys were now in a deadly fright that we, and they with us, would share Margary's fate; so not only would they not go in front, but they always remained at a safe distance behind, looking particularly mean; but once they found themselves inside the walls of a house, all the old northern bluster came out, and they were tremendous fire-eaters, especially Chin-Tai, who was the greater coward of the two. On the road we met a chair, in which the mother of Li-Sieh-Tai was travelling; she was supposed to be a sister of the king of Burmah, though this was disputed by most of the Chinese. Some of the coolies and people with her were heard to say:

'What! Here they are again; are they not frightened yet?'

These sort of remarks from people about had been rather frequent lately, and they had not contributed to raise the courage of my two servants.

We had made up our minds that, as we wanted fresh mules the next day, our best plan would be to go to the house of the native chief at Kan-^{Ng}ai. This name includes two towns, Chiu-Chêng, or 'Old Town,' on the eastern side of the river, and on the direct road from T'êng-Yüeh to Man-Yün, and Hsin-Ch'êng, or 'New Town,' which being on the western or right bank is considerably off the highway. The chief used to live at Chiu-Ch'êng, but probably to be out of the way of the Chinese officials continually passing and repassing, and whose exactions were almost insupportable, he moved to Hsin-Ch'êng.

Our head muleteer, however, had ideas of his own, and saying to the two servants sent with us that a friend of the innkeeper at T'êng-Yüeh had prepared a house for us at Chiu-Ch'êng,[5] he took us there without asking our opinion. Here, in a deluge of rain, we were told that it was at the inn in the market that preparations had been made for us; thereupon we rode back, and at a most miserable straw shed, with no rooms in it, the people refused us admittance. Seeing the state of affairs, we told the two Cantonese servants to take us to Hsin-Ch'êng, whither we had intended to have gone at first. The head muleteer, whose mules were some distance behind, grumbled, and said that his animals could not reach Hsin-Ch'êng, and that he had not agreed to take us there. Nevertheless we set our ponies into a gallop, to show that we were in earnest, and made our way to the river-banks, passing on our road under a magnificent grove of banyan trees.

It was now astounding to note the manner in which this river (Ta-Ying-Ho or Ta-Ho) had grown since T'êng-Yüeh, where it was but a stream a few yards wide. Here the bed was nearly a mile across; at this season it was not, of course, full, but we were seven minutes fording the main branch, the water being above the horse's belly, and flowing two to three miles an hour. Besides this there were four other channels twenty yards wide, and several smaller ones, and I began to understand, what had hitherto appeared almost incredible, that the sources of the majestic Irawadi might be as far south as they are represented on all maps.

We were not expected by the native chief, whose

[5] Kan-Ngai is the Muangla of Anderson, but he coming from Burma appears always to have learnt the native names, whilst we coming from China were never told anything but the Chinese names.

rank is that of Sieh-Tai, and the customary explosion of three guns was omitted. This chief is probably the lad of fifteen visited by Sladen in 1868,[6] and seemed better off than he of Che-Tao-Ch'êng. He was rebuilding and making a fine place of his house, which had been destroyed during the rebellion. His reception-room was large and lofty, and divided into three compartments by magnificent screens of teak, about twelve feet high. He gave us the centre for our eating, drinking, and writing, and one of the rooms at the side to sleep in. The servants were lodged in another building beyond.

The mules came up almost immediately, and we were able to put an end politely to the ceremonious interview that always takes place immediately on arrival at these places; for no matter how wet, tired, dirty, hungry, or thirsty one may be, the reception must always proceed in a regular and formal manner.

October 22.—After the heavy rain of the previous day, all nature was fresh and green; there was a delicious feeling in the air, and the sun was shining in a clear sky, as a salute of three guns announced our departure, with an escort that reached the respectable number of thirty.

The direct road to Chan-Ta[7] is on the right bank of the river, but a portion of it was so bad and muddy that it was deemed advisable to cross and recross the stream. The Taping river joins the Ta-Ho or Ta-Ying from the right about a couple of miles below Muang-La, and they form one really fine river, which we crossed in the dug-out trunk of a tree, our animals swimming over. This was an amusing performance, chiefly on account of my grey,

[6] *Mandalay and Momein*, by Dr. Anderson, p. 175.

[7] *Sanda* of Anderson and others.—*Y.*

who was a pony of remarkable force of character; the other animals always submitted to the authority he established over them, and here the half-dozen, with whom he had only been acquainted a couple of hours, obeyed him with the utmost docility. Being driven into the river, he led as long as he could find the bottom, but, unaccustomed to swimming, he did not like the deep water, and as soon as he was nearly out of his depth he wandered about in a purposeless manner, leading the rest to follow his example. Our canoe then made for the group; we drove them on, and they swam until they reached a shoal, where the grey, always ready for mischief, anchored himself, the other beasts doing the same with admirable regularity. And now all the persuasive eloquence of the Ma-Fu on the opposite bank was powerless to induce them to move, until they were driven on by another canoe that passed that way. Once started there was no other halting-place until they reached the land; and here it was really delightful to see how thoroughly they all enjoyed a good roll in a fine bed of bright, clean sand, which seemed as if it had been laid there expressly for that purpose. For the last month my grey had been covered with mud, which had never been removed, and now that at length his coat was really clean, it was scarcely possible to recognise him.

This business had been a somewhat lengthy one, and although Chin-Tai and Chung-Erh had taken very good care to start long after everybody else, they had by this time overtaken us, and might have been observed standing about on the opposite bank in a nonchalant sort of way, trying to look as if they had no connection whatever with anyone else.

As we proceeded, fresh sights continually pre-

sented themselves; here there were some ricks of unthrashed rice, in shape like English hayricks, and standing in fields of rice-stubble; and, notwithstanding their un-English surroundings, they could not fail to bring recollections of many an English country scene. In a hamlet hard by we saw the first Burmese pagoda, with a high steeple; and the huge leaf of the plantain and the delicate bamboo sheltered the mud walls and thatched roofs of every village. Yellow wild-ducks, that apparently knew no fear of man, paddled lazily in the broad reaches of the river, but these, they say, are sacred; the Lamas, or Phoongyees, as the priests ought now to be called, throwing over them their protecting ægis of sanctity, chiefly on account of their colour.

A good and level road took us to the boundary of the Kan-^{Ng}ai or Muang-La chiefship, and here we halted under a magnificent banyan tree, where two old women kept a couple of refreshment stalls, and were selling quinces cut up into slices, and rice blancmange. Here we dismissed our soldiers, and others took their place, or were supposed to do so, for we saw nothing of them until we were leaving Chan-Ta, when they punctually came for the usual present.

Leaving the river, we ascended a spur, the end of a ridge dividing the Taping from a small tributary called by Anderson the Nam-Sanda,[8] and from the crest, about two hundred feet above the river, there was a glorious view to the south-west, over the magnificent valley. It was a lovely scene: the plain was covered with rice-fields, the crop now nearly, or quite ripe, and as yellow as a September corn-field at home; dotted over it were numerous villages all enclosed,

[8] *Re.* the 'Sanda (or Chan-Ta) River.'—*Y.*

and the houses nearly hidden, by fine bamboo or banyan trees. Here and there would be a noble old banyan placed by nature on the summit of some grassy knoll that rose up from the midst of the golden meadows; in other places these trees might be standing up amongst the rice on an artificial mound, and often some young sapling just planted would be protected by a fence of split bamboo. On both sides rose a fine range of mountains, their slopes diversified with woods, patches of cultivation, and stretches of fine grass; and winding through the plain, the fine river rolled smoothly down to join the Irawadi.

An excellent road took us to Chan-Ta, the residence of another Shan chief, who holds the Chinese rank of Yu-Chi. This was probably the little boy who became the adopted heir of Sladen in 1868, for he was now fifteen years of age, his affairs being conducted by a relative. He seemed miserably poor, and was dreadfully ill at ease during the ceremonious reception. He wanted to learn English, and asked us whether anyone would teach him if he went to Rangoon. He talked Chinese very slightly, and complained that it was a very difficult language. The whole house was half tumbling down, and very dirty—a remarkable contrast to the 'handsome structure of blue gneiss on a large and handsome scale' described by Anderson.[9] We had the usual suite of a building to ourselves: one room in the centre quite open in front, and another at each side; but the whole of it would have gone into the central part of our quarters at Kan-^{Ng}ai. There was a wretched old table with one leg missing, and the other three tied up with bamboo strips. The beds

[9] *Mandalay and Momein*, p. 169.

were made of doors on trestles, and everything betokened poverty and ruin. The people complained bitterly of Chinese oppression; they said that nothing was left to them, even their very tables and chairs being taken if they had any. One man standing about had been to Rangoon; he loudly praised the English rule, declared that their own government was abominable, and, though he did not say so, evidently wished from the bottom of his heart that England would walk in and annex this country. We were not saluted on arrival, but the affairs of this chief seemed so badly managed that it was no matter for surprise; a fowl and a duck were brought in and flung under a bench; we afterwards learnt that these were meant as a present, but we had no idea of it at the time, as the presentation of a gift of this kind ought to be, and almost invariably is, attended with considerable ceremony.

The conduct of the two Cantonese men who were with us was abominable. The rank of the native chief was higher than that of their master, but amongst the Chinese that counts for nothing, a Chinese coolie thinking himself as good as, if not better than, the highest native chief. Directly we arrived the Cantonese wanted their opium and a place to smoke it in; they called for this and for that, and spoke to the people as if they were so much dirt. One place was too draughty for the lamps, another not comfortable, and they grumbled and cursed and made themselves generally disagreeable. In the hearing of all they told us in a loud voice that these natives did not understand common politeness, that no guns had been fired for us on our arrival, and that it would be a good thing when they were all killed. The native chiefs must put up with all this, as they

dare not say a word even to the servants of a Chinese official. The exactions they have to support, too, are terrible. Chinese officials passing and repassing take lodging, food, coolies, horses, and everything without payment, and grind down the people till they can scarcely live. Some time previously, in the territory of Kan-^{Ng}ai, some of the wild mountaineers, subject to no one, made a descent, attacked a party of traders, and stole some bales of cotton. The chief was called on to pay not only the full value, but double the amount over again in squeezes to the various Chinese officials, though he was quite powerless to have prevented the attack. No wonder all these people who live so close to our good rule wish that we would come and govern their country.

October 23.—This was a day on which a great festival of some sort was held at Chan-Ta, and nearly two hundred retainers had been brought into the house to accompany the chief to a temple. The people are not much earlier in their habits here than generally in Yün-Nan. I enjoyed a quiet hour's writing before anyone else was astir, and then watched the people get up one by one and perform their scanty ablutions in the courtyard, after rubbing the sleep out of their eyes.

As the Shan chief went off to his devotions he passed through a double line of men, who were attired in most picturesque costumes. All were armed with swords or guns, some had both, and after the sober dresses of the Chinese, the contrast of the brilliant colours in which these people love to deck themselves was very striking. The Chinese almost invariably wear the dark blue cotton in winter, and in summer they dress in white; the Tibetans, too, indulge in little bright colouring, for the clothes of the Lamas

are but a dull red; but here, all of a sudden, there were people wearing green, red, yellow, or purple cummerbunds and turbans.

The Shan chief rode in his chair, carried by some very ragged and clumsy chair-coolies; his official red umbrella, seal of office, and diploma, all done up in red or yellow, went before him. There were two or three big muskets, like punt-guns, carried by two men apiece, the rest of the retainers being armed with matchlocks or old percussion guns. The chief was away at this business a little more than an hour, and as soon as he returned the people began to stir themselves about getting mules, and as all the men and women for miles round came in to pay a state visit to the chief, everyone was very glad to get us out of the way, and as much haste as possible was made to find us what we wanted.

The consumption of pork in the house on this festive occasion was enormous; half the pigs in the village must have been killed for the purpose. Every two or three minutes a man passed through the door leading to the private apartments, carrying a huge lump of pork. Up to this point, as far as eating is concerned, the people had been exactly like the Chinese: at all the little stalls, under the trees, the usual Chinese dishes had been invariably found, and here the regular Chinese love of pork was most evident. As we started, and rode off through the village, where numbers of a small, but particularly repulsive-looking, breed of pigs, with unusually long snouts, were wallowing in the mire, and where, as a contrast, there were some very handsome ducks and geese, we met all the people dressed in their best clothes coming in, and really it was a very pretty sight. The women mostly wore tight black cotton

garments, which were folded many times round their hips, giving to this part of the body the appearance of great breadth. Some, instead of black bodies to their dresses, wore them of blue, green, or almost any bright colour except red, and some wore white. The people looked very much cleaner than the Chinese generally do, their white clothing, whether on men or women, always being clean and fresh. Their sleeves were generally ornamented with red cuffs. They wore loose black trousers reaching a little below the knee, the rest of their legs and feet being quite bare. Round their waists there were brilliant cummerbunds, mostly of cotton, but some of silk. These were of every hue, red being the favourite tint, and there was a bunch of bits of cloth of all sorts of bright colours, like a large tassel, tucked in behind. Their turbans, swelling as they rose high above their heads, were black, and decorated with pins, from which hung large ornaments of beads, with very large and bright-coloured tassels, generally red. A narrow slip of black cloth formed a neck-tie, and was fastened at the throat with a large brooch of silver, sometimes set with fifteen stones in three horizontal rows.

Round their necks they wore two or three heavy silver hoops, eighteen inches in diameter; earrings, with bright red tassels, played against their cheeks; their wrists were weighted with three or four massive silver bracelets, and their fingers were tricked with a quantity of heavy silver rings, set with stones of a very inferior description. The ears of some of the women were pierced with holes about half an inch in diameter, in which silver tubes, two or three inches long, were inserted; and a bunch of the delicate black rings of rattan cane encircled the legs of all.

They were very fond of flowers, nearly all having a brilliant yellow flower in their turban, or somewhere else about their dress.

It was very amusing, too, to see that at least half the men wore buttons from England, made in imitation of half-rupees, with the head of her Most Gracious Majesty embossed upon them. We met also a few women from the wild mountain tribes. They were dressed quite differently, with bare heads, and their hair cut in a horizontal fringe across the forehead, and with a skirt to their dresses, embroidered in front;[1] and here and there a good many Lamas or Phoongyees stood lazily about in bright yellow dresses and flat yellow turbans, their lips and mouths all red with the betel-nut that they chew. It was altogether very interesting watching these people, and the first hour of the journey passed very quickly.

Our road generally led through rice-fields. Most of the rice was now cut, and the fields were quite dry; but a good deal was still standing, and the horses we were riding could hardly be prevented enjoying an occasional mouthful of this delicious food, for the path was but a track, with the crops growing close on both sides. In some cases a little fence of split bamboo was erected at the edge; and every now and then, where the road became wider, running between banks or hedges of cactus, there would be fences across the track with gates, the first gates I had seen since leaving Europe. Now there would be a little undulating stretch of beautiful turf; and at another time we rode for nearly a quarter of a mile under a fine grove of banyan trees. Here, under a gigantic banyan, would be an old man or woman seated with a little refreshment stall, where a picturesque group

[1] These must have been Kakyens (or Kach'yens).—*Y.*

of people, horses, or mules would be collected, resting and taking a dish of rice, blancmange, pickled quince, or a piece from a gigantic cucumber, the size and shape of a melon.

Presently up came an old man, riding a fine chestnut pony; he smiled when he saw us, made a European salute, and, very pleased, stopped to say a word or two. He had lived twelve years in Ava, and loudly sang the praises of the English, who, he said, had treated him, though only a poor trader, like a prince. He wanted us to buy his pony. He said that our honourable countrymen always liked to buy good horses, and his was just the thing to suit them. We did not make the purchase, but wishing him good-bye, we rode on. It was very pleasant to find that those who had been amongst the English in Burmah were always glad to see us, and spoke of our people and our rule as so good and just. Here the villages were almost hidden by very fine trees and bamboos, but I never saw a bamboo of the extraordinary dimensions of which I have heard. All the way from Ch'êng-Tu I examined every bamboo grove that I passed, and I never saw one more than six inches in diameter.

The road was generally very good and level, about a mile or so from the river, but now and then coming close down by the edge, where we could see people fishing or poling about in their dug-out canoes. Great numbers of white paddy-birds flapped about; there were a few cormorants, and a yellow wild duck or two; the magpie was as much a part of the landscape as ever, and in the banyan trees a kind of black and white chattering bird was generally in flocks of ten or a dozen. The day was very fine, the temperature just pleasant, and the ride would have been perfect but

for the unpleasant habit the people have of purposely keeping their roads under water. Once we came to a drop of about two feet into a bog, where one of our ponies literally sank up to his nose in the mud, and it was all the poor beast could do to extricate himself.

To our great surprise Chin-Tai galloped on ahead with one of the Cantonese, and we wondered what had caused this sudden access of courage ; the natural suggestion would have been 'cash,' and so it was.

Shortly before we arrived at the market-place of T'ai-P'ing-Chieh (or Karahokah of Anderson), he returned, and, scarcely intelligible with rage, poured out a torrent of words, explaining as well as his excitement would permit how, as his pony was unable to travel fast, he had said to the Cantonese :

'Dear sir, would you be so good as to go on first, and kindly find a house for their excellencies to breakfast in ; and if, honourable sir, you could make it convenient to command rice for the little ones, I should esteem it a very high favour.'

'Whereat,' said Chin-Tai, 'the Cantonese began to curse and swear, and said that he was no servant of the foreigners, and would do nothing for them.' Such in effect was Chin-Tai's tale, and now the Cantonese, who had by this time rejoined us, gave us his version.

He said that no sooner was he a long way ahead with Chin-Tai, than the latter had accused him of extracting eight taels from the native chief to pay for our horses and mules, and that Chin-Tai had demanded half of this sum, which existed only in the imagination of our follower ; and that he had said to Chin-Tai :

'Dear Chin-Tai, you are quite mistaken, for I

have received nothing. I am but a poor Cantonese, and really have no money, while you come from the noble city of Peking; if I had a few cash, I would willingly share it with so honourable a person, but I have nothing, really nothing.'

'Then,' said the Cantonese, 'Chin-Tai drew his sword and beat me twice, and as I was unwilling to be on anything but the most friendly terms with your excellencies' servants, rather than defend myself I ran away.'

That both tales were a string of lies went without saying; for if King David had only lived a little further east, his verdict, delivered as he confesses in haste, might safely have been pronounced in his moments of leisure after the most mature deliberation. Not that the Chinese are worse than other Eastern nations, in fact they are not so bad as many. A Chinaman will always tell the truth for choice, if there is no conflicting interest; but it would be of course too much to expect that he would sacrifice either his pocket or his convenience to the exigencies of veracity; on the other hand, I have noticed that some Orientals will always lie merely for the pleasure of doing so.

We poured very cold water on the complaints of both the disputants with most discriminating impartiality, and so contrived to extinguish the flames of their wrath.

When we arrived at Tai-P'ing-Chieh, which consisted of one very broad street between low huts of bamboo wicker-work, splashed with mud, with thatched roofs, Chin-Tai proposed one house and the Cantonese another. Anxious to retain the credit we had acquired for holding the scales of justice even-handed, we went first to the house of the Cantonese

selection, and then finding no rice cooked, moved across the road to Chin-Tai's choice, thus hurting the feelings of neither party.

The weather was hot, and the room was small, but it was soon densely packed with inquisitive Chinese, who settled themselves down comfortably to enjoy the show, until we expressed our regret that we could not invite all of them to breakfast, for what was one bowl of rice amongst so many? This shamed the greater part of them into a retreat, and we were allowed to finish our meal in peace.

We had a pleasant afternoon's march through the same magnificent and fertile valley; the trees, with which all the villages were surrounded, giving the plain the appearance of being well wooded. The ground was nearly covered with yellow rice, with here and there a small patch of beans, cotton, tobacco, or cabbages; and we arrived at Man-Yün,[2] the frontier town of China, at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

We were conducted to the residence of the civil magistrate, of which that officer had spoken in such unctuous terms at T'êng-Yüeh. He, however, had no house, but lived at the back of a temple, the eaves of which projected about nine feet; the space underneath, for a length of twenty feet, had been walled in by a straw mat, and divided into two compartments by another. One of the rooms so formed was the house of the Chinese magistrate; the other was the mansion of one of his subordinates; and an open cesspit was just outside. The poor fellow in giving us his house had certainly done the best he could for us, and as it is never wise to be critical with regard

[2] This is Manwyne (Manwain), known by the treacherous murder of Augustus Margary there.—*Y.*

to a gift horse, we settled ourselves down as well as circumstances would admit.

October 24.—The march to Ma-Mou or Sicaw was a difficult one, and long and frequent were the legends told us of the fearsome nature of the path itself, and the savage conduct of the 'wildmen,' as the Chinese called the mountaineer inhabitants of the border land between Cathay and Amien.

It is customary for travellers to pay tribute to the heads of all the places passed through; if this is not done they have a pleasing habit of cutting down trees and putting them in the way; then the traveller must make a detour to some other village, where he may find more trees across the road, if he has not been robbed before arrival. In this way the journey, if performed at all, naturally occupies some days, but sometimes traders will band themselves together, to the number of seventy or eighty, and pass through in one march, regardless of the 'wildmen.' There was no native chief here; he being dead, a woman, his widow, reigned in his stead. She was a stout little woman of already fifty summers at the time of Sladen's visit, and ten years had probably not added to her activity; but we did not see her. Her affairs were conducted by some deputy, and were, as a consequence, all more or less 'east and west'; but he promised to find us mules and coolies, and a 'wildman' to take a letter to Bhamo.

We had already sent a letter from Ta-Li-Fu, which the Tao-Tai had informed us would travel at the rate of fifty miles a day; at T'êng-Yüeh I had written another, and had entrusted it to the officials, but it had been returned to me the same evening with the excuse that it had been opened by someone in mistake; and although it is probable that this was true I did not deem it worth while to make another

attempt; but Li-Sieh-Tai, who called on us, told us that my letter despatched from Ta-Li-Fu on September 30, had only reached Man-Yün on October 20, and as the 'wildmen' demanded 5*l.* for taking a letter to Sicaw, and there seemed much uncertainty of its getting beyond that place, we abandoned the idea.

Li rather made light of the difficulties of the road, but said he did not think we could reach Sicaw in one day.

We naturally looked with peculiar interest at this man, whose career had been so remarkable, and on whom so much suspicion hung with regard to the deplorable death of our countryman Mr. Margary.

A Burmese officer called on us, who astonished us by shaking hands in European fashion; he wore a bright yellow embroidered silk handkerchief on his head, and a Chinese jacket, with the regulation five buttons, and lined with fur, though the thermometer was between 70° and 80°. A long piece of silk, about a yard broad, striped yellow, green, red, and white—yellow being the predominating colour—was wound round his waist, forming a skirt; and the end, folded three or four times into a sash, hung down in front. His legs were bare, and his feet were encased in a pair of wooden sandals turned up in front. He was in some way connected with the place, held a Chinese official rank, and talked Chinese very well.

Our meals at Man-Yün put me in mind of the Zoological Gardens; we used to take them in the chief part of the temple, which was open to the front, except for some large wooden gates with vertical bars about nine feet high. Here the inquisitive crowd used to collect and stare through at us. It only wanted a placard outside—'Animals fed at 11 and 7'—to make the resemblance complete.

The Chinese civil magistrate, whose house we were occupying, arrived in the evening; but he would not let us turn out, and he found a small garret adjacent. He told us that he *would* make all the arrangements with the chiefs of the districts, and that we should find twenty native soldiers sufficient as an escort.

He advised us to take some opium as a present for the heads of the villages. He added that the mountaineers had a superstition that if people rode through their villages ill-luck would follow, and he counselled us to dismount and walk through them. We asked if the officers of the British force that marched through dismounted at the villages. He said he thought not, but that they were a strong body, and could do as they pleased. The number of disbanded soldiers had again risen, and according to the latest intelligence there were three bands, of two hundred or three hundred each; and instead of being between Man-Yün and T'êng-Yüeh, it was now stated that they were at Ma-Mou, or between that place and Man-Yün.

October 25, 26.—A steady rain kept us indoors during our stay at Man-Yün, but we managed to visit the market between the showers. Some of the Pa-I people were seen about. The customs of the Pa-I in South-Eastern Yün-Nan, as related by Garnier, seem similar to those of all the tribes in this district, especially the delight in silver ornaments; but none of the dresses in Garnier's picture are much like those of the natives here. The Pa-I women in Man-Yün were certainly very good-looking as compared with the Chinese.[3]

There were quantities of English goods in the market—needles, buttons, balls of thread, and English

[3] Pa-I is the Chinese name of a Shan race widely diffused in Yün-Nan, or rather is the synonym of *Shan*. See *Marco Polo*, 2nd ed., ii. 51.—*Y.*

cotton—and a long train of two hundred or three hundred mules came in from Bhamo laden with salt from England. The caravan had been attacked on the road, and had lost twenty mules. The salt reaches Nan-Tien, although it has no business to go even as far as that, for Nan-Tien, though under a native chief, is ruled by, and is a part of China, where salt is a Government monopoly, and where the importation is forbidden by law.

As far as T'êng-Yueh, we passed trains of salt going the same way as ourselves, and beyond Nan-Tien we saw it coming up from the other direction.

At the time of our visit to Man-Yün there was a head-man with one of the most villainous faces that it had ever been my lot to see, but he appeared all-powerful, and even the Chinese magistrate seemed more or less in his hands. He seemed to have had a guilty conscience about something, for when the Grosvenor expedition was here he cleared out and ran away. The Chinese magistrate was, of course, determined to make as much out of us as possible. He averred that he had no authority whatever over the people between Man-Yün and Bhamo; but although we completely failed to get mules without his assistance, directly he made sure that he could gain a large profit the mules were arranged for. He professed to be very much annoyed when the people asked us five taels per animal for the journey, and assured us that one tael was quite enough. He, however, made arrangements with a chief to conduct us for 2·2 taels. He told us that we must pay a further sum of ten taels to this chief as a kind of tribute, and also give him one hundred taels weight of opium to distribute along the road. He said that we ought to pay the money and opium through him,

and he wanted us to give the whole in advance. This we refused, but paid him half the opium, the whole of the ten taels tribute, and half the mule hire.

This sum of 2·2 taels was very high, but Sladen's expedition, Margary, and subsequently the Grosvenor expedition, all paid more, and it was consequently very difficult to make arrangements even at this rate; but we were determined, as far as possible, to consider those who might follow us; otherwise, as it was the last stage, we would willingly have paid whatever was asked, to avoid the haggling.

Whilst at Man-Yün we received a warm letter of welcome from the late Mr. T. T. Cooper, and after all our wanderings it was a pleasant thing to feel ourselves once again so nearly under the shadow of the British flag.

Before leaving Man-Yün I instituted a gun-bearer, for during the journey to Ma-Mou, we should be more or less liable to an attack of some sort, and the coolie was given strict injunctions never, under any circumstances, to leave my stirrup.

October 29.—The muleteers kept us a long time waiting, so we started in advance, and sat down under a banyan-tree until our caravan should catch us up; the air was pleasant, and we were well amused watching the people pass; the men—even the agriculturists, without a single exception, were armed with swords, and sometimes with guns as well, and were tattooed from the waist to the knee. This tattooing is commenced at the age of puberty, and it must be a long time before it is complete, for no man could stand the pain and inflammation on so large a surface of the body at one time.

The wild Kakyen women from the mountains were coming in to Man-Yün, all with their hair cut in a fringe across the forehead.

When at last we moved off together we were an imposing force, with twenty native soldiers carrying swords and guns.

Just beyond a stream we came to a hot spring. We asked the chief if this was the scene of poor Margary's death. No, he said, but just by the edge of the water where we had crossed it.

Standing thus at the scene of his cruel murder, I could not but feel what a loss the country had sustained in that brilliant young officer, who, through sickness and the difficulties attending a pioneer in new and untravelled districts, had carried out with singular tact the delicate duties entrusted to him, and may, in the words of Dr. Anderson, be said 'to have bequeathed it as a public duty, made more imperative by its being the most fitting tribute to his worth, —to establish in those border-lands the right of Englishmen to travel unmolested.'

'The name of AUGUSTUS RAYMOND MARGARY will be most fitly honoured by a party of his countrymen formally asserting the right to traverse, in honour and safety, the route between Burmah and China which he was the first Englishman to explore, and which should be maintained as his most durable monument.'

It was our fortune to be the humble instruments of thus honouring his name, but any feeling of gratification was lost in the thoughts of the rueful scene that had been enacted on that fatal shore. We had claimed the legacy bequeathed by him, but it was in sorrow that I felt that we had redeemed the right his life had purchased. For a moment I thought of sketching a spot which will ever be a hallowed one to Englishmen; but it might have raised suspicions in the superstitious minds of our companions; and

long after such a paltry record would have perished his name will stand bright and clear in the recollection of his regretful countrymen. I uncovered my head as the only tribute of respect that I could pay to the memory of one who will ever be dear to the hearts not only of those who knew him, but of all who value the noble qualities of uprightness, courage, and determination.

There are three roads between Man-Yün and Ma-Mou,[4] and the one we followed does not keep close to the river, but winds about amongst spurs thrown out from a high wooded range of mountains that bounds the valley, and separates it from that of the Nam-poung river. There is but little cultivation, the country being entirely inhabited by Kakyens, who mostly live in small huts by themselves, though at about every ten or twelve miles there is a collection of perhaps half a dozen forming a village. These solitary huts generally have no walls, but simply consist of a gabled roof of thatch supported on bamboo stakes, with a raised floor, rather higher than the lower edge of the roof, underneath a portion of it. The floor is made of thin strips of split bamboo, and the supports, like almost everything in these parts, are of bamboo. The thatch is made from the long grass that grows to a height of seven or eight feet, and through which the narrow track, which cannot be called a road, passes.

There were no rocky places nor steep gradients, the great difficulties we had to contend with being the frequent bogs, one of which was so deep that we were obliged to cut branches of trees and grass, and

[4] Ma-Mou is apparently 'Old Bhamo' of our maps, at which (according to Dalrymple) the East India Company had a factory in the middle of the seventeenth century.—*Y.*

make a path before the animals could cross. We passed through a regular jungle of thorns, very long grass, and trees, but as yet did not enter the forest of magnificent trees of which I had heard so much. The country is very undulating, and admirably adapted for robbers' purposes: even a couple of men, hidden away amongst the grass on the top of a hill, could easily throw a caravan into confusion; and our chief showed us a place where, as the grass was much trampled down some yards off the track, he considered there must have been a robbery during the last day or two.

We had been informed that our chief was going to conduct us to his house, a march of only ten miles; but after having ridden about seven miles, in answer to my inquiries he said that he had taken a different road, as there were a good many troublesome people on the other, and that now we had come about half-way to our halting place.

As it was now about two o'clock, I determined to eat my breakfast without dismounting, and soon afterwards became so absorbed in the interesting occupation of peeling a hard-boiled egg, that I failed to notice a group of some twenty or thirty people in a clearing at a little distance.

The sound of a shot caused me to look up; but it did not strike me as anything more serious than a man frightening birds, until Mesny called out—

'Won't you load your rifle? They are firing at us!'

The *bolt* that I made of that egg would even have astonished '*Pip*,' as I sprang down and clapped a couple of cartridges into a heavy double express. The bullet had struck a bamboo just in front of the chief who was riding first.

And now how our old friend Marco would have revelled in the telling of how the mules turned tail and fled, and nothing on earth would have induced them to turn. How off they sped with such a noise and uproar that you would have trowed the world was coming to an end! And how, too, they plunged into the wood, and rushed this way and that, dashing their burdens against the trees, bursting their harness, and smashing and destroying everything that was on them! How the battle raged furiously; how you might see swashing blows dealt and taken! How the din and uproar were so great, from this side and from that, that God might have thundered and no man would have heard it!

The necessities of a truthful tale, however, compel me to admit that the above animated description, adapted from that of the battle of Vochan, is in no way applicable to the attack at Pung-Shi. No one seemed either excited or alarmed; the animals, when they were stopped, began quietly to nibble the grass; even the Peking braves shared the general apathy, and scarcely turned their heads. The native chief put a fresh quid of betel into his mouth, as he assured us that it was nothing, and begged us to move on. Not another shot was fired; and the scene was far more ludicrous than thrilling, as one of our party with an old sixteen-bore muzzle-loader, the best lock of which had a useful knack of tumbling off at critical moments, and which was charged with No. 7 shot, stood at the *ready* behind a hedge so thick that he could not have seen the whole Russian army if it had been at the other side.

The excitement soon 'dwindled to a calm,' and we quietly marched away from our assailants, who were some of the people living in these solitary huts,

and who, notwithstanding the patch of rice with which they surround their dwellings, are more robbers than agriculturists. If they see a small train of twenty or thirty animals they fire a shot, when, if the travellers are Chinese, they generally take fright, stop, or run away. The wild-man then takes tribute or helps himself, seldom killing anybody. In this case the assailants, in all probability, had not the faintest idea that there were foreigners, and when they saw that we were prepared to fight they made no further attempt to interfere with us.

We passed on, and presently came to the outskirts of a small village, where all sorts of wonderful things had been put up to frighten away the spirits. Two posts were driven into the ground, sloping at an angle of about 60°, on which curious cabalistic signs were painted in black and white; little square or triangular platforms were erected on bamboo stakes for the spirits to sit on; these were decorated with dried branches of leaves and tufts of grass; and there were long rows of bamboo stakes, to each of which a bit of small bamboo, about a foot long, was fastened. The history and meaning of each and all we could not learn. The people would only tell us that they were a protection against the spirits, or 'Nats.'

Immediately after this we arrived at the village of Pung-Shi,[5] consisting of about half a dozen bamboo huts. These are all exactly alike. A level platform is first cut out on the slope of the hill, leaving a steep bank on the upper side, against which the hut is erected, the thatched roof coming down to the top of the bank, which thus forms a sort of wall. Three feet above the level platform there is a flooring, extend-

[5] Pung-Shi is the 'Ponsee' of Anderson and Sladen.—*Y.*

ing over about half the covered area, the other half having no floor. The upper portion is divided into compartments by bamboo matting; the flooring is of split bamboo, supported on bamboos resting on piles, and it is reached by a sloping log of wood, in

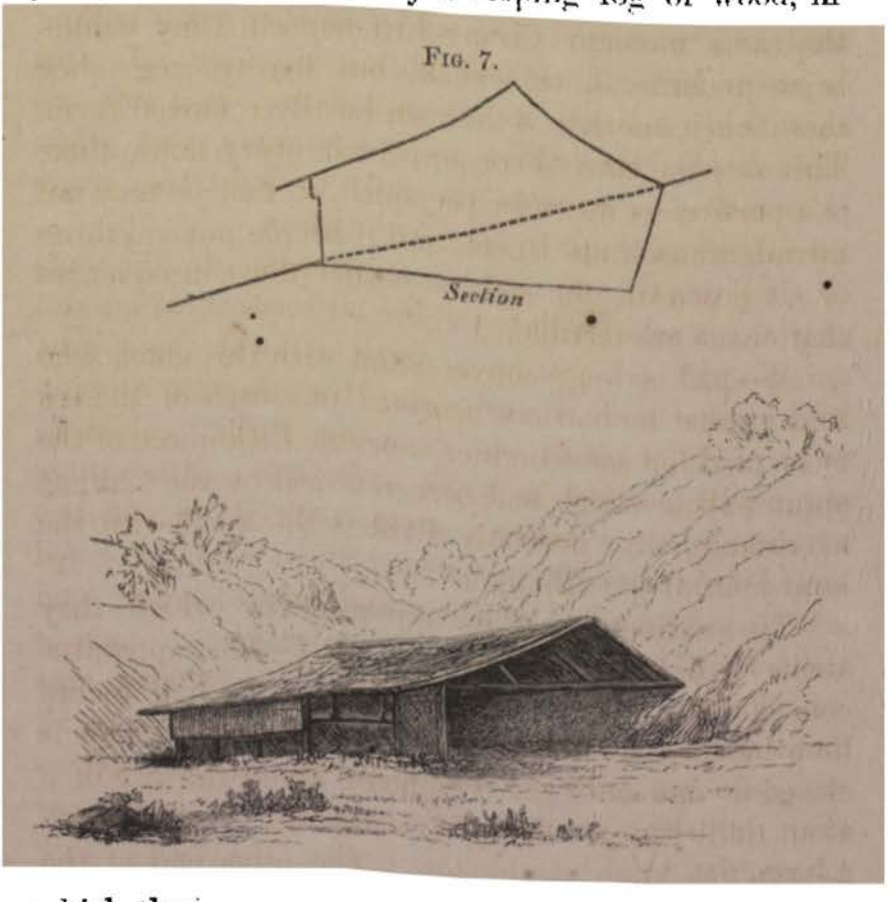


FIG. 7.

which there may, or may not, be notches for the feet. The gable at the upper end is closed by matting, with a door leading out. This is a private door for the use of the family only; the other gable is either half or altogether open.

We were shown into the largest compartment, in the middle of which some sticks were burning on some earth that had been plastered over the flooring to make a hearth.

On entering I saw a nice little square wicker shelf in the corner, the very place for my hat, I thought, and put it down there. Straightway a man leapt up from the ground on which he was seated, and with anxiety pictured on his face snatched it away. At the same moment Chung-Erh deposited my saddle-bags underneath this shelf, but hardly were they there when another of the men hastily removed them. This was the spirit's corner; for in every house there is a portion set apart for the spirit, so that he may not intrude *himself* elsewhere, and if people put anything or sit down in the spirit's corner the consequences that ensue are terrible.

We had a long conversation with this chief, who told us that he had not received one cash of the ten taels paid for safe conduct, nor one little piece of the opium, all of which had been retained by the Chinese magistrate, who probably divided the spoil with the head-man of the villainous face.

The natives have an apparatus by which they strike a light by compressed air. The apparatus consists of a wooden cylinder, two and a half inches long by three quarters of an inch diameter. This is closed at one end; the bore being about the size of a stout quill pen, an air-tight piston fits into this with a large flat knob at the top. The other end of the piston is slightly hollowed out, and a very small piece of tinder is placed in the cup thus formed. The cylinder is held in one hand, the piston inserted, and pushed about half-way down; a very sharp blow is then delivered with the palm of the hand on to the top of the knob; the hand must at the same time close on the knob, and instantly withdraw the piston, when the tinder will be found alight. The compression of the air produces heat enough to light

the tinder; but this will go out again unless the piston is withdrawn very sharply. I tried a great many times, but covered myself with confusion in fruitless efforts to get a light, for the natives themselves never miss it. Altogether, however, I thought that Bryant & May were preferable, whose matches are sold at Man-Yün for twenty-five cash a box (less than a penny farthing), though the lowness of the price seems incredible. We dined off some beef of the buffalo. When it first came in hot, the odour seemed strangely familiar, and suddenly the dining hall of the Royal Military Academy flashed upon me. I again saw it as it used to be, the tables and forms, with many long-forgotten details. For there was a peculiar smell appertaining to the beef supplied at this institution that I never met with before or since. It is curious how a smell will sometimes call to memory scenes of long ago. This buffalo beef was exceedingly coarse, but it was eatable, and not particularly tough. I tried to believe that the animal had not died a natural death, but wisely asked no questions on the subject.

October 30.—The muleteers would not start before daylight, but left soon after six; they all took cold rice with them wrapped up in plantain leaves; everything betokened a long march, and we thought we should sleep at Ma-Mou that night.

It was a lovely morning, and soon we plunged into a forest of mighty teak trees with a dense undergrowth of long grass, brambles, and bushes, the large forest trees growing widely apart. It was magnificent forest scenery, and might well have originated some of the wildest fancies of Gustave Doré; creepers growing to a huge size and twisting round the limb of some tree like a gigantic python, the resemblance

being all the more complete, as the creeper in its growth gradually crushes the life out of the limb that has supported it. The dead limb then rots away, and the cruel creeper, like some monstrous cork-screw, stretched across the path, supports itself with difficulty for awhile, and then shares the fate of its victim. Sometimes after reaching the top of a tree a creeper drops down to the ground, so perpendicularly, and so straight, that it is difficult to believe that it is not a stout rope suspended from a branch. One very remarkable fact about these creepers is that they all train, without exception, from right to left (against the hands of a watch). Then there are trees, with weird-looking roots above the ground, grasping an unyielding rock, that fancy might conjure into the form of some antediluvian cuttlefish which, in its dying agony, was clutching at and striving to crush the rock. Butterflies of marvellously brilliant and varied hues flutter about amongst the glossy fronds of great tree-ferns, and bamboos of a length almost incredible shoot up, till, often unable to bear their own weight, they fall across the road. The bamboos do not attain any great thickness, the largest I measured being five and a half inches, and the largest I saw being certainly not more than seven inches in diameter; but their height is extraordinary, as is the number of them; they grow in clumps of twenty or thirty together, and as the road is traversed, there are always two if not three of these fine groups in sight. They are used for nearly every purpose, even that of water buckets; lengths of about three feet are taken for this, and in the houses there are always some half-dozen of them in a corner.

We had rather a tiring march, a great deal of up-and-down hill over a somewhat indifferent road, rocky

and very steep, but the mules kept up a steady pace until mid-day, when after fording the Nampoung river we came to a little opening. Here the packs were taken off, and the animals let loose to graze and roll themselves after their six hours' march. All the people had brought cold rice with them, and even the chief himself sat down to his cold meal. This looked as if they were determined to push on till night, and, as some rice had also been put up for the animals, we thought the halt would not be long. These people partook very contentedly of their uninteresting food; no Chinaman would eat cold rice unless he were driven to very hard straits, for he would at least pour some hot or warm water over it, and my boys even preferred cold potatoes, some of which they fortunately had with them. Potatoes grow in the hills here, so that all the way from Ta-Chien-Lu this valuable root is found, and, notwithstanding the contempt in which the Chinese hold it, the culture has spread with wonderful rapidity.

A wood fire is easily lighted, and so tea was ordered; Chin-Tai then came up, and asked if we would like some poached eggs. We were hungry, a portion of a stale loaf, and hard-boiled eggs, one of which was bad, was not a tempting meal even in the forest. Chin-Tai's proposal was most seductive; everything appeared handy, still we did not quite like the idea of commencing cooking operations; but he who hesitates is lost. We hesitated, finally acquiesced, and, as the sequel shows, were lost!

The chief and all the muleteers, though they had clearly made up their minds to start soon, had done so sorely against their will, and only on account of the tremendous presents that had been promised should a Mu-Mou roof shelter us this night. When

they saw us making cooking preparations the temptation was too strong: numerous fires were lighted, men sent off to cut grass for the animals, and the unthrashed rice prepared for them was reserved for another occasion. The despatch of the grass-cutters we did not notice until it was too late; but after our breakfast and a cigar, when we mooted the question of moving, the chief quietly replied we would move to-morrow morning, and reach Ma-Mou in plenty of time. Threats, persuasions, and offers of egregious reward were alike useless, the chief and the muleteers sat stolidly smoking or cooking their rice, and simply took not the slightest notice of anything we said. We determined, however, to go off, hoping the rest would follow; and ordering the Ma-Fu to get the ponies we packed up the few things we had out, amongst others the thermometer. This instrument had much exercised the chief, and he asked if it was the machine by which we found out whether there were thieves on the road. 'No,' we answered. 'We can't show you that affair—this is to see whether it is hot or cold.' 'Why you needn't trouble yourself to do that, you have only to ask me and I can tell you—without using anything like that,' was the rather obvious retort.

The people were all very lazy, and even the Ma-Fu, who was generally most active and willing, seemed to share the general lethargy. Mesny's boy had gone off to cut wood to make a bed with, and Chin-Tai and Chung-Erh would not catch their animals, and expected the muleteers to do it for them, who looked on with a grin. Seeing we were in earnest, the muleteers gave our riding animals some rice; and cowardice prevailing over laziness, my two boys, all at once becoming very humble, captured their erring beasts, and saddled them with-

out more ado. The chief, though clearly more or less uneasy in his mind, made no motion of stirring, and we started alone, our party being Mesny, Chin-Tai, my Ma-Fu, my gun coolie, Mesny's boy, and myself. Chung-Erh was not quite ready, but he followed as fast as he could, fear now keeping him close to our heels.

Of course none of us knew anything of the road, but we recklessly plunged again into the forest, trusting to good luck and the chances of war. We had not gone far before a guide sent by the chief overtook us, for, having undertaken to conduct us in safety, he did not like the idea of our wandering about by ourselves in the dense forest. We rode on steadily, and as fast as we could, but after a little more than an hour our guide remarked—

'It will be dark before we get to Ma-Mou.'

'Will it?' we answered; 'then we shall not get to Ma-Mou before dark.'

This reply, though it ought to have satisfied anyone, did not seem to please him, for immediately afterwards he stopped at a stream to drink, fell behind us, and at a village a hundred yards further on he disappeared, and we saw him no more.

In about half an hour we came to a bifurcation of the trail, a halt was called to consider the momentous question, and we decided to wait six minutes for the guide. That period having expired, the gun coolie, who coming out quite in a new light displayed the instinct of a Mohican chief, now examined one path, then the other, and gave it as a deliberate opinion that the left hand or upper road was the right one. We consulted a little, and all voting for the motion of the gun coolie we again went off.

Mesny was hopefully of the opinion that '*Tout chemin mène à Rome.*' I could only give a doubtful assent to this pleasing theory. We were riding through a very narrow track, our faces being continually brushed by the grass or leaves, when, all of a sudden, I felt as if there were a necklace of thorns on me. I fancied that a bramble stretching across the road must have caught me, and thinking that I should get sadly torn I tried to bring my pony up abruptly; this animal, however, accustomed to follow in a string, stop if the beast in front of him stops, and go on when his leader moves, would not come to a halt as quickly as I wished; and then I found that though there was no feeling of scratching, the pain was becoming every second more intense, as if my necklace of thorns was being gradually tightened. In a very few moments I could bear it no longer, and nearly frantic with wonder as to what had occurred, and sharp, stinging pain, I shouted out to Mesny in front. He looked back and called out—'Get down, get down! you are covered with ants.' I jumped off the pony, and found that thousands of huge red ants nearly a quarter of an inch long were in my hair, under my shirt, all over my clothes, and viciously biting with one accord; I was simply covered with them. I took off my clothes, and though the Ma-Fu and both my boys came to my aid, it was a long time before I was altogether free.

Mesny had gone on a few yards with the gun coolie, and now I suddenly heard his voice in loud altercation with someone. I was behind a hedge, was completely hidden from everything in front, and could not see what was going on. I hurried up, and saw Mesny pointing his revolver at a man who, at that moment, disappeared into a hut about twenty

yards off the road, and the gun coolie squatting down and struggling with the buckle of my rifle-case.

Chinamen are never able to manage a buckle; indeed, I have often thought a buckle almost as good as a padlock. I quickly extracted and loaded my rifle, and asked Mesny what was up.

'Oh, he says, we may not ride past his house, but must walk.'

'*Does* he?' I answered; and we both jumped quickly on our ponies, and, revolver in hand, rode on till the bushes and trees hid him from view.

Mesny now told me that as he went on, the gun coolie just in front sat down to brush off the ants, some of which had attacked him also, when a man armed with a sword ran towards Mesny, who, he thought, was alone, as owing to the bushes he could see no one else, and whom he evidently mistook for a Chinaman.

The native called out that no one was to ride past. Mesny shouted to the coolie to bring the foreign gun, but the latter was so busy with the ants that he did *not understand what was happening.* The man then went into his hut, and came back with a gun, followed by another man, or woman, unarmed; he knelt down, and resting his gun against a post, aimed at Mesny, who, pointing his revolver at the native, called out—

'If you shoot, you are a dead man.'

'Oh,' he cried, 'I'm not shooting your way.'

'I don't care where you shoot; if you fire, I shall hit you,' said Mesny; whereat the man put away his gun, again said that no one must ride past, but retired into his hut.

This was the work of a few seconds, and it was

at this point that I came up. Nothing more came of this adventure, but we gave orders to our people not to make any noise when there were any huts about, for we did not want any more of these occurrences.

This is the way these natives always treat passers-by; the Chinese are afraid, they give way, and then, when the wild-man has gained the first point and made them walk, he calls his neighbours, and all demand blackmail—tobacco, opium, and silver, so that the wretched trader has altogether a mean time of it. But these people, like all bullies, are regular cowards, and the smallest show of resistance brings them down from their tall trees.

We rode on, and as it began to get dark we wondered where we should pass the night. Though there was no moon, the stars were very brilliant, but here and there not a ray of light could penetrate the thick and heavy foliage. At last the darkness became so pitchy that we might have been knocked out of our saddles by some overhanging bough before we could have seen it, and not deeming it safe to ride we dismounted. We stepped into a regular quag-mire, and up to our knees in mud groped and stumbled about amongst great rocks and stones for fifty yards or so, until the trees being a little more open it was again safe to mount. We saw a hut or two, but, doubtful as to what sort of a reception we should meet with, we passed them by; but, at last, getting very uneasy as to whether or not we were on the right track, we called out to a man sitting over a fire. He would give us, however, no reply of any sort, and we passed on. At seven o'clock we came across a deserted hut; here we halted, lit a fire, and began to prepare some torches; but while this was going on we held a consultation. We did not even

know whether we were on the right road, we could see nothing; we did not know how far Ma-Mou might be, nor what sort of a place it was; it might have walls and gates, and if so the latter might be shut if we ever arrived there. From what we had seen of the plain before it became dark it looked as if there was a great deal of water about; here was, at least, a shelter for the night. It was true that Ma-Mou, if we had kept the right road, could not be far off, but, even if thus far we had not gone wrong, we might possibly stray in the next few miles. At length the final verdict was given to stop, and then everyone was more or less glad. I had some bread still in my saddle-bags, my servants had the remains of a few potatoes, and a kind of root like a turnip was discovered by some eyes that could see in the dark. There was also a pinch of tea and a small brass wash-hand-basin to make it in; so after a meal that was rather simple than plentiful, I smoked one cigar, wrapped myself in a blanket, and defied the mosquitoes until dawn.

The mosquitoes annoyed Mesny sadly, but they let me alone somehow, although I dreamt I was under mosquito-curtains engaged in hunting some dozen of venomous brutes the size of dragon-flies; but it was after all only a dream, and I managed to get through a considerable number of hours of sleep before the first grey streak of dawn.

There had, as usual, been a very heavy dew, and riding through the jungle we were soon all wet enough to welcome the sun when at last he topped the hills, and began to dry us as well as the bushes. There had been nothing for us to eat or drink before starting, but the thoughts that now we really were at the end of our land journey, quite drove away un-

pleasant feelings of any kind. A very short ride brought us to a village at the foot of the hills, but before reaching it we passed a stream over some planks which would most effectually have stopped us in the dark. At the village, the promise of a rupee procured us a guide, who, soon after turning abruptly to the left, showed us that even if we had passed the bridge we should most certainly and inevitably have taken the wrong road at this point, and it was comforting to think that we had after all done right in stopping.

Presently we met a man carrying a couple of mallards and a double barrelled-breechloader; while I was wondering who he might be he made a military salute, and in a language of which no one of us understood one single word explained that a letter had arrived somewhere; he then turned back with us. We now dismissed the guide with a rupee borrowed from the gun coolie, and, much elated, continued our ride, discussing meanwhile our new companion, who continually shouted to an invisible person somewhere away in the jungle on our right. We, however, could make nothing of him, and soon Ma-Mou was pointed out; we were taken straight to a house, where a Bengali met us, and, making a salute, told us that Cooper had sent him, his boat, and a number of men to meet us, and that he had been waiting for us eight days. This my almost forgotten Hindustani enabled me to gather, but I *must* confess in shame that I was not long in discovering that he spoke English very much better than I did his language. A house had been prepared for us; here was a pile of newspapers, a letter from Cooper, two huge boxes of eatables and drinkables, pipes, tobacco, cigars, candles, candlesticks, matches, and everything one

thoughtful and experienced traveller could send to comfort the heart and mind of another.

Though the news was not very recent it was the latest Cooper had, and no one who has not gone through the anxiety that I had felt during the last two months can form the slightest conception of the feeling that came over me—one that I utterly failed to comprehend even myself, a feeling of peace, ease, and contentment quite indescribable, and so apparent that Mesny told me afterwards that I appeared to be quite a different person. Chin-Tai was set to work at once to cook rice for our unfortunate and starving crew. Much to our delight the mules arrived before the rice-eating was finished. A bath, clean clothes, and breakfast, was followed by one of Cooper's Havannah cigars, and I exclaimed with Pangloss, 'All is for the best in the best of worlds possible.'

The corporal, for such he was who spoke the English, told us that the steamer would not be at Bhamo for two or three days, and would not start for two or three more, so we determined to take it easy, remain at Ma-Mou till the next morning, and then drop quietly down the river. The corporal added that a letter that we had sent from Pung-Shi arrived the previous afternoon, and that he had found a means to forward it to Cooper.

The house we were in was of bamboo, raised about five feet above the ground on piles of teak; the roof was of thatch, and the walls and floor of split bamboos, and here we looked on to the river of T'êng-Yüeh, now grown to a fine large rolling stream.

In the afternoon the corporal came to tell us that the Burmese officer had arranged that 'Burmese woman should make ball this evening,' if we liked, by which we eventually understood that a dance had

been arranged outside our house, for our edification after dinner.

The dance eventually took place by the light of a quantity of crude petroleum in a large broken earthen jar, in which there was a long branch of a live tree. There were three women performers, their hair done neatly and quietly up in a knot on their heads; they had small earrings, a white jacket, and a red skirt reaching down to the ankles; each had a yellow silk handkerchief laid over one shoulder, but which was continually used during the dance, and they all wore heavy silver bracelets. There were four or five men, one or two naked to the waist, and with broad cloths of different colours and patterns wound round their hips. Music and drumming was kept up all the time; first the women danced for half an hour a very slow quiet measure, simply moving their feet and hands very gently, and with infinitely more grace than the hideous, impossible, and unnatural postures that our most admired European opera-dancers fling themselves into. Then it was the turn of the men, and after some time one who must have been the recognised favourite of the troupe appeared, for his entrance was greeted with a burst of laughter, though there did not appear to be anything particularly amusing about it. That he did the low comedy business was subsequently quite clear, by the continual laughter that was showered on his words and actions; for besides dancing there was a sort of play, in which all the men and women joined, and in which the picking of leaves off the branch of the tree seemed to take an important part. What it was all about I never had the faintest idea, and had it not been for Cooper's packet of cigars, which I finished, I might have wearied of the performance; but sitting

outside the house on a large platform in the lovely cool starlight night, and looking down on the play by the fitful light of the petroleum, which sometimes flared up and at others nearly died away, casting wonderful lights and shadows over the performers, and a great number of people collected to see the theatricals, some leaning against the posts of the next house, some lying or sitting on the ground, others on great logs of wood, but all in graceful attitudes, there was a pleasant feeling of ease and comfort which lasted as long as the cigars. When these were done, I gave the corporal some silver for the actors, and retired to bed.

November 1.—Cooper had sent up his boat for us, a fast and comfortable one, with a little covered-in house at the stern, where we could just lie down or sit. Another native boat was hired for luggage, servants, and the horse, and we started easily at nine o'clock.

It was rather warm on the way down; the river winds between low and uninteresting banks of high grass jungle with trees; hills are away in the background; a porpoise rolls here and there, kingfishers dart about amongst the reeds, huge pelicans drop into the water with a splash that seems to threaten destruction to their breast-bones; a few native boats are passed made on Dicey's plan—two dug-out canoes, separated by three or four feet, with a deck across, and a house at the stern; single canoes also are paddled about; but the scenery did not vary sufficiently to raise excitement, and after reading the last word of the last newspaper I slept during the greater part of the journey.

The T'êng-Yüeh river enters the Irawadi about a mile above Bhamo, and in the Irawadi I was

much disappointed. I had expected an immense and gigantic river, like the Yang-Tzŭ at Chin-Kiang. It is true that the river even now is very wide—a quarter of a mile perhaps—but it is shallow, and the current is slow. Now that I had seen the marvellous way in which the T'êng-Yüeh river increases in a few miles, had also seen how much less water passes Bhamo than I had thought, and when I considered the almost continual rain that falls over the basin of this river, the Irawadi ceased to be a mystery.

We reached Bhamo before three, the distance being about twenty miles, and here was Cooper to shake our hands. Oh, the pleasure of a hearty British shake of the hand! who shall measure it after the everlasting ceremonies of the Chinese. I know of strange people in England who object to shaking hands as an ungraceful, rough, and barbarous salutation. It may be so, but I know that that one hearty grasp meant more than ten thousand Chinese flowery expressions about my honourable self, and did me more good and put me in better spirits than anything that had happened for many a long and weary day. The attempt to convey an idea of the kindness Cooper showered upon me would be vain, nor can I describe the delightful feeling of being once again in a clean house, where I could walk without tucking my trousers inside my socks, of seeing a damask tablecloth, and the thousand and one things never noticed at home, but which seem such luxuries after long separation. We had something to eat immediately, and to drink. We passed the afternoon and evening in talking over our travels, and went to bed early.

We were generously and hospitably entertained by the late Mr. T. T. Cooper until November 6, when

pack-animals were left behind, and we were swiftly borne down the broad bosom of the Irawadi towards home and civilisation.

How quickly those first hours of idleness sped by, though the past had already begun to assume the misty outlines of a dream when the day of our departure arrived; one warm shake of the hand, and, as we stepped into the boat and left our host alone to his solitary life with cheery wishes that we soon might meet again, it was well that the future was hidden from us.

Death, alas! has made sad havoc amongst those to whose kindness in distant lands I owe so much, and there is something of irony in the fate that permitted Mr. Cooper in his desperate attempt to pass from China to Burmah, through the rebel camp during the Mahometan insurrection, to live so long with his life in his hands, and to escape to tell the tale, and that yet, whilst in comparative security, and with the British flag floating above him, gave him over to the bullet of an assassin.

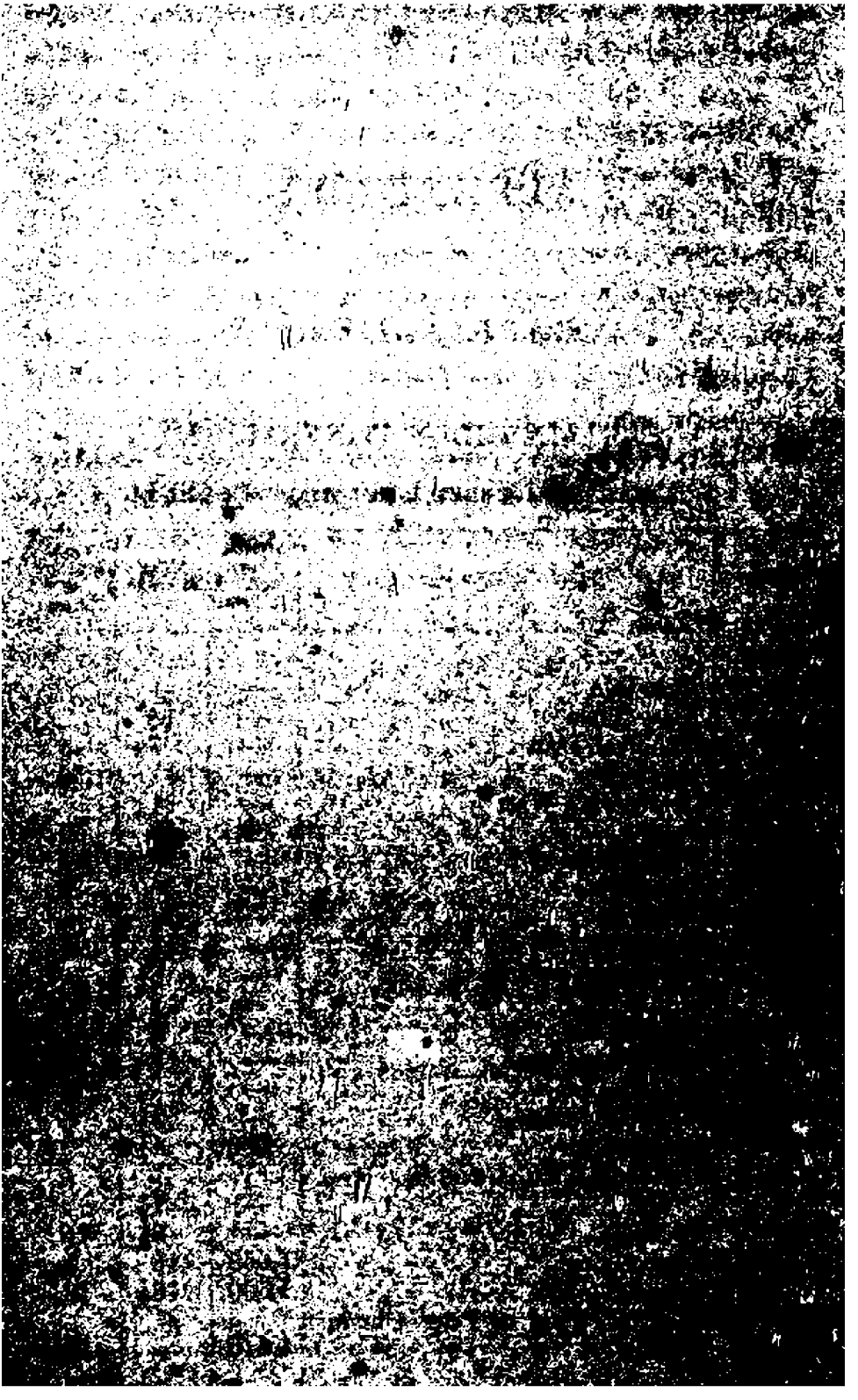
The boat pushed off into the swirling stream; in a few minutes we stood on board the 'Ta-Pa-Ing,' the last rope was cast loose, and as Bhamo disappeared from our view, a veil seemed as it were to pass over the recollections of the old travelling life, and it almost appeared as if a new phase of existence had been entered on as we swept past the wooded shores, with here and there a town, where high-sterned boats would be drawn up in tiers, and where, in the early morning, we might hear the musical swell and fall of the phoongyee's bell.[6]

[6] In Burma the priests, or phoongyees, go round from house to house collecting rice from the well-disposed; as they walk slowly round the village or town they strike from time to time a silver-toned piece of gun-metal.

On by New Mandalay, with its temples, whose gilded roofs bring to mind the gold and silver towers of Mien;[7] by Prome, and at last to Rangoon. A few days' steaming on a sea of glass, and the City of Palaces was reached; a few weeks amongst many Indian friends, and everywhere the kindness and hospitality surrounding me helped to banish from my recollection the fatigues and discomforts of travel; never can I sufficiently thank those amongst whom I passed those first few weeks of civilisation, and of enjoyment such as I can hardly hope for again.

Westward again; and it was with mingled feelings that my glances first lighted on the European Continent; soon the white cliffs of Dover rose on the horizon, and after twenty months of travel I was home at last.

[7] *Marco Polo*, vol. ii. chap. liv.



APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

CAPTAIN GILL'S ITINERARIES.

I. NORTHERN JOURNEY IN PROVINCE PE-CHI-LI.

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet.	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1876				
Sept. 20	Tien-Tsin	—	—	
„ „	Yang-Tsun	—	18	
„ „	Nan-Tsai-Tsan	—	7	
„ „	Ho-Se-Wu	—	11	36
„ 21	Chang-Chia-Wan	—	21	
„ „	Peking	80	18	39
„ 25	Tung-Chou	—	—	13
„ 26	Yen-Ch'iao	—	—	7
„ 27	Tsao-Lin	—	14	
„ „	Pang-Chün	—	11	25
„ 28	Chi-Chou	—	8½	
„ „	Shih-Men	—	18	26½
„ 29	Ma-Lan-Yu	—	5	
„ „	Tsun-Hua-Chou	—	11	16
„ 30	Sha-Ho-Chiao	—	—	22
Oct. 1	Nan-Yang-Cheng	—	3½	
„ „	Saddle	600	4½	
„ „	Hsi-Feng-K'ou, Gate in Great Wall	—	1½	
„ „	Po-Lo-Tai	—	6½	16
„ 2	Kuan-Ching	1,060	16	
„ „	Leng-Ling-Tzŭ	1,500	18½	34½
„ 3	Pa-K'ou-Ying or Ping-Chuan-Chou	1,640	—	25½

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1876				
Oct. 4	Pei-Kung	1,560	—	30
„ 6	Ta-Tzŭ-K'ou	1,445	—	24
„ 7	Chi-Chien-Fang	—	12	
„ „	Ha-Go-Ta	—	5½	
„ „	San-Tai	955	3	20½
„ 8	Ku-Ch'iao-Tzŭ	1,530	—	23
„ 9	Pass, Ta-Liang-Tzŭ	2,010	15	
„ „	Kung-K'ou	1,180	6	21
„ 10	Pass, Huang-Shih-Ling	1,690	1½	
„ „	Pass, Tsai-Chia-Ling	1,690	9	
„ „	Pass, Ku-Ling	1,660	12	
„ „	San-Cha	—	2½	25
„ 11	I-Yuan-K'ou, Gate in Great Wall	—	5	
„ „	Shih-Men-Chai	—	7½	
„ „	Shan-Hai-Kuan	—	11	23½
„ 13	Ning-Hai	—	2	
„ „	Niu-Tou-Yai	—	28	30
„ 14	P'u-Ho-Ying	—	14	
„ „	Sha-Ho	—	4	18
„ 15	T'uan-Lin	—	5½	
„ „	River Lan	—	17	
„ „	Lê-Ting-Hsien	—	8	30½
„ 16	Tang-Chia-Ho	—	—	9
„ 17	Lao-Mu-K'ou	—	8	
„ „	Ma-T'ou-Ying	—	18½	26½
„ 18	Ho-Chuang	—	—	10
„ 19	Shuang-Tou	—	16	
„ „	Kai-Ping	—	14½	30½
„ 20	Han-Ch'êng	—	11½	
„ „	Fêng-T'ai	—	18	29½
„ 21	Lu-T'ai	—	—	20
„ 22	Han-K'ou	—	6	
„ „	Pei-T'ang	—	10½	16½
„ 23	Huai-Tien	—	13½	
„ „	Fêng-T'ai-Tzŭ	—	8½	
„ „	Urh-Chuang	—	8	30
„ 25	Pei-Tsai-T'sun	—	—	19½
„ 26	Tsin-Huang-Chen	—	10½	
„ „	Huang-Chuang	—	22	32½
„ 27	Lin-Ting-Chen	—	11	
„ „	Fêng-Tai	—	16	
„ „	Wo-La-Ku	—	8½	
„ „	Chang-Yai-Chuang	—	9	
„ 27	Hsin-An-Chen	—	5½	50

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1876				
Oct. 28	Lin-Ting-Chen	—	9	
,, ,,	Pao-Ti-Hsien	—	14½	23½
,, 29	River Chiang-Kan	—	10	
,, ,,	Hsiang-Ho-Hsien	—	11	
,, ,,	Tai-Tzŭ-Fu	—	7½	28½
,, 30	Tung-Chou	—	15	
,, ,,	Peking	80	13	28
Nov. 9	Chang-Chia-Wan	—	18	
,, ,,	Ho-Se-Wu	—	21	39
,, 10	Nan-Tsai-Tsan	—	11	
,, ,,	Yang-Tsun	—	7	
,, ,,	Tien-Tsin	—	18	36
	Total			935

II. Voyage on the Yang-Tzŭ-Chiang from Shanghai to Hankow in Steam Vessels.

	Miles
1877, January 24 to 30	680

III. Boat Journey from Hankow to Ch'ung-Ch'ing.

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Feb. 8	Hankow	—	—	
,, ,,	Han-Yang	—	1	
,, ,,	Chuan-K'ou	—	7	8
,, 9	Chin-K'ou	—	—	10
,, 10	Teng-Chia-K'ou	—	12	
,, ,,	At moorings	—	9	21
,, 11	Pai-Chou-Ssŭ	—	—	12
,, 12	Hua-K'ou	—	—	15
,, 13	Lao-Chu-T'a	—	—	15
,, 14	Lu-Chi-K'ou	—	13	
,, ,,	Mao-P'u	—	9	22
,, 15	Hsin-Ti	—	6	
,, ,,	Lo-Shan	—	11	17
,, 16	Pai-Lo-Ssŭ	—	—	13½

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Feb. 17	Entrance to Tung-Ting Lake	—	3	
„ „	In Huc Reach	—	7½	10½
„ 18	Chih-Pa-K'ou	—	—	15
„ 19	Commencement of Camel Reach	—	—	12
„ 20	Shang-Chê-Wan	—	—	23
„ 21	At moorings in Brine Bend	—	—	5
„ 22	Chien-Li-Hsien-Ma-Tou	—	—	10
„ 24	Adam's Point	—	—	6½
„ 25	Farmer Point	—	9	
„ „	Tiao-Kuan	—	14½	23½
„ 26	Parson's Point	—	25½	
„ „	How-Ko-Lao	—	3½	29
„ 27	Skipper Point (Shi-Show-Hsien)	—	—	12
„ 28	Huo-Hsüeh	—	—	25
March 1	Sha-Shih	—	—	31
„ 2	Entrance of Tai-Ping Canal	—	9½	
„ „	Chiang-K'ou	—	20	
„ „	At moorings in Boone Reach	—	3	32½
„ 3	Tung-Shih	—	—	7½
„ 4	Grant Point	—	11	
„ „	Chi-Chiang	—	7	
„ „	I-Tu	—	13	31
„ 5	Tiger Teeth gorge	—	11	
„ „	I-Ch'ang	—	12	23
„ 9	P'ing-Shan-Pa	—	—	15
„ 10	Huang-Ling-Miao	—	—	6½
„ 11	Ta-Tung rapid	—	—	7½
„ 12	Ch'ing-Tan rapid	—	—	7
„ 13	Upper end of Mi-Tsang gorge	—	—	3½
„ 14	Kuei-Chou	—	5	
„ „	Niu-K'ou	—	9½	14½
„ 15	Pa-Tung-Hsien	—	—	6
„ 16	Nan-Mu-Yuan	—	—	11½
„ 17	Ch'ing-She-K'ou	610	—	9
„ 19	Tiao-Shih	—	—	7
„ 20	Wu-Shan	—	8	
„ „	Near entrance to Kuei-Fu gorge	—	14	22
„ 21	Kuei-Chou-Fu	—	—	8½
„ 23	At moorings	—	—	6
„ 24	At moorings 1 mile below Miao-Chi	—	—	17
„ 25	Yün-Yang	—	10	
„ „	At moorings	—	4	14
„ 26	Situ-Chiang	—	9	
„ „	A moorings	—	10	19

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877	Brought forward			
Mar. 27	Wan	—	—	10
„ 28	Ta-Ch'i-K'ou	—	—	18½
„ 29	Shih-Pao-Chai	—	—	16½
„ 30	Shang-Kuan-Chi	—	10½	
„ „	At moorings	—	8½	19
„ 31	Chung	—	6	
„ „	Wu-Yang	—	6	
„ „	Yang-Tu-Chi	—	12½	24½
April 1	Pa-La-Kiang	—	12½	
„ „	At moorings	—	7½	20
„ 2	Feng-Tu	—	7	
„ „	Ma-Chin-Tzŭ	—	10½	17½
„ 3	Lan-Tu	—	6½	
„ „	St. George's Island	—	8	14½
„ 4	Fu-Chou	—	14	
„ „	Li-Tu	—	8	22
„ 5	Shih-Kia-To	—	15½	
„ „	At moorings	—	6½	22
„ 6	Chung-Chou	—	4	
„ „	Lo-Chi	730	14	
„ „	Hu-Tung	—	12½	30½
„ 7	Iron gorge	—	14	
„ „	Ta-Fo-Ssŭ	—	7	21
„ 8	Ch'ung-Ch'ing	1,050	—	4
	Total			844

IV. Ch'ung-Ch'ing to Ch'êng-Tu.

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Apr. 26	Pai-Shih-Yi-Ch'ang	—	—	16
„ 27	Ma-Fang-Chou	—	—	20
„ 28	Yung-Ch'uan-Hsien	—	11½	
„ „	T'ai-P'ing-Chên	—	10	21½
„ 29	Fêng-Ngan-P'u	—	9½	
„ „	Jung-Ch'ang-Hsien	—	5½	15
„ 30	Lung-Ch'ang-Hsien	—	—	23
May 1	Wang-Chia-Ch'ang	—	12	

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
May 1	Niu-Fu-Tu	—	6¼	18¼
„ 2	Hsien-Tang	—	9½	
„ „	Tzŭ-Liu-Ching	—	7	16⅝
„ 4	Wei-Yuan-Hsien	—	—	14½
„ 5	Tzŭ-Chou	—	—	20⅝
„ 6	Nan-Ching-Yi	—	—	22¾
„ 7	Yang-Hsien	—	7	
„ „	Yang-Chia-Kai	—	13	20
„ 8	Chien-Chou	—	7½	
„ „	Shih-Ch'iao	—	2⅓	
„ „	Ch'a-Tien-Tzŭ	—	12	22
„ 9	Ch'êng-Tu	1,504	—	16
	Total			246

V. Ch'êng-Tu to Sung-P'an-T'ing, and Return.

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
May 18	Ch'êng-Tu	1,504	—	
„ „	Pi-Hsien	1,766	—	11¼
„ 19	Ngan-Te-P'u	1,776	6	
„ „	Kuan-Hsien	2,347	12½	18½
„ 21	Yu-Ch'i	2,670	9½	
„ „	Yin-Hsiu-Wan	3,187	5¼	15¼
„ 22	Hsin-Wên-P'ing	3,241	7	
„ „	T'ao-Kuan	3,623	8½	15½
„ 23	Wên-Ch'uan-Hsien	3,899	9½	
„ „	Pan-Ch'iao	4,275	5½	15
„ 24	Hsin-P'u-Kuan	4,398	6¼	
„ „	Ku-Ch'eng	4,888	8	14¼
„ 25	Kan-Ch'i	4,621	6½	
„ „	Li-Fan-Fu	5,312	4¾	11¼
„ 26	Return to Hsin-P'u-Kuan	—	—	19¼
„ 27	Wên-Chêng	4,670	—	7½
„ 28	Pai-Shui-Chai	4,717	6	
„ „	Mao-Chou	4,996	10	16
„ 30	Wei-Mên-Kuan	5,123	4½	

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
May 30	Ch'a-Erh-^{Ng}ai	5,423	6½	11
,, 31	Ch'ang-Ning-P'u . . .	—	3½	
,, ,,	Confluence of the Lu-Hua-Ho with the Sung-Fan-Ho . .	—	1½	
,, ,,	Mu-Su-P'u	5,344	1¼	
,, ,,	Ta-Ting	5,798	5½	11¾
June 1	Shui-Kou-Tzŭ	6,940	3	
,, ,,	Tieh-Chi-Ying	7,837	5¼	
,, ,,	Sha-Wan	7,017	2¾	11
,, 2	P'ing-Ting-Kuan . . .	7,436	7	
,, ,,	Chên-Fan-Pao	—	4	
,, ,,	Chêng-P'ing-Kuan . . .	7,807	1½	12½
,, 3	Pin-Fan-Ying	—	6¾	
,, ,,	Chên-Chiang-Kuan . . .	8,159	1¼	
,, ,,	Lung-Tan-P'u	8,729	10¼	18¼
,, 4	^{Ng}an-Hua-Kuan . . .	9,032	8	
,, ,,	Sang-P'an-T'ing . . .	9,470	9¾	17¾
,, 6	Lamassery	—	4	
,, ,,	Hsüeh-Lan-Kuan . . .	10,881	4¾	
,, ,,	Fêng-Tung-Kuan . . .	11,884	2¼	11
,, 7	Hsüeh-Shan, summit of pass .	13,184	2½	
,, ,,	Hung-^{Ng}ai-Kuan or Sung-^{Ng}ai-P'u	10,529	6½	
,, ,,	Chêng-Yuan	9,021	10	19
,, 8	Yueh-Erh-^{Ng}ai . . .	7,874	5½	
,, ,,	Shih-Chia-P'u	5,995	8¾	14¼
,, 9	Hsiao-Ho-Ying	5,297	8½	
,, ,,	Yeh-T'ang	4,339	8¼	16¾
,, 10	Shui-Ching-P'u	3,962	5¼	
,, ,,	Shui-Chin-Chan	3,675	6¼	11½
,, 11	Ko-Ta-Pa	3,391	—	8¾
,, 12	T'i-Tzu-Yi	3,283	4	
,, ,,	Tieh-Lung-Kuan . . .	3,150	8½	
,, ,,	Lung-An-Fu	3,094	5½	18
,, 13	Ku-Ch'êng	2,890	8½	
,, ,,	Kuang-Yi	2,811	6¼	14¾
,, 14	Hei-Shui-Kou	2,700	6½	
,, ,,	Chiu-Chou	2,560	10	16½
,, 15	Hsiang-^{Ng}ai-Pa . . .	2,412	9½	
,, ,,	P'ing-I-P'u	2,464	7¼	16¾
,, 16	Chiang-Yu-Hsien . . .	2,211	12	
,, ,,	Chung-Pa-Ch'ang . . .	2,064	10¼	22¼
,, 17	Chang-Ming-Hsien . . .	1,949	3½	

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
June 17	Mien-Chou	1,918	19¾	23¼
„ 18	Chao-Chiao-P'u	—	6	
„ „	Hsin-P'u	2,078	3¼	
„ „	Bridge across the Lo-Chiang-Ta-Ho	—	9¼	
„ „	Lo-Chiang-Hsien	2,033	2	20½
„ 19	Pai-Ma-Kuan, or Pass of the White Horse	2,232	2½	
„ „	Tê-Yang-Hsien	1,983	11¼	
„ „	Han-Chou	—	12	25¾
„ 20	P'i-T'iao-Ch'ang	—	6¼	
„ „	Hsin-Tu-Hsien	—	5¼	
„ „	Ch'êng-Tu	1,504	10½	22
	Total			487

VI. Ch'êng-Tu to Bhamo.

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
July 10	Ch'êng-Tu	1,504	—	
„ „	Tsu-Ch'iao	1,575	3½	
„ „	Shuang-Liu	1,647	4	7½
„ 11	Kao-Ch'iao (bridge over river)	—	3¾	
„ „	Chan-To-P'u	—	2¼	
„ „	Hua-Ch'iao-Tsu	1,532	3¾	
„ „	Hsin-Chin-Hsien	1,595	3¼	13
„ 12	Yang-Chia-Ch'ang	1,585	6	
„ „	Ch'iung-Chou	1,637	12½	18½
„ 13	Bridge over the Nan-Ho	—	1	
„ „	Ta-T'ang-P'u	1,681	6¾	
„ „	Pai-Chang-Yi	1,920	6¾	14½
„ 14	Ming-Shang-Hsien	1,660	10¾	
„ „	Chin-Chi-Kuan, summit of pass	2,036	4	
„ „	Yao-Ch'iao	—	1¾	
„ „	Tung-Tze-Yuen	—	1½	
„ „	Ya-Chou-Fu	1,671	3⅓	21½
„ 15	Tzŭ-Shih-Li	2,004	6½	
„ „	Kuan-Yin-P'u	2,484	3¾	9¾
„ 16	Fei-Lung-Kuan, summit of pass	3,583	1¾	

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
July 16	Kao-Ch'iao	—	2¾	
,, ,,	Shih-Chia-Ch'iao	2,190	1½	
,, ,,	Hsin-Tien-Chan	—	1¾	
,, ,,	Yung-Ching-Hsien	2,299	4¾	12½
,, 17	Ching-K'ou-Chan	2,670	7	
,, ,,	Huang-Ni-P'u	3,725	4	11
,, 18	Hsiao-Kuan	4,809	2	
,, ,,	Ta-Kuan	5,754	2½	
,, ,,	T'ai-Hsiang-Ling-Kuan, summit of pass	9,366	6	
,, ,,	Ch'ing-Ch'i-Hsien	5,478	4½	15
,, 19	Fu-Hsing-Ch'ang	3,873	—	7½
,, 20	Pan-Chiu-Ngai	4,279	4½	
,, ,,	I-T'ou-Ch'ang	4,882	5½	10
,, 21	Kao-Ch'iao	6,002	3½	
,, ,,	San-Ch'iao-Ch'êng	5,830	2	
,, ,,	Wu-Yai-Ling or Fei-Yueh-Ling, summit of pass	9,022	5½	
,, ,,	Hua-Lin-P'ing	7,073	1¼	12¼
,, 22	Lêng-Chi	4,633	—	5¼
,, 23	Lu-Ting-Ch'iao	4,640	—	11
,, 24	Hsiao-P'êng-Pa	4,653	6	
,, ,,	Wa-Ssŭ-Kou	4,933	6½	12½
,, 25	Liu-Yang	6,570	6	
,, ,,	Ta-Chien-Lu	8,346	5¼	11¼
Aug. 7	Cheh-Toh	10,838	—	7¼
,, 8	Cheh-Toh-Shan, summit of pass	14,515	9¼	
,, ,,	Ti-Zu or Hsin-Tien-Chan	13,335	3	
,, ,,	Nah-Shi	—	4½	
,, ,,	An-Niang or Ngan-Niang-Pa	12,413	4¾	21½
,, 9	Tung-Che-Ka	—	4½	
,, ,,	Ngoloh or Tung-Golo	12,027	7	11½
,, 11	La-Tza or Shan-Kên-Tzŭ	13,040	5¼	
,, ,,	Ka-Ji-La or Ko-Urh-Shi-Shan, summit of pass	14,454	1	
,, ,,	Do-Kû-La-Tza, summit of pass	14,597	2	
,, ,,	Wu-Rum-Shih or Wu Ru-Chung-Ku	12,048	5¾	14
,, 12	Ker-Rim-Bu or Pa-Ko-Lo	10,435	10	
,, ,,	Ho-K'ou or Nia-Chŭ-Ka	9,222	8¾	18¾
13	Ma-Geh-Chung	11,971	—	7
,, 14	Ra-Ma-La, first summit	14,915	5	
,, ,,	La-Ni-Ba (hollow between mountains)	14,335	½	

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Aug. 14	Ra-Ma-La, second summit	15,110	2	
,, ,,	Mu-Lung-Gung or P'u-Lang-Kung	—	3½	
,, ,,	Lit'ang-Ngoloh or Shih-Wolo	12,451	3½	14½
,, 16	Niu-Chang	13,900	3	
,, ,,	Tang-Gola, summit of pass	14,109	½	
,, ,,	Zou-Gunda	13,235	1¼	
,, ,,	Cha-Ma-Ra-Doñ	—	2¼	
,, ,,	Deh-Re-La, summit of pass	14,584	3½	
,, ,,	Wang-Gi-La, summit of pass	15,558	6¼	
,, ,,	Ho-Chŭ-Ka	13,250	6¼	23
,, 17	Shie-Gi-La, summit of pass	14,425	8	
,, ,,	Lit'ang	13,280	5	13
,, 19	Che-Zom-Ka (bridge over Li-Chŭ river	—	5½	
,, ,,	Jiom-Bu-T'ang	14,718	6½	12
,, 20	Nga-Ra-La-Ka, summit of pass	15,753	4½	
,, ,,	Lake Cho-Din	—	1½	
,, ,,	Dzong-Da	14,896	2¼	
,, ,,	Source of Ye-Chŭ river	—	3¾	
,, ,,	Ma-Dung-La-Tza	—	2¾	
,, ,,	La-Ma-Ya or Ra-Nung	12,826	5¼	20
,, 21	Ye-La-Ka, summit of pass	14,246	1½	
,, ,,	Bridge over Dzeh-Dzang-Chŭ river	13,162	1¾	
,, ,,	Cha-Chŭ-Ka (hot springs)	—	¼	
,, ,,	Mang-Ga-La, summit of pass	13,412	1¼	
,, ,,	La-Ka-Ndo	—	2	
,, ,,	Nen-Da	13,133	3¾	10½
,, 22	Yunnan-Chiao	—	5	
,, ,,	Ra-Ti or San-Pa	13,794	6	11
,, 23	Rung-Se-La or San-Pa-Shan, summit of pass	15,796	5¾	
,, ,,	Ta-Shiu or Ta-So	13,347	10¼	16
,, 24	J'rah-La-Ka or Ta-So-Shan, summit of pass	16,568	5¼	
,, ,,	Pun-Jang-Mu or Pung-Cha-Mu	13,158	8	13¼
,, 25	Ba-Jung-Shih or Hsiao-Pa-Chung	10,691	6	
,, ,,	Bat'ang or Ba	8,546	6½	12½
,, 29	Ch'a-Shu-Shan or Cha-Keu, summit of pass	9,388	5	
,, ,,	Niu-Ku	—	3	
,, ,,	Leh or Choui-Mao-Kiu, monastery	—	¾	
,, ,,	Chu-Ba-Lang or Chru-Ba-Long	8,165	10	18¾

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Aug. 30	Ferry over Chin-Sha-Chiang	—	3	
„ „	Gue-Ra	8,660	4¾	
„ „	Kong-Tze-La-Ka, summit of pass	11,972	7	
„ „	Kong-Tze-Ka	11,675	¾	15½
„ 31	Mûng-M'heh or Chung-Mong-Li	12,189	6¼	
„ „	Jang-Ba or Pa-Mu-Tang	12,793	3¾	
„ „	Kia-Ne-Tyin	13,135	9	19
Sept. 1	Dzung-Ngyu	10,792	—	10¼
„ 2	Boah-Tsa	—	5¾	
„ „	Nieh-Ma-Sa	10,868	15¾	21½
„ 3	Ma-Ra	11,505	2½	
„ „	Tsa-Leh	12,690	6	8½
„ 4	Tsa-Leh-La-Ka, summit of pass	15,788	6½	
„ „	Jieh-Kang-Sung-Doh.	—	1¾	
„ „	Lûng-Zûng-Nang	12,684	4¼	12½
„ 5	Dong	9,000	15	
„ „	Jo-La-Ka, summit of pass	12,389	6½	
„ „	A-Tun-Tzŭ or N'geu	11,029	1	22½
„ 9	Jing-Go-La, summit of pass	12,300	3¼	
„ „	Pung-Gien-Tiyin (guard hut)	—	5¾	
„ „	Pa-Ma-La, summit of pass.	14,307	2½	
„ „	Mien-Chu-La, summit of pass	14,227	3⅓	
„ „	Shwo-La, summit of pass	14,307	2½	
„ „	Deung-Do-Lin-Sŭ or Tung-Chu-Ling	9,335	12	29½
„ 11	Sha-Lu	9,287	—	13
„ 13	Jing-Go-La, summit of pass	13,699	6½	
„ „	Ka-Ri	9,610	6½	13
„ 14	Bridge over Chiu-Chŭ river	—	4½	
„ „	Shieh-Zong	—	5½	
„ „	N'doh-Sung	7,417	2½	12½
„ 15	Sa-Ka-Tying	7,075	10½	
„ „	Bridge over Kung-Chŭ river	—	4¼	
„ „	Ron-Sha	6,916	2¼	17½
„ 16	Rûng-Geh-La-Ka, summit of pass	12,134	7½	
„ „	Shio-Gung or Hsiao-La-Pu	—	5¾	
„ „	Ta-Chio or La-Pu	6,777	2	15¼
„ 17	Jie-Bu-Ti or Chi-Dzung	6,621	11	
„ „	Lu-Jiong or Wai-Ta-Chen	6,647	3⅓	14½
„ 18	Mu-Khun-Do or Hsiao-Ken-To	—	10½	
„ „	Ku-Deu or Chi-Tien	6,200	9¼	19¾
„ 20	Pai-Fên-Ch'iang	—	10½	
„ „	Ch'iao-T'ou	—	5¾	
„ „	Tz'ŭ-Kua	6,645	4¼	20½

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Sept. 21	San-Hsien-Ku	6,390	10¼	
,, ,,	Shih-Ku	5,952	10¼	20½
,, 22	Chin-Ku-P'u, summit of pass	8,391	5½	
,, ,,	Chiu-Ho	7,565	10¼	15¾
,, 23	Chien-Ch'uan-Chou	7,489	—	8
,, 24	I-Yang-T'ang	8,681	10	
,, ,,	T'ai-P'ing-Chên	—	6½	
,, ,,	Niu-Chieh	7,113	3½	20
,, 25	Lang-Ch'iung-Hsien	6,970	—	10
,, 26	Yu-So	6,758	9½	
,, ,,	Têng-Ch'uan-Chou	6,573	2½	12
,, 27	Shang-Kuan	—	4½	
,, ,,	Wan-Ch'iao	—	10	
,, ,,	Ta-Li-Fu	6,666	7½	22
Oct. 4	Chua-Yao	—	3¼	
,, ,,	Hsia-Kuan	6,544	4	7¼
,, 5	T'ang-Tzŭ-P'u	—	2¼	
,, ,,	Shih-Ch'uan-Shao	—	3¼	
,, ,,	Mao-T'sao-T'ang	—	1¾	
,, ,,	Hsiao-Ho-Chiang	—	2	
,, ,,	Ho-Chiang-P'u	5,196	1	10¼
,, 6	Chi-I-P'u	—	1¾	
,, ,,	Chin-Niu-Tun	—	1¾	
,, ,,	Ma-Ch'ang	—	2½	
,, ,,	Yang-Pi	5,299	3½	
,, ,,	Pei-Mên-P'u	—	2¼	
,, ,,	Ch'ing-Shui-Shao, summit of pass	8,233	2	
,, ,,	Ch'ing-Shui-Shao, village	—	3	
,, ,,	T'ai-P'ing-P'u	6,624	2½	19¼
,, 7	Tou-Po'-Shao	—	2	
,, ,,	Niu-P'ing-P'u	5,783	2¾	
,, ,,	Bridge over the Shun-Pi river	5,238	2	
,, ,,	Huang-Lien-P'u	5,420	2½	9¼
,, 8	Chiao-Kou-Shan	—	2	
,, ,,	Pai-T'u-P'u	—	2½	
,, ,,	Wan-Sung-An	—	2	
,, ,,	T'ien-Ching-P'u	8,148	1¾	
,, ,,	Sung-Shao	—	1¾	
,, ,,	Mei-Hua-P'u	—	2	
,, ,,	P'ing-Man-Shao	—	1¾	
,, ,,	Hei-Yu-Kuan	—	2¾	
,, ,,	Ch'ü-Tung	5,555	3	19½
,, 9	T'ieh-Ch'ang	—	4	

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Oct. 9	Hsiao-Hua-Ch'iao	—	1½	
,, ,,	Ta-Hua-Ch'iao	—	1	
,, ,,	T'ien-Ching-P'u or Hua-Ch'iao range, summit	8,229	2	
,, ,,	Yung-Kuo-Ssü-T'ang	—	½	
,, ,,	Sha-Yang or Sha-Mu-Ho	5,145	4¼	13¼
,, 10	Yung-Fêng-Chuang	—	2½	
,, ,,	Summit of ridge	5,432	½	
,, ,,	Lan-Ts'ang-Chiang or Mekong river	3,953	½	
,, ,,	P'ing-P'o	—	1	
,, ,,	Shui-Chai	6,569	1¾	
,, ,,	Ta-Li-Shao	7,412	2½	8¾
,, 11	T'ien-Ching-P'u, summit	7,795	1½	
,, ,,	Kuan-P'o	—	2¼	
,, ,,	Pau-Ch'iao	5,692	4¼	
,, ,,	Yung-Ch'ang	5,645	4¾	12¾
,, 14	Wo-Shih-Wo	—	3½	
,, ,,	Lêng-Shui-Ching	—	4	
,, ,,	Summit of ridge	7,733	1	
,, ,,	Hun-Shui-T'ang	5,874	1	
,, ,,	P'u-P'iao	4,711	4	
,, ,,	Fang-Ma-Ch'ang	4,910	4¾	18¼
,, 15	Ta-Pan-Ching	—	2¼	
,, ,,	Lu-Chiang or Salwen river	2,620	7½	
,, ,,	Lu-Chiang-Pa	—	¼	
,, ,,	Ho-Mu-Shu	5,486	3¾	13¾
,, 16	Hsiang-P'o	6,924	2½	
,, ,,	Summit, Kao-Li-Kung range	8,129	2	
,, ,,	Tai-P'ing-P'u	7,538	2	
,, ,,	Ta-Li-Shu	—	3	
,, ,,	Lung-Chiang or Shuay-Li river	4,502	2	
,, ,,	Kan-Lan-Chan	5,029	1½	13
,, 17	Kan-Lu-Ssü	—	3½	
,, ,,	Ch'in-Ts'ai-T'ang	7,082	2½	
,, ,,	Urh-T'ai-P'o, summit	7,500	1¾	
,, ,,	Li-Chia-P'u	—	3	
,, ,,	T'êng-Yüeh-T'ing or Momein	5,489	2	12¾
,, 20	Shuayduay	—	5½	
,, ,,	Hsiao-Ho-Ti	4,178	6¾	
,, ,,	Nan-Tien	—	8	
,, ,,	Che-Tao-Ch'êng	3,625	2	22¼
,, 21	Mawphoo	—	8¾	

Date		Altitude above Sea-level in Feet	Miles between	Days' Journey in Miles
1877				
Oct. 21	Nahlow	—	4¾	
„ „	Kan-^{Ng}ai or Muangla	2,957	4	17½
„ 22	Namon	—	8½	
„ „	Chan-Ta or Sanda	2,945	5	13½
„ 23	T'ai-P'ing-Chieh or Karahokah	—	8	
„ „	Man-Yün or Manwyne	2,647	10	18
„ 29	Pung-Shi or Ponsee	3,584	—	9¼
„ 30	Lakong	—	6	
„ „	Confluence of the Nampoung river with the Taping	1,198	8½	
„ „	Ponline	—	5	
„ „	Near Ma-Mou	—	14	33½
„ 31	Ma-Mou or Sicaw	462	—	6
Nov. 1	Haelone	—	9	
„ „	Shuaykeenah	—	8½	
„ „	Bhamo	430	3½	21
	Total			1,110

APPENDIX B.

LIST OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BOTANICAL SPECIMENS BROUGHT HOME AND NAMED IN THE BOTANICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Gathered at Hsin-Tien-Chan:

Delphinium grandiflorum: Fisch. Plant used for killing lice. *See* vol. ii., p. 126.

Stellera—conf. S. concinna: Edge. Plant used for making parchment. *See* vol. ii., p. 126.

Gathered at La-Ni-Ba on Mount Ra-Ma-La:

Spenceria Ramalana. A new genus of Rosaceæ. Described by Mr. Trimen, M.B., F.L.S., in the 'Journal of Botany,' No. 196, with a plate.

Saxifraga Gillii: Trimen. A new species.

Primula Gillii: Britten. A new species.

Pedicularis Ramalana: Britten. A new species.

APPENDIX C.

CHINESE OFFICIAL RANK.

THE following table of the rank of Chinese officials is partly deduced from the 'Desultory Notes' of T. T. Meadows, partly from information furnished me by Mr. Mesny, and from other sources; but the difficulties of acquiring this kind of information are such that I can hardly hope that the table even now is altogether free from error.

The civil and military officials have been placed side by side to give some idea of relative rank. It must not, however, be assumed that the table can be taken as an absolute Table of Precedence.

The officials of different ranks are chiefly to be distinguished by the balls or globules worn on their official hats. These are often styled '*buttons*' by the English. They are, in fact, spherical in shape, and generally about an inch in diameter. As they button nothing, the term does not seem altogether appropriate.

The ball, however, is very deceptive. High officials are frequently deprived of their proper one, while low officials constantly are entitled to wear, and do wear, a ball of a higher rank than their own.

It is almost impossible to translate the military titles, or give the comparative European and Chinese ranks, for circumstances are so different, and duties so unlike those of a European officer, that it would be little better than misleading to attempt it.

A European Consul ranks with a Tao-T'ai, and a Tao-T'ai ranks about with a Tu-Ssŭ, and that is all that can be said absolutely with regard to relative rank.

The Chinese, moreover, generally hold military officials in contempt, and the command of an army in time of war is frequently given to a civilian; for (the Chinese argue) as the military officials have not passed the literary examinations, the literati, whose talents have been tested, and who at all events may have read about war, are more fit to make war than an uneducated military official.

CIVIL OFFICIALS.

According to some authorities the four Cabinet Ministers and members of the great council of the nation are the only Civil Officials of the first class first rank. But the Heads or Presidents, 'Shang-Shu,' of the six boards, 'Liu-Pu,' and the

MILITARY OFFICIALS.

CHIANG-CHÜN.

An official of the first class first rank, and has generally some civil rank in addition to his military rank. He is nearly always at the capital of the province.

He wears a carbuncle in

CIVIL—*cont.*

Governors-General of provinces, Tsung-Tu, are generally considered as belonging to the first rank of the first class. Meadows, in his 'Desultory Notes,' puts them in the first class, but does not say to which rank they belong. Archdeacon Grey, who appears to have studied the subject, and Mr. Mesny put them in the second class. The Tsung-Tu are the highest officials in the provinces. They are the direct representatives of the Emperor, and have the power of life and death.

The proper 'ball' for the first class first rank is a carbuncle in court, and a coral in ordinary dress.

LIU-PU-SHANG-SHU.

The Heads of boards, are of the first or second rank of the first class. They wear the ball of the first rank as above, or else a coral ball in court dress, and a red ivory or porcelain ball in ordinary dress.

TSUNG-TU OR CHIH-T'AI.

These are the Governors-General of provinces. They sometimes have two provinces under them, and sometimes only one.

They are generally members of the Board of War, and such are superior to the T'i-Tu. They reside at the capital of the province. These are sometimes styled Viceroys by Europeans.

FU-T'AI OR HSUN-FU.

These are the Governors of provinces under the Chih-T'ai. When a Chih-T'ai governs two provinces, the Chih-T'ai would

MILITARY—*cont.*

court dress, and a coral ball in ordinary dress.

TU-T'UNG.

These have almost equal rank with the Chiang-Chün. They are generally in command of Tatar troops at the capitals of provinces. They generally have some civil rank in addition to their military rank, and wear a carbuncle ball in court, and a coral ball in ordinary dress.

T'I-TU.

Second Class, First Rank.

He is the chief military official in a province where there are no Tatar troops. If afloat

CIVIL—*cont.*

have two Fu-T'ai under him, residing at the capitals of the two provinces.

He is of the second class first rank. He may be a member of the Board of War, and as such would rank with a T'i-Tu. He is entitled to a red ball.

FAN-T'AI OR PU-CH'ÊNG-SSŬ.
Second Class, Second Rank.

Superintendent of the finances of a province. Resides at the capital of the province. He wears a red ball.

NIEH-T'AI OR NGAN-CH'A-SSŬ.
Third Class, First Rank.

Provincial Judge residing at the capital of a province. Clear light blue ball.

YEN-YÜN-SSŬ.
Third Class, Second Rank.

He is the Provincial Salt Commissioner. Wears a clear blue ball rather darker than that of a Nieh-T'ai.

LIANG-T'OU OR LIANG-T'AI.
Fourth Class, First Rank.

Provincial Grain Collector. Wears the same ball as the Yen-Yün-Ssŭ, or else an opaque blue ball.

MILITARY—*cont.*

his duties are those of an Admiral, for the Chinese make little distinction between the services. He wears a coral ball in court dress, and a red ivory or porcelain ball in ordinary dress.

CHÊN-T'AI.
Second Class, First Rank.

He has command of Chinese troops only. He is in command of a district. There may be as many as six in one province. He wears a coral ball in court dress, and a red ivory or porcelain ball in ordinary dress.

HSIEH-T'AI.
Second Class, Second Rank.

There are usually several of these under a Chên-T'ai. He wears a red ball.

TSAN-CHIANG.
Third Class, First Rank.

Wears a clear light blue ball.

FU-CHIANG.
Third Class, Second Rank.

He wears a clear blue ball rather darker in colour than that of a Tsan-Chiang.

YU-CHI.
An Officer of the Third Class, Second Rank.

And almost the same thing as the Fu-Chiang. Wears a clear blue ball a little darker than that of a Tsan-Chiang.

CIVIL—*cont.*

TAO-T'AI.

Fourth Class, First Rank.

District Intendent of a circuit; he has generally under him three principal towns of the rank of Fu.

He lives at the chief of these, and wears a dark opaque blue ball. An English Consul ranks with a Tao-T'ai.

CHIH-FU, GENERALLY CALLED A FU.

Fourth Class, Second Rank.

Prefect of a department, and wears a dark opaque blue ball.

CHIH-LI-CHIH-CHOU.

Fifth Class, First Rank.

Prefect of an inferior department, and wears a clear crystal ball.

CHIH-LI-TUNG-CHIH, OTHERWISE CALLED T'ING.

An Officer of the Fifth Class.

He is an independent Sub-Prefect of inferior departments. These inferior departments are generally not larger than the sub-divisions of the larger departments called Fu and Chih-Li-Chou; but independent sub-prefects are stationed in them on account of circumstances which make the administration of affairs unusually difficult.

He wears a clear crystal ball.

TUNG-CHIH.

Fifth Class.

Sub-Prefect of department. Wears a clear crystal ball.

CHIH-CHOU, GENERALLY CALLED A CHOU.

Fifth Class.

He is a district magistrate, and wears a clear crystal ball.

MILITARY—*cont.*

TU-SSŬ.

Fourth Class, First Rank.

Wears a dark opaque blue ball.

SHOU-PEI.

An Officer of the Fifth Class,

And wears a clear crystal ball.

CHIEN-TSUNG.

Fifth Class.

Wears a clear crystal ball.

CIVIL—*cont.*

TUNG-PAN.

Sixth Class.

Deputy Sub-Prefect of department. Wears a white porcelain ball.

CHIH-HSIEN, GENERALLY CALLED A HSIEN.

Seventh Class.

He is a District Magistrate, and wears a gilt ball.

HSIEN-CHENG.

Eighth Class.

Assistant District Magistrate, and wears a gilt ball with flowers in relief.

CHU-PU.

Ninth Class.

Township Magistrate. Wears a gilt ball.

HSUN-CHIEN.

Ninth Class.

Also a Township Magistrate, and wears a gilt ball.

MILITARY—*cont.*

PA-TSUNG.

Sixth Class.

Wears a white porcelain ball.

WAI-WEI.

Eighth Class.

Wears a gilt ball.

NGÊ-WAI.

Ninth Class

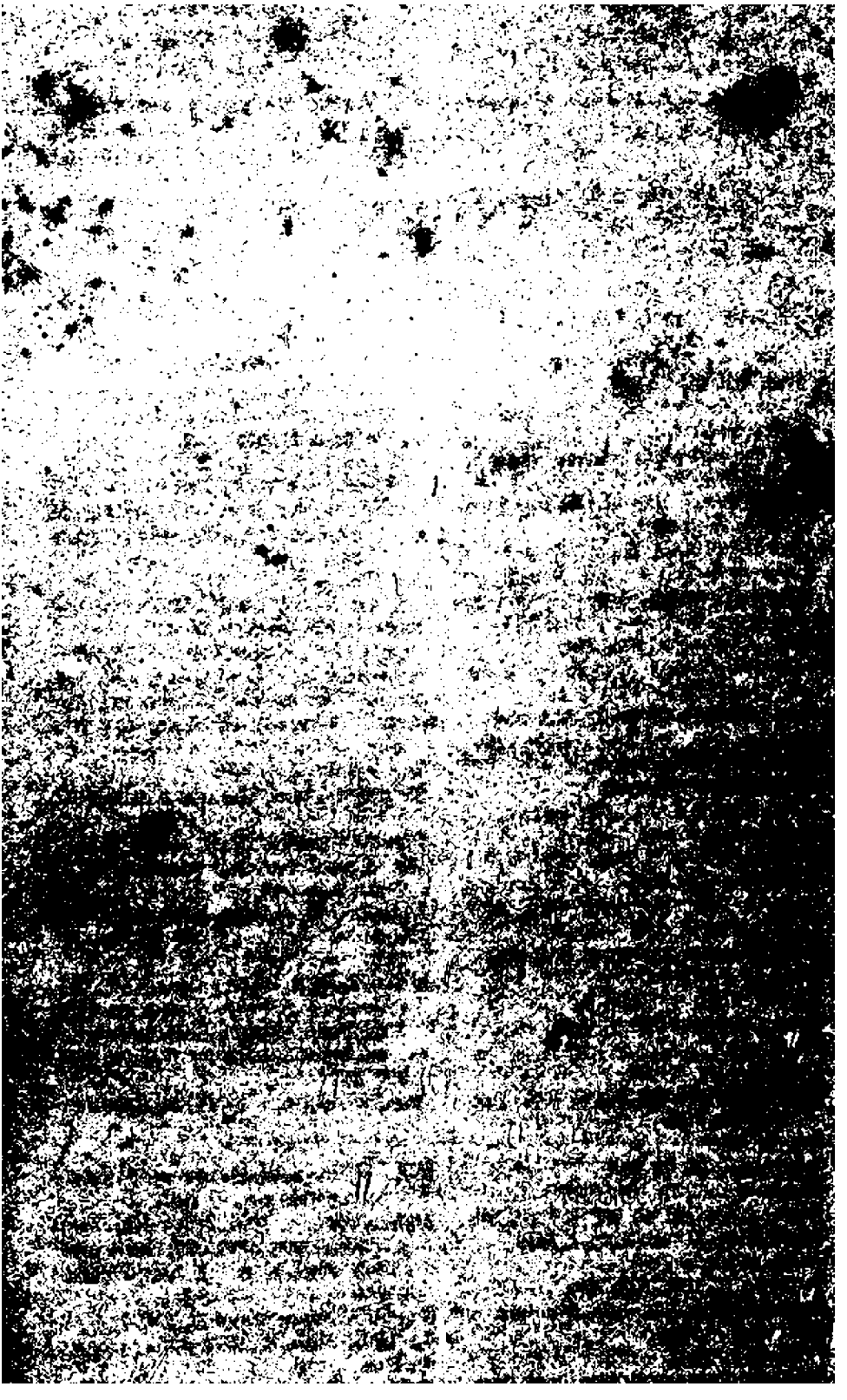
Wears a gilt ball.

MA-PING.

A horse soldier.

PU-PING.

A foot soldier.



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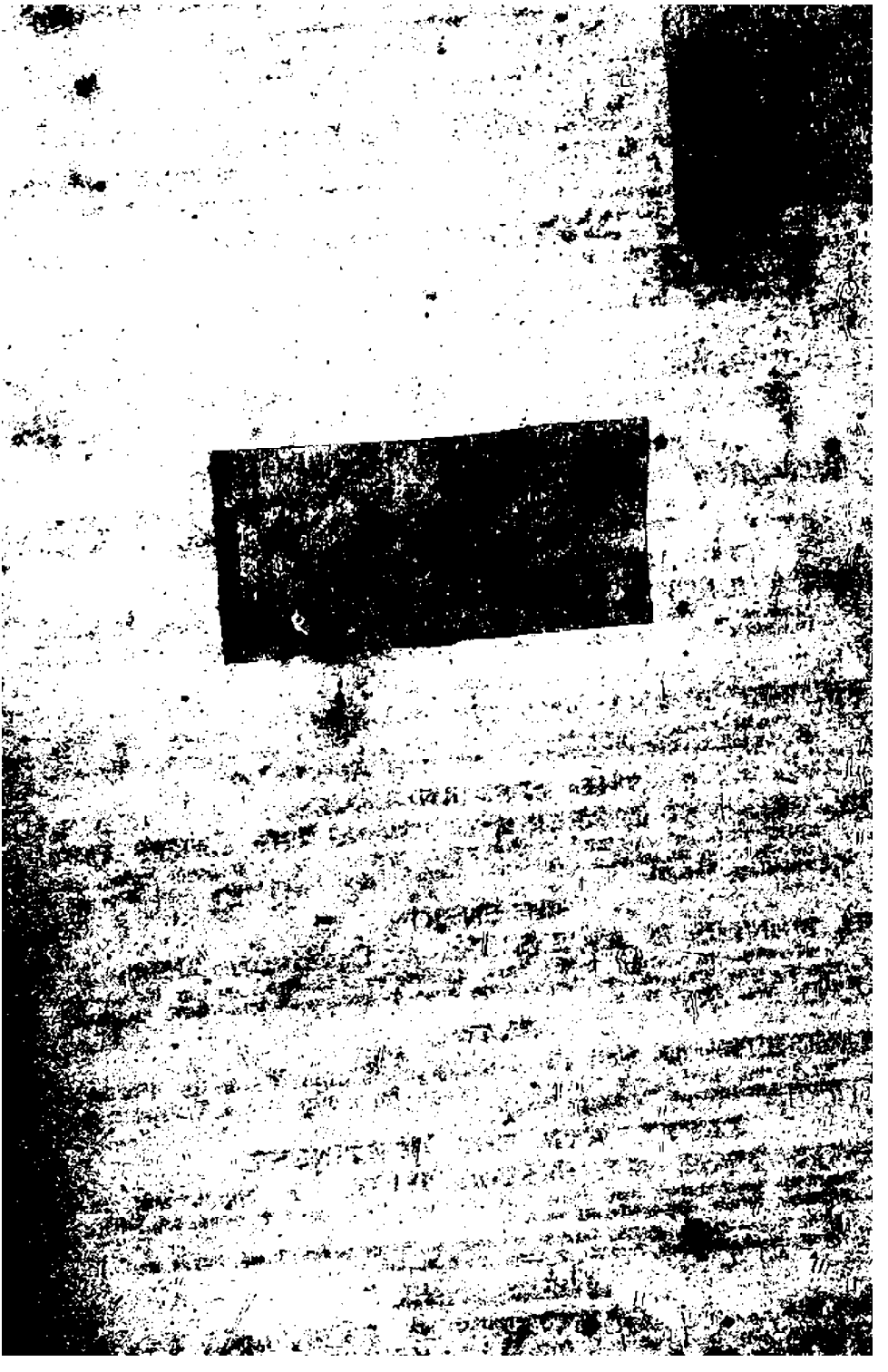

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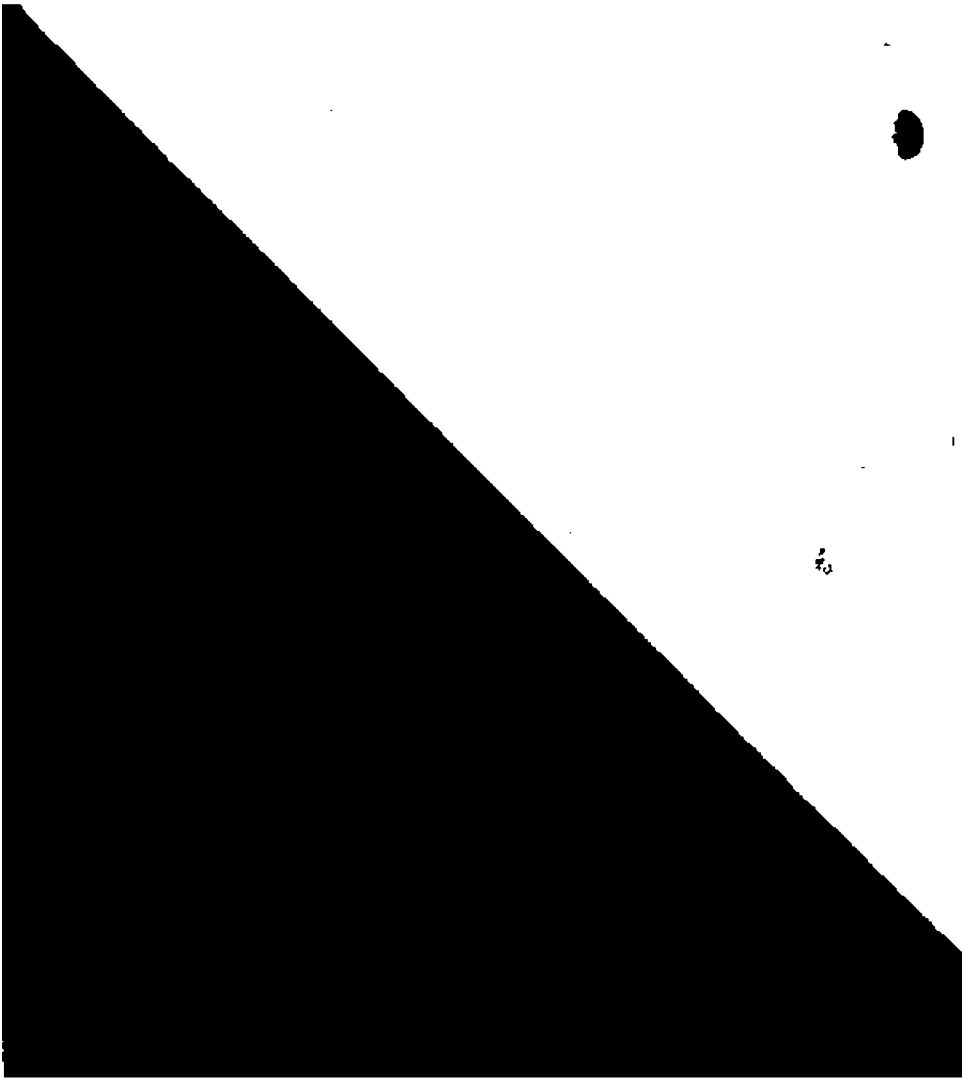

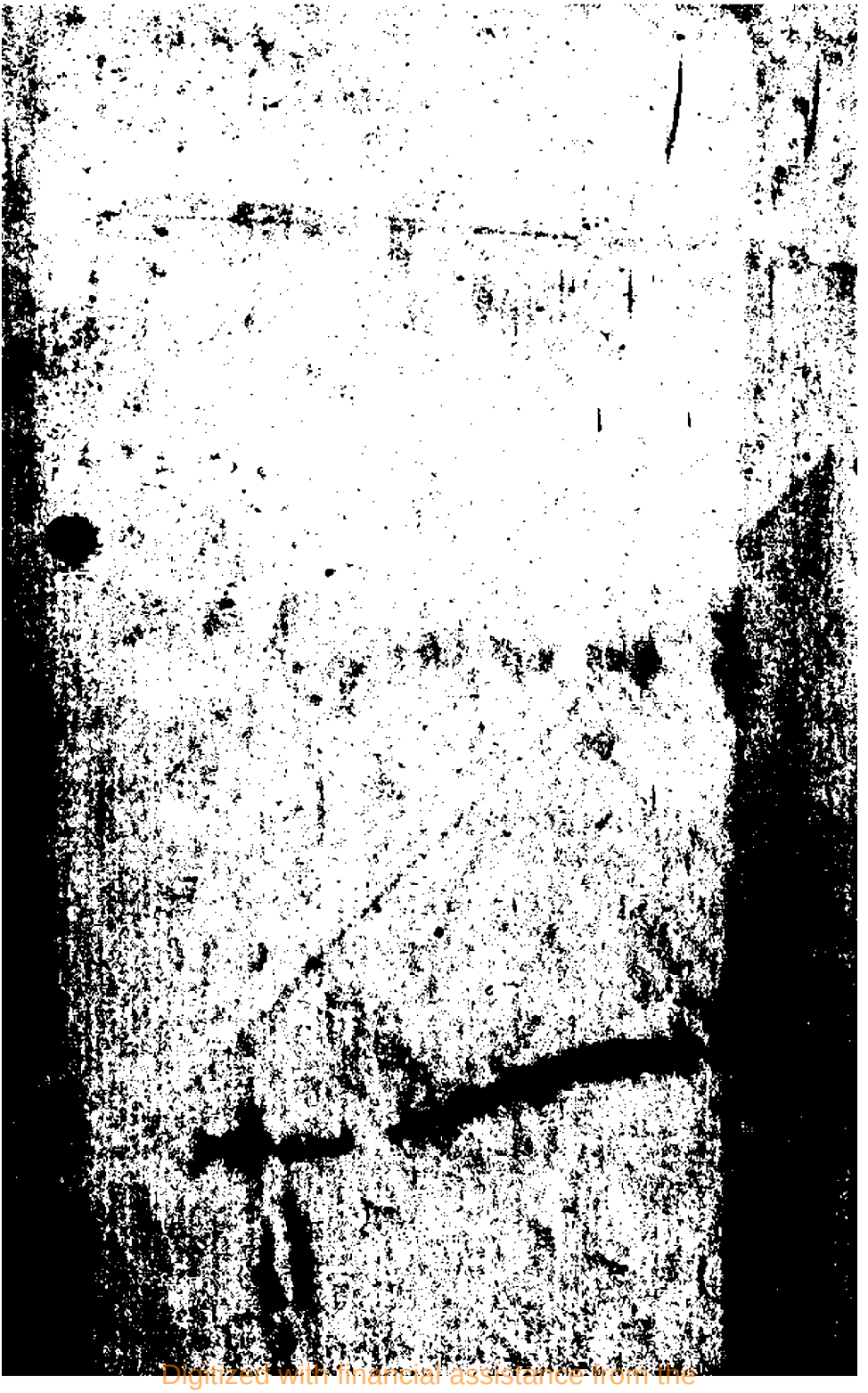

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